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A

New Version

OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID:

Fitted to the TUNES uſed in CHURCHES.

BY

N. BRADY, D. D.

Chaplain in Ordinary,

AND

N. TATE, Eſq;

Poet-Laureat

To His MAJESTY.

BOSTON, NEW-ENGLAND:

Re-printed and Sold by J. DRAPER, in Cornhill. 1754.

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A new Version of the PSALMS, *&c.*

PSALM I.

1 HOW bleſt is he, who ne'er conſents
by ill Advice to walk ;
Nor ſtands in Sinners Ways ; nor ſits
where Men profanely talk !

2. But makes the perfect Law of God
his Bus'neſs and Delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.

3. Like ſome fair Tree, which, fed by Streams,
with timely Fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and Succeſs
all his Deſigns attend.

4. Ungodly Men, and their Attempts,
no laſting Root ſhall find ;
Untimely blaſted, and diſpers'd,
like Chaff before the Wind.

5. Their Guilt ſhall ſtrike the Wicked dumb
before the Judge's Face :
No formal Hypocrite ſhall then
among the Saints have Place.

 6. For

6. For God approves the juſt Man's Ways;
to Happineſs they tend:
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread,
ſhall both in Ruin end.

PSALM II.

1 WITH reſtleſs and ungovern'd Rage,
why do the Heathen ſtorm?
Why in ſuch raſh Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform?
2. The great in Counſel, and in Might,
their various Forces bring;
Againſt the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed King.
3. "Muſt we ſubmit to their Commands?
preſumptuouſly they ſay:
"No, let us break their ſlaviſh Bands,
"and caſt their Chains away."
4. But God, who ſits enthron'd on High,
and ſees how they combine,
Does their conſpiring Strength defy,
and mocks their vain Deſign.
5. Thick Clouds of Wrath divine ſhall break
on his rebellious Foes;
And thus will he in Thunder ſpeak,
to all that dare oppoſe:
6. "Though madly you diſpute my Will,
"the King that I ordain,
"Whoſe Throne is fix'd on *Sion*'s Hill,
"ſhall there ſecurely reign."

7. Attend

7. Attend, O Earth, whilſt I declare
God's uncontroul'd Decree :
" Thou art my Son; this Day, my Heir,
" have I begotten thee.
8. " Aſk, and receive thy full Demands ;
" thine ſhall the Heathen be ;
" The utmoſt Limits of the Lands,
" ſhall be poſſeſs'd by thee.
9. " Thy threat'ning Sceptre thou ſhalt ſhake,
" and cruſh them ev'ry-where ;
" As maſſy Bars of Iron break,
" the Potter's brittle Ware.
10. Learn then, ye Princes ; and give Ear,
ye Judges of the Earth ;
11. Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear;
rejoice with awful Mirth.
12. Appeaſe the Son with due Reſpect,
your timely Homage pay ;
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
incens'd by your Delay.
13. If but in Part his Anger riſe,
who can endure the Flame ?
Then bleſt are they whoſe Hope relies
on his moſt holy Name.

PSALM III.

1 HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
the Troublers of my Peace !
And as their Numbers hourly riſe,
ſo does their Rage increaſe.

2. Inſulting, they my Soul upbraid,
and him whom I adore:
The God in whom he truſts, ſay they,
ſhall reſcue him no more.

3. But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
on thee my Hopes rely:
Thou art my Glory, and ſhalt yet,
lift up my Head on high.

4. Since whenſoe'er in like Diſtreſs,
to God I made my Pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill;
Why ſhould I now deſpair?

5. Guarded by him, I laid me down,
my ſweet Repoſe to take;
For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
through him in Safety wake.

6. No Force nor Fury of my Foes,
my Courage ſhall confound;
Were there as many Hoſts as Men,
that have beſet me round.

7. Ariſe, and ſave me, O my God,
who oft haſt own'd my Cauſe;
And ſcatter'd oft theſe Foes to me,
and to thy righteous Laws.

8. Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend;
His Bleſſing he extends to all,
that on his Pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

1 O LORD, that art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give Ear.
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from Diſtreſs:
Have Mercy, Lord, and hear.

2. How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame deviſe?
How long your vain Deſigns purſue,
and ſpread malicious Lies?

3. Conſider that the righteous Man
is God's peculiar Choice;
And when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.

4. Then ſtand in Awe of his Commands,
flee ev'ry Thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.

5. The Place of other Sacrifice
let Righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your Hope, ſecurely fix'd,
on God alone rely.

6. While worldly Minds impatient grow,
more proſp'rous Times to ſee;
Still let the Glories of thy Face
ſhine brightly, Lord, on me.

7. So ſhall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,
more laſting, and more true,
Than theirs, who Stores of Corn and Wine
ſucceſſively renew.

8. Then

8. Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Rest:
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy Defence poſſeſt.

PSALM V.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint;
accept my ſecret Pray'r;
2. To Thee alone, my King, my God,
will I for Help repair.
3. Thou in the Morn my Voice ſhalt hear,
and with the dawning Day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.
4. For thou, the Wrongs that I ſuſtain,
canſt never, Lord, approve;
Who from thy ſacred Dwelling-place
all Evil doſt remove.
5. Not long ſhall ſtubborn Fools remain
unpuniſh'd in thy View:
All ſuch as act unrighteous Things,
thy Vengeance ſhall purſue.
6. The ſland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd;
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood,
and in Deceit employ'd.
7. But when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall me
to thy lov'd Courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly there adore.

8. Conduct

8. Conduct me by thy righteous Laws;
for watchful is my Foe:
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way,
wherein I ought to go.
9. Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit;
their Heart is set on Wrong;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave;
they flatter with their Tongue.

10. By their own Counsels let them fall,
oppress'd with Loads of Sin;
For they against thy righteous Laws
have harden'd Rebels been.
11. But let all those who trust in thee,
with Shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice, whom thou preserv'st,
and all that love thy Name.

12. To righteous Men the righteous Lord,
his Blessing will extend;
And with his Favour all his Saints,
as with a Shield, defend.

PSALM VI.

1 THY dreadful Anger, Lord, restrain,
and spare a Wretch forlorn:
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be borne.
2. Have Mercy, Lord; for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguish of my aching Bones,
which thou alone canst cure.

3. My

3. My tortur'd Fleſh diſtracts my Mind,
and fills my Soul with Grief:
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief?
4. Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, repeat,
and eaſe my troubled Soul:
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercies ſake,
vouchſafe to make me whole.

5. For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Priſ'ner of the ſilent Grave
can magnify thy Name.
6. Quite tir'd with Pain, with Groaning faint,
no hope of Eaſe I ſee;
The Night, that quiets common Griefs,
is ſpent in Tears by me.

7. My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakneſs cloſe;
Old Age o'ertakes me, whilſt I think
on my inſulting Foes.
8. Depart, ye Wicked; in my Wrongs
ye ſhall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and liſtens to my Voice.

9, 10. He hears, and grants my humble Pray'r;
and they that wiſh my Fall,
Shall bluſh and rage, to ſee that God
protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

1 O LORD, my God, since I have plac'd
my Trust alone in thee,
From all my Persecutors Rage,
do thou deliver me.

2. To save me from my threat'ning Foe,
Lord, interpose thy Pow'r;
Lest, like a savage Lion, he
my helpless Soul devour.

3, 4. If I am guilty, or did e'er
against his Peace combine;
Nay, if I have not spar'd his Life,
who sought unjustly mine;

5. Let then to persecuting Foes,
my Soul become a Prey;
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
in Dust my Honour lay.

6. Arise, and let thine Anger, Lord,
in my Defence engage;
Exalt thyself above my Foes,
and their insulting Rage:
Awake, awake, in my Behalf
the Judgment to dispense,
Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
for injur'd Innocence.

7. So to thy Throne adoring Crowds
shall still for Justice fly:
Oh! therefore for their Sakes, resume,
thy Judgment-Seat on high.

8. Im-

8. Impartial Judge of all the World,
I truſt my Cauſe to thee;
According to my juſt Deſerts
ſo let thy Sentence be.

9. Let wicked Arts and wicked Men,
together be o'erthrown;
But guard the Juſt, thou God, to whom
the Hearts of both are known.

10, 11. God me protects; not only me,
but all of upright Heart;
And daily lays up Wrath for thoſe
who from his Laws depart.

12. If they perſiſt, he whets his Sword,
his Bow ſtands ready bent;
13. Ev'n now, with ſwift Deſtruction wing'd,
his pointed Shafts are ſent.
14. The Plots are fruitleſs, which my Foe
unjuſtly did conceive:
15. The Pit he digg'd for me, has prov'd
his own untimely Grave.

16. On his own Head his Spite returns,
whilſt I from Harm am free:
On him the Violence is fall'n,
which he deſign'd for me.
17. Therefore will I the righteous Ways
of Providence proclaim;
I'll ſing the Praiſe of God moſt High,
and celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

1 O Thou, to whom all Creatures bow,
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World, how great art Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!
In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are ſung,
nor fully reckon'd there;
2. And yet thou mak'ſt the Infant-Tongue,
thy boundleſs Praiſe declare.

Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and cruſh their haughty Foes;
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked Throng
that Thee and Thine oppoſe.
3. When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,
employs my wond'ring Sight;
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
with Stars of feebler Light;

4. What's Man, ſay I, that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'ſt
to them ſo wond'rous kind?
5. Him next in Pow'r thou didſt create
to thy celeſtial Train;
6. Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
o'er all thy Works to reign.

7. They jointly own his pow'rful Sway;
the Beaſts that prey or graze;
8. The Bird that wings its airy Way;
the Fiſh that cuts the Seas.

9. O

9. O Thou to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

1 TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare;
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works,
thy wond'rous Works, declare.
2. The Thought of them ſhall to my Soul
exalted Pleaſure bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High,
triumphant Praiſe I ſing.
3. Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn
their Backs in ſhameful Flight:
Struck with thy Preſence, down they fell;
they periſh'd at thy Sight.
4. Againſt inſulting Foes advanc'd,
thou didſt my Cauſe maintain;
My Right aſſerting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Juſtice reign.
5. The Inſolence of Heathen Pride
thou haſt reduc'd to Shame;
Their wicked Offspring quite deſtroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.
6. Miſtaken Foes, your haughty Threats
are to a Period come:
Our City ſtands, which you deſign'd
to make our common Tomb.

7, 8. The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd;
Impartial Justice to dispense,
to punish or reward.
9. God is a constant sure Defence
against oppressing Rage;
As Troubles rise, his needful Aids
in our Behalf engage.

10. All those who have his Goodness prov'd,
will in his Truth confide;
Whose Mercy ne'er forsook the Man
that on his Help rely'd.
11. Sing Praises therefore to the Lord,
from *Sion* his Abode;
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World
confess no other God.

PART II.

12. When he Inquiry makes for Blood,
he calls the Poor to Mind;
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint,
Redress from him shall find.
13. Take Pity on my Troubles, Lord,
which spiteful Foes create,
Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft
from Death's devouring Gate.

14. In *Sion* then I'll sing thy Praise,
to all that love thy Name;
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy
thy saving Pow'r proclaim.

15. Deep

15. Deep in the Pit they digg'd for me
the Heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare
insensibly betray'd.

16. Thus, by the just Returns he makes,
the mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men by their own Plots
are shamefully o'erthrown.

17. No single Sinner shall escape
by Privacy obscur'd;
Nor Nation, from his just Revenge,
by Numbers be secur'd.

18. His suff'ring Saints, when most distress'd,
he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their Expectations shall be crown'd,
tho' for a time delay'd.

19. Arise, O Lord, assert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome;
Descend to Judgment, and pronounce
the guilty Heathens Doom.

20. Strike Terror thro' the Nations round,
till, by consenting Fear,
They to each other, and themselves,
but mortal Men appear.

PSALM X.

1 THY Presence why withdraw'st thou
why hid'st thou now thy Face, [Lord?
When dismal Times of deep Distress
call for thy wonted Grace?

2. The

2. The Wicked, ſwell'd with lawleſs Pride,
have made the Poor their Prey:
O let them fall by thoſe Deſigns
which they for others lay.

3. For ſtrait they triumph, if Succeſs
their thriving Crimes attend;
And ſordid Wretches, whom God hates,
perverſly they commend.

4. To own a Pow'r above themſelves
their haughty Pride diſdains;
And therefore in their ſtubborn Mind
no Thought of God remains.

5. Oppreſſive Methods they purſue,
and all their Foes they ſlight;
Becauſe thy Judgments unobſerv'd
are far above their Sight.

6. They fondly think their proſp'rous State
ſhall unmoleſted be;
They think their vain Deſigns ſhall thrive,
from all Misfortune free.

7. Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
with Curſes fill'd, and Lies;
By which the Miſchief of their Heart
they ſtudy to diſguiſe.

8. Near public Roads they lie conceal'd,
and all their Art employ,
The Innocent and Poor at once
to rifle, and deſtroy.

9. Not Lions, couching in their Dens,
surprise their heedless Prey
With greater Cunning, or express
more savage Rage, than they.
10. Sometimes they act the harmless Man,
and modest Looks they wear;
That, so deceiv'd, the Poor may less
their sudden Onset fear.

PART II.

11. For God, they think, no Notice takes
of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the suff'ring Poor,
nor their Oppression heeds.
12. But thou, O Lord, at length arise;
stretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And, by the Greatness of thy Pow'r,
defend the Poor from Harm.

13. No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
and proudly boasting, say,
"Tush, God regards not what we do,
"he never will repay."
14. But sure, thou seest, and all their Deeds
impartially dost try:
The Orphan, therefore, and the Poor,
on thee for Aid rely.

15. Defenceless let the Wicked fall,
of all their Strength bereft:
Confound, O God, their dark Designs,
till no Remains are left.

16. Asser

16. Assert thy just Dominion, Lord,
which shall for ever stand:
Thou, who the Heathen did'st expel
from this thy chosen Land.

17. Thou dost the humble Suppliants hear,
that to thy Throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'st their Pray'r.

18. Thou, in thy righteous Judgment, weigh'st
the Fatherless and Poor;
That so the Tyrants of the Earth
may persecute no more.

PSALM XI.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my Trust in God,
a Refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous Bird,
to distant Mountains fly?

2. Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart;
Lurking in Ambush to destroy
the Man of upright Heart.

3. When once the firm Assurance fails,
which publick Faith imparts,
'Tis time for Innocence to fly
from such deceitful Arts.

4. The Lord hath both a Temple here,
and righteous Throne above;
Where he surveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Counsels move.

5. If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,
for Trial, does correct;
What must the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors, expect?
6. Snares, Fire, and Brimstone, on their Heads
shall in one Tempest show'r;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
into their Cup shall pour.
7. The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds,
with signal Favour grace;
And to the upright Man discloſe
the Brightneſs of his Face.

PSALM XII.

1 SINCE godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched Times afford
one juſt and faithful Friend.
2. One Neighbour now can ſcarce believe,
what t'other does impart;
With flatt'ring Lips they all deceive,
and with a double Heart.
3. But Lips that with Deceit abound,
can never proſper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
the proud blaſpheming Tongue.
4. In vain thoſe fooliſh Boaſters ſay,
"Our Tongues are, ſure, our own;
"With doubtful Words we'll ſtill betray,
"and be controul'd by none.

5. For

5. For God, who hears the ſuff'ring Poor,
and their Oppreſſion knows,
Will ſoon ariſe, and give them Reſt,
in ſpite of all their Foes.
6. The Word of God ſhall ſtill abide,
and void of Falſhood be,
As is the Silver, ſev'n times try'd,
from droſſy Mixture free.

7. The Promiſe of his aiding Grace
ſhall reach its purpos'd End:
His Servants from this faithleſs Race
he ever ſhall defend.
8. Then ſhall the Wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which Way to fly;
When thoſe whom they deſpis'd and vex'd,
ſhall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
muſt I forever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh, never to return?
2. How long ſhall anxious Thoughts my Soul,
and Grief my Heart oppreſs?
How long my Enemies inſult,
and I have no Redreſs?

3. O, hear! and to my longing Eyes
reſtore thy wonted Light;
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep
in everlaſting Night.

4. Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt
'twas their own Strength o'ercame :
Permit not them that vex my Soul,
to triumph in my Shame.

5. Since I have always plac'd my Truſt
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then
my Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring ;
6. Then ſhall my Song, with Praiſe inſpir'd,
to thee, my God, aſcend,
Who, to thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
ſuch Bounty didſt extend.

PSALM XIV.

1 SURE, wicked Fools muſt needs ſuppoſe,
That God is nothing but a Name :
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,
No Breaſt is warm'd with holy Flame.
2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high Tow'r
And all the Sons of Men did view,
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r ;
If any Truth or Juſtice knew.

3. But all, he ſaw, were gone aſide,
All were degen'rate grown, and baſe :
None took Religion for their Guide,
Not one of all the ſinful Race.
4. But can theſe Workers of Deceit
Be all ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
And God's Almighty Pow'r diſown ?

5. How

5. How will they tremble then for Fear,
When his juſt Wrath ſhall them o'ertake!
For, to the Righteous, God is near;
And never will their Cauſe forſake.
6. Ill Men, in vain, with Scorn expoſe
The Methods which the Good purſue;
Since God a Refuge is for thoſe
Whom his juſt Eyes with Favour view.

7. Would he his ſaving Pow'r employ,
To break his People's ſervile Band;
Then Shouts of univerſal Joy
Shall loudly eccho through the Land.

PSALM XV.

1 LORD, who's the happy Man, that may
to thy bleſt Courts repair;
Not, Stranger-like, to viſit them,
but to inhabit there?
2. 'Tis he, whoſe ev'ry Thought, and Deed
by Rules of Virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpeak
the Thing his Heart diſproves.

3. Who never did a Slander forge,
his Neighbour's Fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe Report,
by Malice whiſper'd round.
4. Who Vice, in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with juſt Neglect;
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,
religiouſly reſpect.

Who to his plighted Vows and Truſt
has ever firmly ſtood ;
And tho' he promiſe to his Loſs,
he makes his Promiſe good.
5. Whoſe Soul in Uſury diſdains
his Treaſure to employ ;
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,
the Guiltleſs to deſtroy.

The Man, who by this ſteady Courſe
has Happineſs enſur'd,
When Earth's Foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand,
by Providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI.

1 PROTECT me from my cruel Foes,
and ſhield me, Lord, from Harm ;
Becauſe my Truſt I ſtill repoſe
on thy Almighty Arm.
2. My Soul all Help but thine does ſlight,
all Gods but Thee diſown ;
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite,
the Goodneſs thou haſt ſhown.

3. But thoſe that ſtrictly virtuous are,
and love the Thing that's right,
To favour always, and prefer,
ſhall be my chief Delight.
4. How ſhall their Sorrows be increas'd,
who other Gods adore !
Their bloody Off'rings I deteſt,
their very Names abhor.

5. My

5. My Lot is fall'n in that bleſt Land,
where God is truly known ;
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand ;
'tis He ſupports my Throne.
6. In Nature's moſt delightful Scene
my happy Portion lies ;
The Place of my appointed Reign
all other Lands outvies.

7. Therefore my Soul ſhall bleſs the Lord,
whoſe Precepts give me Light,
And private Counſel ſtill afford,
in Sorrow's diſmal Night.
8. I ſtrive each Action to approve
to His all-ſeeing Eye ;
No Danger ſhall my Hopes remove,
becauſe He ſtill is nigh.

9. Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice ;
My Fleſh ſhall reſt, in Hopes to riſe,
wak'd by His pow'rful Voice.
10. Thou, Lord, when I reſign my Breath,
my Soul from Hell ſhalt free ;
Nor let thy Holy One in Death
the leaſt Corruption ſee.

11. Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
that to thy Preſence lead ;
Where Pleaſures dwell without Allay,
and Joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

1 TO my juſt Plea, and ſad Complaint,
attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
a gracious Ear afford.
2. As in thy Sight I am approv'd,
ſo let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my upright Dealing ſee.

3. For thou haſt ſearch'd my Heart by Day,
and viſited by Night;
And, on the ſtricteſt Trial, found
its ſecret Motions right.
Nor ſhall thy Juſtice, Lord, alone
my Heart's Deſigns acquit;
For I have purpos'd, that my Tongue
ſhall no Offence commit.

4. I know what wicked Men would do,
their Safety to maintain;
But me thy juſt and mild Commands
from bloody Paths reſtrain.
5. That I may ſtill, in ſpite of Wrongs,
my Innocence ſecure,
O, guide me in thy righteous Ways,
and make my Footſteps ſure.

6. Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
to Thee my Pray'r addreſs'd;
O! now, my God, incline thine Ear
to this my juſt Requeſt.

7. The

7. The Wonders of thy Truth and Love
in my Defence engage,
Thou whose Right-hand preserves thy Saints
from their Oppressors Rage.

PART II.

8, 9. O! keep me in thy tend'rest Care;
thy sheltring Wings stretch out,
To guard me safe from savage Foes,
that compass me about:
10. O'ergrown with Luxury, inclos'd
in their own Fat they lie;
And with a proud blaspheming Mouth
both God and Man defie.

11. Well may they boast; for they have now
my Paths encompass'd round;
Their Eyes at watch, their Bodies bow'd
and couching on the Ground.
12. In Posture of a Lion set,
when greedy of his Prey;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks
within a covert Way.

13. Arise, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
their swelling Rage controul:
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,
deliver thou my Soul:
14. From worldly Men, thy sharpest Scourge,
whose Portion's here below;
Who, fill'd with earthly Stores, aspire
no other Bliss to know.

15. Their

15. Their Race is num'rous, that partake
their Subſtance while they live;
Their Heirs ſurvive, to whom they may
the vaſt Remainder give.
16. But I, in Uprightneſs, thy Face
ſhall view without Controul;
And, waking, ſhall its Image find
reflected in my Soul.

PSALM XVIII.

1, 2. NO Change of Times ſhall ever ſhock
My firm Affection, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou haſt always been a Rock,
A Fortreſs and Defence to me.
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God;
My Truſt is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my Tow'r.

3. To Thee I will addreſs my Pray'r,
(To whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe:)
So ſhall I, by thy watchful Care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.
4, 5. By Floods of wicked Men diſtreſs'd,
With deadly Sorrows compaſs'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppreſs'd,
In Death's unweildy Fetters bound.

6. To Heaven I made my mournful Pray'r,
To God addreſs'd my humble Moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his Ear,
And heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART

PART II.

7. When God arose, to take my Part,
The conscious Earth did quake for Fear;
From their firm Posts the Hills did start,
Nor could his dreadful Fury bear.
8. Thick Clouds of Smoke dispers'd abroad,
Ensigns of Wrath, before Him came;
Devouring Fire around him glow'd,
That Coals were kindled at its Flame.

9. He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
Whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head:
Beneath his Feet substantial Night
Was, like a sable Carpet, spread.
10. The Chariot of the King of Kings,
Which active Troops of Angels drew,
On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings,
With most amazing Swiftness, flew.

11, 12. Black watry Mists and Clouds conspir'd
With thickest Shades, His Face to veil;
But at His Brightness soon retir'd,
And fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail.
13 Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring Peal,
God's angry Voice, did loudly roar;
While Earth's sad Face with Heaps of Hail,
And Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

14. His sharpen'd Arrows round He threw,
Which made his scatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts his nimble Light'nings flew,
And quickly finish'd their Defeat.

15. The

15. The Deep it's ſecret Stores diſclos'd,
The World's Foundations naked lay;
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

PART III.

16. The Lord did on my Side engage;
FromHeav'n, his Throne, my Cauſe upheld;
And ſnatch'd me from the furious Rage
Of threat'ning Waves, that proudly ſwell'd.
17. God His reſiſtleſs Pow'r employ'd,
My ſtrongeſt Foes Attempts to break;
Who elſe with Eaſe had ſoon deſtroy'd
The weak Defence that I could make.

18. Their ſubtle Rage had near prevail'd,
When I diſtreſs'd and friendleſs lay;
But ſtill when other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.
19. From Dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth, and ſet me free;
From ſome juſt Cauſe His Goodneſs found,
That mov'd him to delight in me.

20. Becauſe in me no Guilt remains,
God does His gracious Help extend:
My Hands are free from bloody Stains;
Therefore the Lord is ſtill my Friend.
21, 22. For I His Judgments kept in Sight,
In His juſt Paths have always trod;
I never did his Statutes ſlight,
Nor looſely wander'd from my God.

23, 24. But

23, 24. But ſtill my Soul, ſincere and pure,
Did e'en from darling Sins refrain :
His Favours therefore yet endure,
Becauſe my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26. Thou ſuit'ſt, O Lord, thy righteous [Ways
To various Paths of human Kind ;
They who for Mercy merit Praiſe,
With Thee ſhall wond'rous Mercy find.
Thou to the Juſt ſhalt Juſtice ſhow ;
The Pure thy Purity ſhall ſee ;
Such as perverſly chuſe to go,
Shall meet with due Returns from Thee.

27, 28. That He the humble Soul will ſave,
And cruſh the Haughty's boaſted Might,
In me the Lord an Inſtance gave,
Whoſe Darkneſs he has turn'd to Light.
29. On his firm Succour I rely'd,
And did o'er num'rous Foes prevail ;
Nor fear'd, whilſt He was on my Side,
The beſt defended Walls to ſcale.

30. For God's Deſigns ſhall ſtill ſucceed ;
His Word will bear the utmoſt Teſt :
He's a ſtrong Shield to all that need,
And on his ſure Protection reſt.
31. Who then deſerves to be ador'd,
But God, on whom my Hopes depend ?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with reſiſtleſs Pow'r defend ?

PART

PART V.

32, 33. 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
And all my juſt Deſigns fulfils;
Through Him, my Feet can ſwiftly run,
And nimbly climb the ſteepeſt Hills.
34. Leſſons of War from Him I take,
And manly Weapons learn to wield;
Strong Bows of Steel with Eaſe I break,
Forc'd by my ſtronger Arms to yield.

35. The Buckler of His ſaving Health
Protects me from inſulting Foes:
His Hand ſuſtains me ſtill; my Wealth
And Greatneſs from His Bounty flows.
36. My Goings He enlarg'd abroad,
Till then to narrow Paths confin'd;
And, when in ſlipp'ry Ways I trod,
The Method of my Steps deſign'd.

37. Through Him I num'rous Hoſts defeat,
And flying Squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce Purſuit retreat,
Till I a final Conqueſt make.
38. Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try
Their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear:
Spite of their boaſted Strength, they lie
Beneath my Feet, and grovel there.

39. God, when freſh Armies take the Field,
Recruits my Strength, my Courage warms:
He makes my ſtrong Oppoſers yield,
Subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.

40. Thro'

40. Thro' Him, the Necks of proſtrate Foes
My conqu'ring Feet in Triumph preſs :
Aided by Him, I root out thoſe
Who hate and envy my Succeſs.

41. With loud Complaints all Friends they try'd ;
But none was able to defend :
At length to God for Help they cry'd ;
But God would no Aſſiſtance lend.
42. Like flying Duſt, which Winds purſue,
Their broken Troops I ſcatter'd round :
Their ſlaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
Like loathſome Dirt, that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

43. Our factious Tribes, at Strife till now,
By God's Appointment, me obey ;
The Heathen to my Sceptre bow,
And foreign Nations own my Sway.
44. Remoteſt Realms their Homage ſend,
When my ſucceſsful Name they hear ;
Strangers for my Commands attend,
Charm'd with Reſpect, or aw'd by Fear.

45. All to my Summons tamely yield,
Or ſoon in Battle are diſmay'd ;
For ſtronger Holds they quit the Field,
And ſtill in ſtrongeſt Holds afraid.
46. Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The Rock on whoſe Defence I reſt !
O'er higheſt Heav'ns His Name be rais'd,
Who me with His Salvation bleſs'd !

47. 'Tis God that ſtill ſupports my Right;
His juſt Revenge my Foes purſues;
'Tis He, that, with reſiſtleſs Might,
Fierce Nations to my Yoke ſubdues.
48. My univerſal Saſeguard He!
From whom my laſting Honours flow;
He made me great, and ſet me free
From my remorſeleſs bloody Foe.

49. Therefore, to celebrate his Fame,
My grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raiſe;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
Shall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe:
50. "God to his King Deliv'rance ſends,
"Shews his Anointed ſignal Grace:
"His Mercy evermore extends
"To *David*, and his promis'd Race."

PSALM XIX.

1. THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
which that alone can fill;
The Firmament and Stars expreſs
their great Creator's Skill.
2. The Dawn of each returning Day,
freſh Beams of Knowledge brings;
From darkeſt Night's ſucceſſive Rounds
divine Inſtruction ſprings.

3. Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
or Region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and underſtood
alike by all Mankind.

4. Their

4. Their Doctrine does its sacred Sense
through Earth's Extent display;
Whose bright Contents the circling Sun
does round the World convey.

5. No Bridegroom for his Nuptials dress'd,
has such a chearful Face:
No Giant does like him rejoice,
to run his glorious Race.
6. From East to West, from West to East,
his restless Course he goes;
And, through his Progress, chearful Light,
and vital Warmth bestows.

PART II.

7. God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from false Desires;
With sacred Wisdom His sure Word
the Ignorant inspires.
8. The Statutes of the Lord are just,
and bring sincere Delight;
His pure Commands in search of Truth
assist the feebleſt Sight.

9. His perfect Worship here is fix'd,
on sure Foundations laid:
His equal Laws are in the Scales
of Truth and Justice weigh'd:
10. Of more Esteem than golden Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill;
More sweet than Honey, or the Drops
that from the Comb distil.

11. My trusty Counsellors they are,
and friendly Warnings give:
Divine Rewards attend on those
who by thy Precepts live.
12. But what frail Man observes how oft
he does from Virtue fall!
O, cleanse me from my secret Faults,
thou God that know'st them all.
13. Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy Grace preserv'd, I may
the great Transgression flee.
14. So shall my Pray'r and Praises be
with thy Acceptance blest;
And I secure, on thy Defence,
my Strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM XX.

1 THE Lord to thy Request attend,
and hear thee in Distress;
The Name of *Jacob*'s God defend,
and grant thy Arms success.
2. To aid thee from on High repair,
and Strength from *Sion* give;
3. Remember all thy Off'rings there;
thy Sacrifice receive.
4. To compass thy own Heart's Desire
thy Counsels still direct;
May kindly all Events conspire
to bring them to Effect.

5. T

5. To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid,
we chearfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name disply'd;
"The Lord accept thy Pray'r."

6. Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
our Sov'reign will defend;
From Heav'n resistless Aid afford,
and to his Pray'r attend.

7. Some trust in Steeds for War design'd,
on Chariots some rely;
Against them all, we'll call to mind
the Pow'r of God most High.

8. But, from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
behold them, thro' the Plain,
Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
whilst firm our Troops remain.

9. Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
our rightful Cause to bless;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in Times of Need,
the Pray'rs that we address.

PSALM XXI.

1 THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise
shall in thy Strength rejoice;
With thy Salvation crown'd, shall raise
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.

2. For thou, whate'er his Lips request,
not only dost impart,
But hast with thy Acceptance blest,
the Wishes of his Heart.

3. Thy Goodneſs, and thy tender Care,
have all his Hopes out-gone;
A Crown of Gold thou mad'ſt him wear,
and ſett'dſt it firmly on.
4. He pray'd for Life; and thou, O Lord,
did'ſt his ſhort Span extend,
And graciouſly to him afford
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.

5. Thy ſure Defence through Nations round
has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
with Majeſty and Fame.
6. Eternal Bleſſings thou beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his Joys increaſe;
Whilſt thou to him, unclouded, ſhow'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

7. Becauſe the King on God alone
for timely Aid relies;
His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
and all his Wants ſupplies.
8. But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall feel thy heavy Hand;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate thy mild Command.

9. When Thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt, but dreadful Doom
Shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage,
their Hopes and them conſume.

10. Nor

10. Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
or with their Ruin end;
But root out all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed extend.

11. For all their Thoughts were ſet on Ill,
their Hearts on Malice bent;
But thou with watchful Care did'ſt ſtill
the ill Effects prevent.

12. In vain by ſhameful Flight they'll try
to 'ſcape thy dreadful Might;
While thy ſwift Darts ſhall faſter fly,
and gall them in their Flight.

13. Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength diſcloſe,
and thus exalt thy Fame;
Whilſt we glad Songs of Praiſe compoſe
to thy Almighty Name.

PSALM XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'ſt thou me,
when I with Anguiſh faint?
O, why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint?

2. All Day, but all the Day unheard,
to Thee do I complain;
With Cries implore Relief all Night,
but cry all Night in vain.

3. Yet Thou art ſtill the righteous Judge
of Innocence oppreſs'd;
And therefore *Iſrael*'s Praiſes are
of Right to Thee addreſs'd.

4, 5. On Thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found;
With pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Succeſs were crown'd.

6. But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of human Birth:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.

7. With Laughter all the gazing Crowd
my Agonies ſurvey;
They ſhoot the Lip, they ſhake the Head,
and thus, deriding ſay:

8. "In God he truſted, boaſting oft,
"that he was Heav'n's Delight;
"Let God come down to ſave him now,
"and own his Favourite."

PART II.

9. Thou mad'ſt my teeming Mother's Womb
a living Offſpring bear:
When but a Suckling at the Breaſt,
I was thy early Care.

10. Thou, Guardian-like, didſt ſhield from
my helpleſs Infant Days; [Wrongs
And ſince haſt been my God, and Guide,
through Life's bewilder'd Ways.

11. Withdraw not then ſo far from me,
when Trouble is ſo nigh:
O, ſend me Help! thy Help, on which
I only can rely.

12. High-

12. High-pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,
from *Basan's* Forest met,
With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,
have me around beset.

13. They gape on me, and ev'ry Mouth
a yawning Grave appears;
The desert Lion's savage Roar
less dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14. My Blood, like Water's spill'd, my Joints
are rack'd, and out of Frame;
My Heart dissolves within my Breast,
like Wax before the Flame.

15. My Strength, like Potters Earth, is parch'd;
my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;
And to the silent Shades of Death
my fainting Soul withdraws.

16. Like Blood-hounds, to surround me, they
in pack'd Assemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffensive Hands,
they pierc'd my harmless Feet.

17. My Body's rack'd, till all my Bones
distinctly may be told:
Yet such a Spectacle of Woe,
as Pastime they behold.

18. As Spoil, my Garments they divide,
Lots for my Vesture cast:

19. Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength;
and to my Succour haste.

20. From

20. From their ſharp Sword protect thou me,
of all but Life bereft!
Nor let my Darling in the Pow'r
of cruel Dogs be left.

21. To ſave me from the Lion's Jaws,
thy preſent Succour ſend;
As once, from goring Unicorns,
thou didſt my Life defend.
22. Then to my Brethren I'll declare
the Triumphs of thy Name;
In Preſence of aſſembled Saints,
thy Glory thus proclaim:

23. "Ye Worſhippers of *Jacob*'s God,
"all you of *Iſrael*'s Line,
"O praiſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe
ſincere Obedience join.
24. "He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs
"to caſt a gracious Eye;
"Nor turn'd from Poverty His Face,
"but hears its humble Cry."

PART IV.

25. Thus in thy ſacred Courts, will I
my chearful Thanks expreſs;
In Preſence of thy Saints perform
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.
26. The meek Companions of my Grief
ſhall find my Table ſpread;
And all that ſeek the Lord, ſhall be
with Joys immortal fed.

27. Then

27. Then shall the glad converted World
to God their Homage pay;
And scatter'd Nations of the Earth
one Sov'reign Lord obey.
28. 'Tis His supreme Prerogative
o'er subject Kings to reign:
'Tis just that he should rule the World,
who does the World sustain.

29. The Rich, who are with Plenty fed,
His Bounty must confess:
The Sons of Want, by Him reliev'd,
their gen'rous Patron bless.
With humble Worship to his Throne
they all for Aid resort:
That Pow'r which first their Beings gave,
can only them support.

30, 31. Then shall a chosen spotless Race,
devoted to His Name,
To their admiring Heirs, His Truth
and glorious Acts proclaim.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
vouchsafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whose constant Care
my Wants are all supply'd.
2. In tender Grass he makes me feed,
and gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
refreshing Water flows.

3. He

3. He does my wandring Soul reclaim,
and, to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble Zeal to walk
in his moſt righteous Ways.
4. I paſs the gloomy Vale of Death,
from Fear or Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff
defend and comfort me.

5. In Preſence of my ſpiteful Foes
he does My Table ſpread;
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
with Oil anoints my Head.
6. Since God doth thus his wond'rous Love
through all my Life extend,
That Life to Him I will devote,
and in his Temple ſpend.

PSALM XXIV.

1. THIS ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's;
the Lord's her Fulneſs is,
The World, and they that dwell therein,
by ſov'reign Right are His.
2. He fram'd and fix'd it on the Seas;
and His Almighty Hand
Upon inconſtant Floods has made
the ſtable Fabrick ſtand.

3. But for Himſelf this Lord of All
one choſen Seat deſign'd:
O! who ſhall to that ſacred Hill
deſir'd Admittance find?

4. The Man whose Hands and Heart are pure,
whose Thoughts from Pride are free;
Who honest Poverty prefers,
to gainful Perjury.

5. This, this is he, on whom the Lord
shall show'r His Blessings down;
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe
with Righteousness to crown.
6. Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
the sacred Courts are trod;
And such the Proselytes, that seek
the Face of *Jacob*'s God.

7. Erect your Heads, eternal Gates;
unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory: See! He comes
with His Celestial Train.
8. Who is this King of Glory? Who?
The Lord for Strength renown'd;
In Battle mighty; o'er His Foes,
eternal Victor crown'd.

9. Erect your Heads, ye Gates; unfold
in State, to entertain
The King of Glory: See! He comes
with all His shining Train.
10. Who is this King of Glory? Who?
The Lord of Hosts, renown'd;
Of Glory He alone is King,
who is with Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

1, TO God, in whom I truſt,
2. I lift my Heart and Voice;
O! let me not be put to Shame,
nor let my Foes rejoice.
3. Thoſe who on Thee rely,
let no Diſgrace attend:
Be that the ſhameful Lot of ſuch
as wilfully offend.

4, 5. To me thy Truth impart,
and lead me in thy Way:
For thou art He that brings me Help;
on Thee I wait all Day.
6. Thy Mercies, and thy Love,
O Lord, recall to Mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
as thou wert ever, kind.

7. Let all my youthful Crimes
be blotted out by Thee;
And for thy wond'rous Goodneſs' ſake,
in Mercy think on me.
8. His Mercy, and his Truth,
the righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
and teaching them his Ways.

9. He thoſe in Juſtice guides,
who his Direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
the Humble and the Meek.

10. Through

10. Through all the Ways of God
both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as with religious Hearts
to his bleſt Will incline.

PART II.

11. Since Mercy is the Grace
that moſt exalts thy Fame;
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy Name.
12. Whoe'er with humble Fear
to God his Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,
in all his righteous Ways.

13. His quiet Soul with Peace
ſhall be for ever bleſt,
And by his num'rous Race the Land
ſucceſſively poſſeſs'd.
14. For God to all his Saints
his ſecret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write
in their obedient Hearts.

15. To Him I lift my Eyes,
and wait His timely Aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous Snare
which for my Feet was laid.
16. O! turn, and all my Griefs,
in Mercy, Lord, redreſs;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes,
and plung'd in deep Diſtreſs.

17. The

17. The Sorrows of my Heart
to mighty Sums increaſe ;
O! from this dark and diſmal State
my troubled Soul releaſe !
18. Do Thou, with tender Eyes,
my ſad Affliction ſee ;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt
intirely ſet me free.

19. Conſider, Lord, my Foes,
how vaſt their Numbers grow !
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
what boundleſs Hate they ſhow !
20. Protect, and ſet my Soul,
from their fierce Malice free ;
Nor let me be aſham'd, who place
my ſtedfaſt Truſt in Thee.

21. Let all my righteous Acts
to full Perfection riſe ;
Becauſe my firm and conſtant Hope
on Thee alone relies.
22. To *Iſrael*'s choſen Race
continue ever kind ;
And, in the midſt of all their Wants,
let them thy Succour find.

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUDGE, me, O Lord ; for I the Paths
of Righteouſneſs have trod :
I cannot fail, who all my Truſt
repoſe on Thee, my God.

2, 3. Search,

2, 3. Search, prove my Heart, whose Innocence
will shine, the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in View,
and made thy Truth my Guide.

4. I never for Companions took
the Idle or Prophane;
No Hypocrite, with all his Arts,
could e'er my Friendship gain.
5. I hate the busy, plotting Crew,
who make distracted Times;
And shun their wicked Company,
as I avoid their Crimes.

6. I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart so pure,
That, when thy Altar I approach,
my Welcome shall secure.
7, 8. My Thanks I'll publish there, and tell
how thy Renown excels:
That Seat affords me most Delight,
in which thy Honour dwells.

9. Pass not on me the Sinners Doom,
who Murder make their Trade;
10. Who others Rights, by secret Bribes,
or open Force, invade.
11. But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
and Innocence pursue:
Protect me therefore, and to me
thy Mercies, Lord, renew.

12. In ſpite of all aſſaulting Foes,
I ſtill maintain my Ground;
And ſhall ſurvive amongſt thy Saints,
thy Praiſes to reſound.

PSALM XXVII.

1 WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me
is ſaving Health and Light?
Since ſtrongly he my Life ſupports,
what can my Soul affright?
2. With fierce Intent my Fleſh to tear,
when Foes beſet me round,
They ſtumbled, and their haughty Creſts
were made to ſtrike the Ground.
3. Thro' him, my Heart, undaunted, dares
with num'rous Hoſts to cope;
Thro' him in doubtful Streights of War
for good Succeſs I hope.
4. Henceforth within his Houſe to dwell
I earneſtly deſire;
His wond'rous Beauty there to view,
and His bleſt Will inquire.
5. For there may I with Comfort reſt,
in Times of deep Diſtreſs;
And ſafe as on a Rock abide
in that ſecure Receſs:
6. Whilſt God o'er all my haughty Foes
my lofty Head ſhall raiſe;
And I my joyful Off'ring bring,
and ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.

PART

PART II.

7. Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,
whene'er to Thee I cry;
In Mercy all my Pray'rs receive,
nor my Requeſt deny.
8. When us to ſeek thy glorious Face
Thou kindly doſt adviſe;
"Thy glorious Face I'll always ſeek,"
my grateful Heart replies.

9. Then hide not Thou thy Face, O Lord,
nor me in Wrath reject:
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didſt ſo oft protect.
10. Tho' all my Friends, and neareſt Kin,
their helpleſs Charge forſake;
Yet Thou, whoſe Love excels them all,
wilt Care and Pity take.

11. Inſtruct me in thy Paths, O Lord;
my Ways directly guide;
Leſt envious Men, who watch my Steps,
ſhould ſee me tread aſide.
12. Lord, diſappoint my cruel Foes;
defeat their ill Deſire,
Whoſe lying Lips, and bloody Hands,
againſt my Peace conſpire.

13. I truſted that my future Life
ſhould with thy Love be crown'd;
Or elſe my fainting Soul had ſunk,
with Sorrow compaſs'd round.

14. God's Time with patient Faith expect,
and He'll inſpire thy Breaſt
With inward Strength : Do thou thy Part,
and leave to Him the reſt.

PSALM XXVIII.

1 O LORD, my Rock, to Thee I cry,
in Sighs conſume my Breath.
O ! anſwer ; or I ſhall become
like thoſe that ſleep in Death.
2. Regard my Supplication, Lord,
the Cries that I repeat,
With weeping Eyes, and lifted Hands,
before thy Mercy-ſeat.

3. Let me eſcape the Sinners Doom,
who make a Trade of Ill ;
And ever ſpeak the Perſon fair,
whoſe Blood they mean to ſpill.
4. According to their Crimes Extent,
let Juſtice have its Courſe :
Relentleſs be to them, as they
have ſinn'd without Remorſe.

5. Since they the Works of God deſpiſe,
nor will His Grace adore ;
His Wrath ſhall utterly deſtroy,
and build them up no more.
6. But I, with due Acknowlegement,
His Praiſes will reſound,
From whom the Cries of my Diſtreſs
a gracious Anſwer found.

7. My

7. My Heart its Confidence repos'd
in God, my Strength and Shield;
In Him I truſted, and return'd
triumphant from the Field:
As He has made my Joys complete,
'tis juſt that I ſhould raiſe
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,
and thus reſound His Praiſe:

8. "His aiding Pow'r ſupports the Troops
"that my juſt Cauſe maintain:
"'Twas He advanc'd me to the Throne,
"'tis He ſecures my Reign."
9. Preſerve thy Choſen, and proceed
thine Heritage to bleſs:
With Plenty proſper them, in Peace;
in Battle, with Succeſs.

PSALM XXIX.

1 YE Princes that in Might excel,
Your grateful Sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
His wond'rous Pow'r to all declare.
2. To His great Name freſh Altars raiſe;
Devoutly due Reſpect afford;
Him in His holy Temple praiſe,
Where He's with ſolemn State ador'd.

3. 'Tis He that with amazing Noiſe
The watry Clouds in ſunder breaks:
The Ocean trembles at His Voice,
When He from Heav'n in Thunder ſpeaks.

4, 5. How full of Pow'r His Voice appears!
With what majeſtic Terror crown'd!
Which from the Roots tall Cedars tears,
And ſtrews their ſcatter'd Branches round.

6. They, and the Hills on which they grow,
Are ſometimes hurried far away;
And leap, like Hinds that bounding go,
Or Unicorns in youthful Play.

7, 8. When God in Thunder loudly ſpeaks,
And ſcatter'd Flames of Lightning ſends,
The Foreſt nods, the Deſart quakes,
And ſtubborn *Kadeſh* lowly bends.

9. He makes the Hinds to caſt their Young,
And lays the Beaſts dark Coverts bare;
While thoſe that to His Courts belong,
Securely ſing His Praiſes there.

10, 11. God rules the angry Floods on high:
His boundleſs Sway ſhall never ceaſe:
His People He'll with Strength ſupply,
And bleſs His own with conſtant Peace.

PSALM XXX.

1 I'LL celebrate thy Praiſes, Lord,
who didſt thy Pow'r employ
To raiſe my drooping Head, and check
my Foes inſulting Joy.

2, 3. In my Diſtreſs I cry'd to Thee,
who kindly didſt relieve,
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws
my hopeleſs Life retrieve.

4. Thus

4. Thus to his Courts, ye Saints of His,
with Songs of Praise repair;
With me commemorate his Truth,
and providential Care.
5. His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign;
His Favour no Decay:
Your Night of Grief is recompens'd
with Joy's returning Day.

6. But I, in prosp'rous Days, presum'd;
no sudden Change I fear'd;
Whilst in my Sun-shine of Success
no low'ring Cloud appear'd.
7. But soon I found thy Favour, Lord,
my Empire's only Trust;
For when thou hidd'st thy Face, I saw
my Honour laid in Dust.

8. Then, as I vainly had presum'd,
my Error I confess'd;
And thus with supplicating Voice,
thy Mercy's Throne address'd:
9. "What Profit is there in my Blood,
"congeal'd by Death's cold Night?
"Can silent Ashes speak thy Praise,
"thy wond'rous Truth recite?

10. "Hear me, O Lord; in Mercy hear;
"thy wonted Aid extend:
"Do Thou send Help, on whom alone
"I can for Help depend."

11. 'Tis done! Thou haſt my mournful Scene
to Songs and Dances turn'd;
Inveſted me in Robes of State,
who late in Sack-cloth mourn'd.

12. Exalted thus, I'll gladly ſing
thy Praiſe in grateful Verſe;
And, as thy Favours endleſs are,
thy endleſs Praiſe rehearſe.

PSALM XXXI.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from Shame;
for ſtill I truſt in Thee:
As Juſt and Righteous is thy Name,
from Danger ſet me free.

2. Bow down thy gracious Ear,
and ſpeedy Succour ſend:
Do Thou my ſtedfaſt Rock appear,
to ſhelter and defend.

3. Since Thou, when Foes oppreſs,
my Rock and Fortreſs art,
To guide me forth from this Diſtreſs,
thy wonted Help impart.

4. Releaſe me from the Snare
which they have cloſely laid;
Since I, O God my Strength, repair
to Thee alone for Aid.

5. To Thee, the God of Truth,
my Life, and all that's mine,
(For Thou preſerv'dſt me from my Youth,)
I willingly reſign.

6. All

6. All vain Designs I hate,
of those that trust in Lies:
And still my Soul, in ev'ry State,
to God for Succour flies.

PART II.

7. Those Mercies Thou hast shown,
I'll chearfully express;
For Thou hast seen my Streights, and known
my Soul in deep Distress.

8. When *Keilah*'s treach'rous Race
did all my Strength inclose,
Thou gav'st my Feet a larger Space,
to shun my watchful Foes.

9. Thy Mercy, Lord, display,
and hear my just Complaint;
For both my Soul and Flesh decay,
with Grief and Hunger faint.

10. Sad Thoughts my Life oppress;
my Years are spent in Groans;
My Sins have made my Strength decrease,
and ev'n consum'd my Bones.

11. My Foes my Suff'rings mock'd;
my Neighbours did upbraid;
My Friends, at Sight of me, were shock'd,
and fled, as Men dismay'd.

12. Forsook by all am I,
as dead, and out of Mind;
And like a shatter'd Vessel lie,
whose Parts can ne'er be join'd.

13. Yet

13. Yet ſland'rous Words they ſpeak,
and ſeem my Pow'r to dread;
Whilſt they together Counſel take,
my guiltleſs Blood to ſhed.
14. But ſtill my ſtedfaſt Truſt,
I on thy Help repoſe:
That Thou, my God, art good and juſt,
my Soul with Comfort knows.

PART III.

15. Whate'er Events betide,
thy Wiſdom times them all:
Then, Lord, thy Servant ſafely hide
from thoſe that ſeek his Fall.
16. The Brightneſs of thy Face,
to me, O Lord, diſcloſe;
And, as thy Mercies ſtill increaſe,
preſerve me from my Foes.

17. Me from Diſhonour ſave,
who ſtill have call'd on Thee;
Let That, and Silence in the Grave,
the Sinner's Portion be.
18. Do Thou their Tongues reſtrain;
whoſe Breath in Lies is ſpent;
Who falſe Reports, with proud Diſdain,
againſt the Righteous vent.

19. How great thy Mercies are
to ſuch as fear thy Name;
Which Thou, for thoſe that truſt thy Care,
doſt to the World proclaim!

20. Thou

20. Thou keep'ſt them in thy Sight,
from proud Oppreſſors free :
From Tongues that do in Strife delight,
they are preſerv'd by Thee.

21. With Glory and Renown
God's Name be ever bleſs'd ;
Whoſe Love in *Keilah*'s well-fenc'd Town
was wond'rouſly expreſs'd !
22. I ſaid, in haſty Flight,
" I'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes : "
Yet ſtill Thou keptſt me in thy Sight,
and heardſt my earneſt Cries.

23. O ! all ye Saints, the Lord
with eager Love purſue ;
Who to the Juſt will Help afford,
and give the Proud their Due.
24. Ye that on God rely,
courageouſly proceed ;
For He will ſtill your Hearts ſupply
with Strength, in Time of Need.

PSALM XXXII.

1 HE's bleſt, whoſe Sins have Pardon gain'd,
No more in Judgment to appear ;
2. Whoſe Guilt Remiſſion has obtain'd,
And whoſe Repentance is ſincere.
3. While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
My Bones conſum'd without Relief ;
All Day did I with Anguiſh roar ;
But no Complaints aſſwag'd my Grief.

4. Heavy

4. Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,
By Day and Night alike distress'd;
Till quite of vital Moisture drain'd,
Like Land with Summer's Drought oppress'd.
5. No sooner I my Wound disclos'd,
The Guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy Forgiveness interpos'd,
And Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.

6. True Penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek Thee whilst Thou mayst be found;
And, from the common Deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless Sinners drown'd.
7. Thy Favour, Lord, in all Distress,
My Tow'r of Refuge I must own:
Thou shalt my haughty Foes suppress,
And me with Songs of Triumph crown.

8. In my Instruction then confide,
You that would Truth's safe Path descry:
Your Progress I'll securely guide,
And keep you in my watchful Eye.
9. Submit yourselves to Wisdom's Rule,
Like Men that Reason have attain'd;
Not like th' ungovern'd Horse and Mule,
Whose Fury must be curb'd and rein'd.

10. Sorrows, on Sorrows multiply'd,
The harden'd Sinner shall confound:
But them who in his Truth confide,
Blessings of Mercy shall surround.

11. HisSaints, that have perform'd his Laws,
Their Life in Triumphs ſhall employ:
Let them (as they alone have Cauſe)
In grateful Raptures ſhout for Joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

1 LET all the Juſt to God with Joy
their chearful Voices raiſe;
For well the Righteous it becomes
to ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.

2, 3. Let Harps, and Pſalteries, and Lutes,
in joyful Concert meet;
And new-made Songs of loud Applauſe
the Harmony complete.

4, 5. For faithful is the Word of God:
His Works with Truth abound:
He Juſtice loves; and all the Earth
is with His Goodneſs crown'd.

6. By his Almighty Word, at firſt,
Heav'n's glorious Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light,
at his Command appear'd.

7. The ſwelling Floods, together roll'd,
He makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Store-houſe ſafe,
the watry Treaſures by.

8, 9. Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
before Him trembling ſtand:
For, when he ſpake the Word, 'twas made:
'twas fix'd at his Command.

10. He

10. He, when the Heathen closely plot,
their Counsels undermines:
His Wisdom ineffectual makes
the Peoples rash Designs.
11. Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
shall stand for ever sure;
The settled Purpose of his Heart
to Ages shall endure.

PART II.

12. How happy then are they, to whom
the Lord for God is known!
Whom He, from all the World besides,
has chosen for his own.
13, 14, 15. He all the Nations of the Earth
from Heav'n, his Throne, survey'd:
He saw their Works, and view'd their Thoughts;
by him their Hearts were made.
16, 17. No King is safe by num'rous Hosts:
their Strength the Strong deceives;
No manag'd Horse, by Force or Speed,
his Warlike Rider saves.
18, 19. 'Tis God, who those that trust in Him,
beholds with gracious Eyes:
He frees their Soul from Death; their Want,
in time of Dearth, supplies.
20, 21. Our Soul on God with Patience waits;
our Help and Shield is He!
Then, Lord, let still our Hearts rejoice,
because we trust in Thee.

22. The

22. The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
do Thou to us extend ;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
on Thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble, and in Joy,
The Praises of my God shall still
my Heart and Tongue employ.
2. Of his Deliv'rance I will boast,
till all that are distrest,
From my Example Comfort take,
and charm their Griefs to Rest.
3. O! magnify the Lord with me,
with me exalt His Name :
4. When in Distress to Him I call'd,
He to my Rescue came.
5. Their drooping Hearts were soon refresh'd,
who look'd to Him for Aid :
Desir'd Success in ev'ry Face
a chearful Air display'd :
6. " Behold (say they) behold the Man,
" whom Providence reliev'd ;
" So dang'rously with Woes beset,
" so wond'rously retriev'd !"
7. The Hosts of God encamp around
the Dwellings of the Just ;
Deliv'rance He affords to all
who on His Succour trust.

8. O!

8. O ! make but Trial of His Love,
Experience will decide
How bleſt they are, and only they,
who in His Truth confide.
9. Fear Him, ye Saints ; and you will then
have nothing elſe to fear :
Make you His Service your Delight ;
He'll make your Wants his Care.
10. While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will Food provide
For ſuch as put their Truſt in Him,
and ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

PART II.

11. Approach, ye piouſly diſpos'd,
and my Inſtruction hear ;
I'll teach you the true Diſcipline
of His religious Fear.
12. Let him who Length of Life deſires,
and proſp'rous Days would ſee,
13. From ſlandr'ing Language keep his Tongue,
his Lips from Falſhood free :
14. The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
and Virtue's Ways purſue :
Eſtabliſh Peace where 'tis begun ;
and where 'tis loſt, renew.
15. The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Juſt
with favourable Eyes ;
And, when diſtreſs'd, His gracious Ear
is open to their Cries :

16. But

16. But turns His wrathful Look on those
whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth
blot out their hated Name.
17. Deliv'rance to His Saints He gives,
when His Relief they crave:
18. He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
and contrite Spirit save.

19. The Wicked oft, but still in vain,
against the Just conspire;
20. For, under their Affliction's Weight,
He keeps their Bones intire.
21. The Wicked, from their wicked Arts,
their Ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous Men, whom they detest,
shall them and theirs survive.

22. For God preserves the Souls of those
who on His Truth depend:
To them, and their Posterity,
His Blessings shall descend.

PSALM XXXV.

1 AGAINST all those that strive with me,
O Lord, assert my Right:
With such as War unjustly wage,
do Thou my Battles fight.
2. Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield
upon thy warlike Arm:
Stand up, my God, in my Defence;
and keep me safe from Harm.

3. Bring forth thy Spear; and ſtop their Courſe,
that haſte my Blood to ſpill:
Say to my Soul, "I am thy Health,
"and will preſerve thee ſtill."
4. Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er,
who my Deſtruction ſought;
And ſuch as did my Harm deviſe,
be to Confuſion brought.

5. Then ſhall they fly, diſpers'd like Chaff
before the driving Wind:
God's vengeful Miniſter of Wrath
ſhall follow cloſe behind.
6. And, when thro' dark and ſlipp'ry Ways
they ſtrive his Rage to ſhun,
His vengeful Miniſters of Wrath
ſhall goad them, as they run.

7. Since, unprovok'd by any Wrong,
they hid their treach'rous Snare;
And for my harmleſs Soul a Pit,
did without Cauſe prepare;
8. Surpris'd by Miſchiefs unforeſeen,
by their own Arts betray'd,
Their Feet ſhall fall into the Net,
which they for me have laid;

9. Whilſt my glad Soul ſhall God's great Name
for this Deliv'rance bleſs;
And, by His ſaving Health ſecur'd,
its grateful Joy expreſs.

10. My

10. My very Bones shall say, " O Lord,
" who can compare with Thee ?
" Who sett'st the poor and helpless Man
" from strong Oppressors free.

PART II.

11. False Witnesses, with forg'd Complaints,
against my Truth combin'd ;
And to my Charge such Things they laid
as I had ne'er design'd.
12. The Good which I to them had done,
with Evil they repaid ;
And did, by Malice undeserv'd,
my harmless Life invade.

13. But as for me, when they were sick,
I still in Sackcloth mourn'd ;
I pray'd and fasted, and my Pray'r
to my own Breast return'd.
14. Had they my Friends or Brethren been,
I could have done no more ;
Nor with more decent Signs of Grief
a Mother's Loss deplore.

15. How diff'rent did their Carriage prove,
in Times of my Distress !
When they, in Crouds together met,
did savage Joy express.
The Rabble too, in num'rous Throngs,
by their Example, came ;
And ceas'd not with reviling Words
to wound my spotless Fame.

16. Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,
and earn their Bread with Lyes,
Did gnaſh their Teeth, and ſland'rous Jeſts
maliciouſly deviſe.
17. But, Lord, how long wilt Thou look on?
On my Behalf appear;
And ſave my guiltleſs Soul, which they,
like rav'ning Beaſts, would tear.

PART III.

18. So I, before the liſt'ning World,
ſhall grateful Thanks expreſs;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
thy Name with Praiſes bleſs.
19. Lord, ſuffer not my cauſeleſs Foes,
who me unjuſtly hate,
With open Joy, or ſecret Signs,
to mock my ſad Eſtate.
20. For they, with Hearts averſe from Peace,
induſtriouſly deviſe
Againſt the Men of quiet Minds
to forge malicious Lyes.
21. Nor with theſe private Arts content,
aloud they vent their Spite;
And ſay, "At laſt we found him out;
"he did it in our Sight."
22. But Thou, who doſt both them and me
with righteous Eyes ſurvey,
Aſſert my Innocence, O Lord,
and keep not far away.

23. Stir

23. Stir up Thyſelf ; in my Behalf,
to Judgment, Lord, awake :
Thy righteous Servant's Cauſe, O God,
to thy Deciſion take.

24. Lord, as my Heart has upright been,
let me thy Juſtice find ;
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain
the Triumph they deſign'd.

25. O! let them not, amongſt themſelves,
in boaſting Language, ſay,
" At length our Wiſhes are complete ;
" at laſt he's made our Prey."

26. Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoic'd,
For Shame their Faces hide ;
And foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe
that proudly me defy'd :

27. Whilſt they with chearful Voices ſhout,
who my juſt Cauſe befriend ;
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make
Succeſs his Saints attend.

28. So ſhall my Tongue thy Judgments ſing,
inſpir'd with grateful Joy ;
And chearful Hymns, in Praiſe of Thee,
ſhall all my Days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 MY crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art,
His wicked Purpoſe would diſguiſe ;
But Reaſon whiſpers to my Heart,
No Fear of God's before his Eyes.

2. He ſooths himſelf, retir'd from Sight ;
Secure he thinks his treach'rous Game ;
Till his dark Plots, expos'd to Light,
Their falſe Contriver brand with Shame.

3. In Deeds he is my Foe confeſs'd,
Whilſt with his Tongue he ſpeaks me fair :
True Wiſdom's baniſh'd from his Breaſt,
And Vice has ſole Dominion there.
4. His wakeful Malice ſpends the Night
In forging his accurs'd Deſigns ;
His obſtinate, ungen'rous Spite
No execrable Means declines.

5. But, Lord, thy Mercy, my ſure Hope,
The higheſt Orb of Heav'n tranſcends ;
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Scope
Beyond the ſparkling Skies extends.
6. Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains ;
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are ;
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains ;
The whole Creation is thy Care.

7. Since of thy Goodneſs All partake,
With what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
And Saints to thy Protection truſt !
8. Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be led,
To banquet on thy Love's Repaſt :
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,
Of Joys that ſhall forever laſt.

9. With Thee the Springs of Life remain ;
Thy Presence is eternal Day :
10. O ! let thy Saints thy Favour gain ;
To upright Hearts thy Truth display.
11. Whilst Pride's insulting Foot would spurn,
And wicked Hand my Life surprise ;
12. Their Mischiefs on themselves return ;
Down, down they're fall'n, no more to rise.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 THO' wicked Men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful State
Thy Anger, or thy Envy, raise :
2. For they, cut down, like tender Grass,
Or like young Flow'rs, away shall pass,
Whose blooming Beauty soon decays.

3. Depend on God, and Him obey ;
So thou within the Land shalt stay,
Secure from Danger, and from Want :
4. Make His Commands thy chief Delight ;
And He, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest Wishes grant.

5. In all thy Ways trust thou the Lord,
And He will needful Help afford,
To perfect ev'ry just Design ;
6. He'll make, like Light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as a mid-day Sun to shine.

7. With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for Him attend ;

Nor let thy Anger fondly riſe,
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciouſly deviſe.

8. From Anger ceaſe, and Wrath forſake;
Let no ungovern'd Paſſion make
Thy wav'ring Heart eſpouſe their Crime:
9. For God ſhall ſinful Men deſtroy;
Whilſt only they the Land enjoy,
Who truſt on Him, and wait His Time.

10. How ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay!
Their Place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
Nor by the ſtricteſt Search be found;
11. Whilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the Earth,
Rejoicing ſtill with godly Mirth,
With Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

12. While ſinful Crouds, with falſe Deſign,
Againſt the righteous Few combine,
And gnaſh their Teeth, and threat'ning ſtand;
13. God ſhall their empty Plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated Pride:
He ſees their Ruin near at hand.

14. They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow,
The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,
And Men of upright Lives to ſlay:
15. But their ſtrong Bows ſhall ſoon be broke,
Their ſharpen'd Weapon's mortal Stroke
Thro' their own Hearts ſhall force its Way.

16. A

16. A Little, with God's Favour bleſt,
That's by one righteous Man poſſeſs'd,
The Wealth of many Bad excels :
17. For God ſupports the juſt Man's Cauſe ;
But, as for thoſe that break his Laws,
Their unſucceſsful Pow'r He quells.

18. His conſtant Care the Upright guides,
And over all their Life preſides ;
Their Portion ſhall for ever laſt :
19. They, when Diſtreſs o'erwhelms theEarth,
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth
The happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.

20. Not ſo the wicked Men, and thoſe
Who proudly dare God's Will oppoſe :
Deſtruction is their hapleſs Share :
Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes, and they,
Shall in an Inſtant melt away,
And vaniſh into Smoke and Air.

PART III.

21. While Sinners, brought to ſad Decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
The Juſt have Will and Pow'r to give ;
22. For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the Earth poſſeſs ;
And thoſe He curſes, ſhall not live.

23. The good Man's Way is God's Delight ;
He orders all the Steps aright,
Of him that moves by his Command ;

24. Though

24. Though he ſometimes may be diſtreſs'd:
Yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſs'd;
For God upholds him with his Hand.

25. From my firſt Youth, till Age prevail'd,
I never ſaw the Righteous fail'd,
Or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race,
26. Becauſe Compaſſion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart,
God made his Offspring's Wealth increaſe.

27. With Caution ſhun each wicked Deed,
In Virtue's Ways with Zeal proceed,
And ſo prolong your happy Days:
28. For God, who Judgment loves, does ſtill
Preſerve his Saints ſecure from Ill,
While ſoon the wicked Race decays.

29, 30, 31. The Upright ſhall poſſeſs the Land:
His Portion ſhall for Ages ſtand;
His Mouth with Wiſdom is ſupply'd;
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves;
His Heart the Law of God approves;
Therefore his Footſteps never ſlide.

PART IV.

32. In wait the watchful Sinner lies,
In vain, the Righteous to ſurpriſe;
In vain, his Ruin does decree:
33. God will not him defenceleſs leave,
To his Revenge expos'd, but ſave;
And, when he's ſentenc'd, ſet him free.

34. Wait

34. Wait ſtill on God ; keep his Command ;
And thou, exalted in the Land,
Thy bleſt Poſſeſſion ne'er ſhalt quit :
The Wicked ſoon deſtroy'd ſhall be,
And at his diſmal Tragedy
Thou ſhalt a ſafe Spectator ſit.

35. The Wicked I in Pow'r have ſeen,
And, like a Bay-tree, freſh and green,
That ſpreads its pleaſant Branches round :
36. But he was gone as ſwift as Thought ;
And tho' in ev'ry Place I ſought,
No Sign or Track of him I found.

37. Obſerve the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all ſuch as upright are ;
Their rougheſt Days in Peace ſhall end :
38. While on the latter End of thoſe,
Who dare God's ſacred Will oppoſe,
A common Ruin ſhall attend.

39. God to the Juſt will Aid afford :
Their only Safeguard is the Lord ;
Their Strength, in time of Need, is He :
40. Becauſe on Him they ſtill depend,
The Lord will timely Succour ſend,
And from the Wicked ſet them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 THY chaſt'ning Wrath, O Lord, reſtrain,
tho' I deſerve it all ;
Nor let at once on me the Storm
of thy Diſpleaſure fall.

2. In

2. In ev'ry wretched Part of me
thy Arrows deep remain ;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight
I can no more ſuſtain.

3. My Fleſh is one continu'd Wound,
Thy Wrath ſo fiercely glows ;
Betwixt my Puniſhment and Guilt,
my Bones have no Repoſe.

4. My Sins, which to a Deluge ſwell,
my ſinking Head o'erflow ;
And, for my feeble Strength to bear,
too vaſt a Burden grow.

5. Stench and Corruption fill my Wounds,
my Folly's juſt Return :

6. With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all Day long I mourn.

7. A loath'd Diſeaſe afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry Part ;

8. With Sickneſs worn, I groan and roar,
thro' Anguiſh of my Heart.

PART II.

9. But, Lord, before thy ſearching Eyes
all my Deſires appear ;
And, ſure, my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine Ear.

10. My Heart oppreſs'd, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light :

11. Friends, Lovers, Kinſmen, gaze aloof
on ſuch a diſmal Sight.

12. Mean

12. Mean while, the Foes that seek my Life,
their Snares to take me set;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day
to forge some new Deceit.
13. But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd;
14. Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose
with conscious Guilt is ty'd. (Tongue

15. For, Lord, to Thee I do appeal,
my Innocence to clear;
Assur'd that Thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd Cause wilt hear.
16. "Hear me," said I, "lest my proud Foes
"a spiteful Joy display;
"Insulting, if they see my Foot
"but once to go astray."

17. And, with continual Grief oppress'd,
to sink I now begin.
18. To Thee, O Lord, I will confess,
to Thee bewail my Sin.
19. But whilst I languish, my proud Foes
their Strength and Vigour boast;
And they who hate me without Cause,
are grown a dreadful Host.

20. Ev'n they whom I oblig'd, return
my Kindness with Despite;
And are my Enemies, because
I chuse the Path that's right.

21. Forsake

21. Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
nor far from me depart ;
22. Make haste to my Relief, O Thou
who my Salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

1 RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my Ways,
I kept my Tongue in Awe ;
I curb'd my hasty Words, when I
the prosp'rous Wicked saw.
2. Like one that's dumb, I silent stood,
and did my Tongue refrain
From good Discourse ; but that Restraint
increas'd my inward Pain.
3. My Heart did glow, which working Tho'ts
did hot and restless make ;
And warm Reflections fann'd the Fire,
till thus at length I spake :
4. Lord, let me know my Term of Days,
how soon my Life will end :
The num'rous Train of Ills disclose,
which this frail State attend.
5. My Life, Thou know'st, is but a Span ;
a Cypher sums my Years ;
And ev'ry Man, in best Estate,
but Vanity appears.
6. Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
with fruitless Cares oppress'd :
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be possess'd.

7. Why

7. Why then ſhould I on worthleſs Toys,
with anxious Care, attend?
On Thee alone my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9. Forgive my Sins; nor let me ſcorn'd
by fooliſh Sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
becauſe 'twas done by Thee.

10 The dreadful Burden of thy Wrath
in Mercy ſoon remove;
Leſt my frail Fleſh too weak to bear
the heavy Load ſhould prove.
11. For when thou chaſt'neſt Man for Sin,
Thou mak'ſt his Beauty fade
(So vain a Thing is he!) like Cloth
by fretting Moths decay'd.

12. Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,
and liſten to my Pray'r,
Who ſojourn like a Stranger here,
as all my Fathers were.
13. O! ſpare me yet a little Time;
my waſted Strength reſtore,
Before I vaniſh quite from hence,
and ſhall be ſeen no more.

PSALM XL.

1 I Waited meekly for the Lord,
Till He vouchſaf'd a kind Reply;
Who did His gracious Ear afford,
And heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.

2. He

2. He took me from the dismal Pit,
When founder'd deep in miry Clay;
On solid Ground He plac'd my Feet,
And suffer'd not my Steps to stray.

3. The Wonders He for me has wrought,
Shall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praise;
And others, to his Worship brought,
To Hopes of like Deliv'rance raise.
4. For Blessings shall that Man reward,
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies;
Who treats the Proud with Disregard,
And hates the Hypocrite's Disguise.

5. Who can the wond'rous Works recount,
Which Thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The Treasures of thy Love surmount
The Pow'r of Numbers, Speech, and Thought.
6. I've learnt, that Thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone;
Nor Blood of guiltless Beasts requir'd,
For Man's Transgression to atone.

7. I therefore come——come to fulfil
The Oracles thy Book impart:
8. 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will;
Thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

9. In full Assemblies I have told
Thy Truth and Righteousness at large;
Nor did, Thou know'st, my Lips with-hold
From uttering what Thou gav'st in Charge:

10. Nor

10. Nor kept within my Breaſt confin'd
Thy Faithfulneſs, and ſaving Grace;
But preach'd thy Love, for All deſign'd,
That All might That, and Truth, embrace;

11. Then let thoſe Mercies I declar'd
To others, Lord, extend to me:
Thy loving Kindneſs my Reward,
Thy Truth my ſafe Protection be.
12. For I with Troubles am diſtreſs'd,
Too vaſt and numberleſs to bear;
Nor leſs with Loads of Guilt oppreſs'd,
That plunge and ſink me to Deſpair.

As ſoon, alas! I may recount
The Hairs on this afflicted Head;
My vanquiſh'd Courage they ſurmount,
And fill my drooping Soul with Dread.

PART III.

13. But, Lord, to my Relief draw near;
For never was more preſſing Need:
In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
14. Confuſion on their Heads return,
Who to deſtroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
Enſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.

15. Their Doom let Deſolation be,
With Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
And Sport of my Affliction made:

16. While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face,
To joyful Triumphs ſhall be rais'd;
And all who prize thy ſaving Grace,
With me reſound, The Lord be prais'd.

17. Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor,
Of me th' Almighty Lord takes care:
Thou, God, who only canſt reſtore,
To my Relief with Speed repair.

PSALM XLI.

1 HAPPY the Man, whoſe tender Care
relieves the Poor diſtreſs'd!
When he's by Troubles compaſs'd round,
the Lord ſhall give him Reſt.

2. TheLord his Life, with Bleſſings crown'd,
in Safety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the Will of thoſe
that ſeek to do him Wrong.

3. If he in languiſhing Eſtate,
oppreſs'd with Sickneſs, lie;
The Lord will eaſy make his Bed,
and inward Strength ſupply.

4. Secure of this, to Thee, my God,
I thus my Pray'r addreſs'd:
"Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,
"tho' I have much tranſgreſs'd."

5. My cruel Foes, with ſland'ring Words,
attempt to wound my Fame:
"When ſhall he die (ſay they), and Men
"forget his very Name?"

6. Suppoſe

6. Suppose they formal Visits make,
'tis all but empty Show :
They gather Mischief in their Hearts,
and vent it where they go.

7, 8. With private Whispers, such as these,
to hurt me they devise :
" A sore Disease afflicts him now ;
" he's fall'n, no more to rise."
9. My own familiar Bosom-friend,
on whom I most rely'd,
Has me, whose daily Guest he was,
with open Scorn defy'd.

10. But thou my sad and wretched State,
in Mercy, Lord, regard ;
And raise me up, that all their Crimes
may meet their just Reward.
11. By this I know, thy gracious Ear
is open when I call ;
Because Thou suffer'st not my Foes
to triumph in my Fall.

12. Thy tender Care secures my Life
from Danger and Disgrace ;
And Thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
before thy glorious Face.
13. Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
from Age to Age be blest ;
And all the People's glad Applause
with loud Amens express'd.

PSALM XLII.

1 AS pants the Hart for cooling Streams,
when heated in the Chace ;
So longs my Soul, O God, for Thee,
and thy refreshing Grace.

2. For Thee, my God, the living God,
my thirsty Soul doth pine :
O ! when shall I behold thy Face,
Thou Majesty Divine ?

3. Tears are my constant Food, while thus
insulting Foes upbraid :
" Deluded Wretch ! where's now thy God ?
" and where his promis'd Aid ?"

4. I sigh whene'er my musing Thoughts
those happy Days present,
When I with Troops of pious Friends
thy Temple did frequent ;

When I advanc'd with Songs of Praise,
my solemn Vows to pay ;
And led the joyful sacred Throng,
that kept the Festal Day.

5. Why restless, why cast down, my Soul ?
Trust God ; and He'll employ
His Aid for thee, and change these Sighs
to thankful Hymns of Joy.

6. My Soul's cast down, O God ; but thinks
on Thee, and Sion, still ;
From Jordan's Bank, from Hermon's Heights,
and Misar's humbler Hill.

7. One

7. One Trouble calls another on ;
and, burſting o'er my Head,
Fall ſpouting down, till round my Soul,
a roaring Sea is ſpread.

8. But when thy Preſence, Lord of Life,
has once diſpell'd this Storm,
To Thee I'll midnight Anthems ſing,
and all my Vows perform.

9. God of my Strength, how long ſhall I,
like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forſaken, and expos'd
to my Oppreſſors Scorn ?

10. My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword,
whilſt thus my Foes upbraid ;
" Vain Boaſter, where is now thy God ?
" and where His promis'd Aid ?"

11. Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Soul ?
Hope ſtill ; and thou ſhalt ſing
The Praiſe of Him who is thy God,
thy Health's eternal Spring.

PSALM XLIII.

1 JUST Judge of Heav'n, againſt my Foes
Do Thou aſſert my injur'd Right :
O ! ſet me free, my God, from thoſe
That in Deceit and Wrong delight.

2. Since Thou art ſtill my only Stay,
Why leav'ſt Thou me in deep Diſtreſs ?
Why go I mourning all the Day,
Whilſt me inſulting Foes oppreſs ?

3. Let me with Light and Truth be bleſt ;
Be theſe my Guides, and lead the Way,
Till on thy Holy Hill I reſt,
And in thy ſacred Temple pray.
4. Then will I there freſh Altars raiſe
To God, who is my only Joy ;
And well-tun'd Harps, with Songs of Praiſe,
Shall all my grateful Hours employ.

5. Why then caſt down, my Soul ? and why
So much oppreſs'd with anxious Care ?
On God, thy God, for Aid rely ;
Who will thy ruin'd State repair.

PSALM XLIV.

1 O Lord, our Fathers oft have told,
in our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,
and elder Times than theirs :
2. How Thou, to plant them here, didſt drive
the Heathen from this Land,
Diſpeopled by repeated Strokes
of thy avenging Hand.

3. For not their Courage, nor their Sword,
to them Poſſeſſion gave ;
Nor Strength, that, from unequal Force,
their fainting Troops could ſave ;
But thy Right-hand, and pow'rful Arm,
whoſe Succour they implor'd ;
Thy Preſence with the choſen Race,
who thy great Name ador'd.

4. As

4. As Thee their God our Fathers own'd;
Thou art our Sov'reign King;
O! therefore, as thou didſt to them,
to us Deliv'rance bring!
5. Thro' thy victorious Name, our Arms
the proudeſt Foe ſhall quell;
And cruſh them with repeated Strokes,
as oft as they rebel.
6. I'll neither truſt my Bow nor Sword,
when I in Fight engage;
7. But Thee, who haſt our Foes ſubdu'd,
and ſham'd their ſpiteful Rage.
8. To Thee the Triumph we aſcribe,
from whom the Conqueſt came:
In God we will rejoice all Day,
and ever bleſs His Name.

PART II.

9. But Thou haſt caſt us off; and now
moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For Thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead
our Armies to the Field.
10. Since when, to ev'ry upſtart Foe
we turn our Backs in Fight;
And with our Spoil their Malice feaſt,
who bear us antient Spite.
11. To Slaughter doom'd, we fall, like Sheep,
into their butch'ring Hands;
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive,
diſpers'd thro' Heathen Lands.

12. Thy People Thou haſt ſold for Slaves ;
and ſet their Price ſo low,
That not thy Treaſure, by the Sale,
but their Diſgrace, may grow ;

13, 14. Reproach'd by all the Nations round,
the Heathens Bye-word grown ;
Whoſe Scorn of us is both in Speech,
and mocking Geſtures, ſhown.

15. Confuſion ſtrikes me blind ; my Face
in conſcious Shame I hide ;
16. While we are ſcoff'd, and God blaſ-
by their licentious Pride. [phem'd,

PART III.

17. On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n ;
all this we have endur'd ;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name,
or Faith to Thee abjur'd :
18. But in thy righteous Paths have kept
our Hearts and Steps with Care ;
19. Tho' Thou haſt broken all our Strength,
and we almoſt deſpair.

20. Could we, forgetting thy great Name,
on other Gods rely,
21. And not the Searcher of all Hearts
the treach'rous Crime deſcry ?
22. Thou ſeeſt what Suff'rings for thy ſake
we ev'ry Day ſuſtain ;
All ſlaughter'd, or reſerv'd like Sheep
appointed to be ſlain.

23. Awake,

23. Awake, arise; let seeming Sleep
no longer Thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to Thee,
forever sue in vain.
24. O! wherefore hidest Thou thy Face
from our afflicted State,
25. Whose Souls and Bodies sink to Earth
with Grief's oppressive Weight?
26. Arise, O Lord, and timely Haste
to our Deliv'rance make:
Redeem us, Lord, if not for ours,
yet for thy Mercies sake.

PSALM XLV.

1 WHILE I the King's loud Praise re-
indited by my Heart, [hearse,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him
that writes with ready Art.
2. How matchless is thy Form, O King!
thy Mouth with Grace o'erflows:
Because fresh Blessings God on Thee
eternally bestows.
3. Gird on thy Sword, most mighty Prince;
and, clad in rich Array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,
majestic Pomp display.
4. Ride on in State, and still protect
the Meek, the Just, and True;
Whilst thy Right-hand with swift Revenge
does all thy Foes pursue.

5. How

5. How ſharp thy Weapons are to them
that dare thy Pow'r oppoſe!
Down, down they fall, while thro' their Heart
the feather'd Arrow goes.
6. But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
for ever to endure;
Thy Sceptre's Sway ſhall always laſt,
by righteous Laws ſecure.

7. Becauſe thy Heart, by Juſtice led,
did upright Ways approve,
And hated ſtill the crooked Paths
where wand'ring Sinners rove;
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
the Oil of Gladneſs ſhed;
And has, above thy Fellows round,
advanc'd thy lofty Head.

8. With Caſſia, Aloes, and Myrrh,
thy Royal Robes abound;
Which, from the ſtately Wardrobe brought,
ſpread grateful Odours round.
9. Among the honourable Train
did princely Virgins wait;
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand,
in golden Robes of State.

PART II.

10. But thou, O Royal Bride, give Ear,
and to my Words attend:
Forget thy native Country now,
and ev'ry former Friend.

11. So

11. So shall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor shall his Love decay:
For he is now become thy Lord;
to him due Rev'rence pay.
12. The Tyrian Matrons, rich and proud,
shall humble Presents make;
And all the wealthy Nations sue,
thy Favour to partake.

13. The King's fair Daughter's beauteous Soul
all inward Graces fill;
Her Raiment is of purest Gold,
adorn'd with costly Skill.
14. She in her nuptial Garments dress'd,
with Needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin Train,
shall to the King be brought.

15. With all the State of solemn Joy
the Triumph moves along;
Till, with wide Gates, the Royal Court
receives the pompous Throng.
16. Thou, in thy Royal Father's room,
must princely Sons expect:
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'st send,
to govern and protect:

17. Whilst this my Song to future Times
transmits thy glorious Name;
And makes the World with one Consent
thy lasting Praise proclaim.

PSALM

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our Refuge in Distress;
A present Help, when Dangers press:
In Him, undaunted, we'll confide;
2, 3. Tho' Earth were from her Centre toss'd,
And Mountains in the Ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring Tide.

4. A gentler Stream with Gladness still
The City of our Lord shall fill,
The Royal Seat of God most High;
5. God dwells in *Sion*, whose fair Tow'rs
Shall mock th' Assaults of earthly Pow'rs,
While His Almighty Aid is nigh.

6. In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War against us wag'd,
He thunder'd, and dispers'd their Pow'rs:
7. The Lord of Hosts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
Our Fathers Guardian God, and ours.

8. Come see the Wonders He has wrought,
On Earth what Desolation brought;
9. How He has calm'd the jarring World:
He broke the warlike Spear and Bow;
With them their thund'ring Chariots too
Into devouring Flames were hurl'd.

10. Submit to God's Almighty Sway;
For Him the Heathen shall obey,
And Earth her Sov'reign Lord confess:

11. The God of Hosts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
As to our Fathers in Distress.

PSALM XLVII.

1, 2. O All ye People, clap your Hands,
And with triumphant Voices sing:
No Force the mighty Pow'r withstands
Of God, the Universal King.

3, 4. He shall opposing Nations quell,
And with Success our Battles fight;
Shall fix the Place where we must dwell,
The Pride of *Jacob*, his Delight.

5, 6. God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With Shouts of Joy, and Trumpets Sound.
To Him repeated Praises sing,
And let the chearful Song go round.

7, 8. Your utmost Skill in Praise be shown,
For Him, who all the World commands;
Who sits upon his righteous Throne,
And spreads his Sway o'er Heathen Lands.

9. Our Chiefs, and Tribes, that far from hence
T' adore the God of *Abr'am* came;
Found Him their constant sure Defence.
How great and glorious is his Name!

PSALM XLVIII.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
and greatly to be prais'd
In *Sion*, on whose happy Mount
his sacred Throne is rais'd.

2. Her

2. Her Tow'rs, the Joy of all the Earth,
with beauteous Prospect rise;
On her North-Side th' Almighty King's
Imperial City lies.

3. God in her Palaces is known:
His Presence is her Guard:
4. Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,
and of Success despair'd.
5. They view'd her Walls, admir'd, and fled,
with Grief and Terror struck;
6. Like Women whom the sudden Pangs
of Travail had o'ertook.

7. No wretched Crew of Mariners
appear like them forlorn,
When Fleets from Tarshish' wealthy Coasts
by Eastern Winds are torn.
8. In Sion we have seen perform'd
a Work that was foretold,
In Pledge that God, for Times to come,
His City will uphold.

9. Not in our Fortresses and Walls
did we, O God, confide;
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,
in which thou dost reside.
10. According to thy Sov'reign Name,
thy Praise thro' Earth extends;
Thy pow'rful Arm, as Justice guides,
chastises, or defends.

11. Let Sion's Mount with Joy resound,
her Daughters all be taught,
In Songs his Judgments to extol,
who this Deliv'rance wrought.
12. Compass her Walls with solemn Pomp;
your Eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her Tow'rs, and see if there
you find one Stone displac'd.

13. Her Forts and Palaces survey;
observe their Order well;
That, with Assurance, to your Heirs
this Wonder you may tell.
14. This God is ours, and will be ours,
whilst we in Him confide;
Who, as He has preserv'd us now,
till Death will be our Guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1, 2. LET all the list'ning World attend,
and my Instructions hear:
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,
with joint Consent give Ear:
3. My Mouth, with sacred Wisdom fill'd,
shall good Advice impart;
The sound Result of prudent Thoughts,
digested in my Heart.

4. To Parables of weighty Sense
I will my Ear incline;
While to my tuneful Harp I sing,
dark Words of deep Design.

5. Why

5. Why ſhould my Courage fail in Times
of Danger, and of Doubt;
When Sinners, that would me ſupplant,
have compaſs'd me about?

6. Thoſe Men, that all their Hope and Truſt
in Heaps of Treaſure place;
And boaſting, triumph, when they ſee
their ill-got Wealth increaſe;
7. Are yet unable from the Grave
their deareſt Friend to free;
Nor can, by Force of coſtly Bribes,
reverſe God's firm Decree.

8, 9. Their vain Endeavours they muſt quit;
the Price is held too high:
No Sums can purchaſe ſuch a Grant,
that Man ſhould never die.
10. Not Wiſdom can the Wiſe exempt,
nor Fools their Folly ſave;
But both muſt periſh, and, in Death,
their Wealth to others leave.

11. For tho' they think their ſtately Seats
ſhall ne'er to Ruin fall;
But their Remembrance laſt in Lands
which by their Names they call;
12. Yet ſhall their Fame be ſoon forgot,
how great ſoe'er their State:
With Beaſts their Memory, and they,
ſhall ſhare one common Fate.

PART II.

13. How great their Folly is, who thus
absurd Conclusions make!
And yet their Children, unreclaim'd,
repeat the gross Mistake.
14. They all, like Sheep to Slaughter led,
the Prey of Death are made;
Their Beauty, while the Just rejoice,
within the Grave shall fade.

15. But God will yet redeem my Soul;
and from the greedy Grave
His greater Pow'r shall set me free,
and to himself receive.
16. Then fear not thou, when worldly Men
in envy'd Wealth abound;
Nor tho' their prosp'rous House increase,
with State and Honour crown'd.

17. For, when they're summon'd hence by Death;
they leave all this behind;
No Shadow of their former Pomp
within the Grave they find:
18. And yet they tho't their State was blest,
caught in the Flatt'rer's Snare;
Who praises those that slight all else,
and of themselves take care.

19. In their Forefathers Steps they tread;
and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched Ancestors, and they,
in endless Darkness lie.

20. For Man, how great soe'er his State;
unless he's truly wise,
As like a sensual Beast he lives,
so, like a Beast, he dies.

PSALM L.

1, 2. THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his Summons all abroad,
From dawning Light, till Day declines:
The list'ning Earth his Voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appear'd,
Where Beauty in Perfection shines.

3, 4. Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstru'd Silence, as before;
But wasting Flames before Him send:
Around shall Tempests fiercely rage,
While He does Heav'n and Earth engage
His just Tribunal to attend.

5, 6. Assemble all my Saints to me
(Thus runs the great divine Decree),
That in my lasting Cov'nant live;
And Off'rings bring with constant Care:
(The Heav'ns His Justice shall declare;
For God himself shall Sentence give).

7. Attend, my People; Israel, hear;
Thy strong Accuser I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God, am I:
8. 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my Temple slain,
My sacred Altar did supply.

9. Will

9. Will this alone Atonement make?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
Nor He-goat from thy Fold accept:
10. The Foreſt Beaſts, that range alone,
The Cattle too, are all my own,
That on a thouſand Hills are kept.

11. I know the Fowls, that build their Neſts
In craggy Rocks; and ſavage Beaſts,
That looſely haunt the open Fields:
12. If ſeiz'd with Hunger I could be,
I need not ſeek Relief from thee,
Since the World's mine, and all it yields.

13. Think'ſt thou that I have any Need
On ſlaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,
To eat their Fleſh, and drink their Blood?
14. The Sacrifices I require,
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inſpire,
And Vows with ſtricteſt Care made good.

15. In Time of Trouble call on me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;
And thou Returns of Praiſe ſhalt make.
16. But to the Wicked thus ſaith God:
How dar'ſt thou teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?

17. For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Haſt Proof againſt Inſtruction been,
And of my Word didſt lightly ſpeak:
18. When thou a ſubtle Thief didſt ſee,

Thou gladly didſt with him agree,
And with Adult'rers didſt partake.

19. Vile Slander is thy chief Delight;
Thy Tongue, by Envy mov'd, and Spite,
Deceitful Tales does hourly ſpread.
20. Thou doſt with hateful Scandals wound
Thy Brother, and with Lyes confound
The Offspring of thy Mother's Bed.

21. Theſe Things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtrove
To gain with Silence, and with Love;
Till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou:
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
And ſet thy Sins before thine Eyes.

22. Mark this, ye wicked Fools, leſt I
Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,
While none ſhall dare your Cauſe to own:
23. Who praiſes me, due Honour gives;
And to the Man that juſtly lives,
My ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

PSALM LI.

1. HAVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
as Thou wert ever kind:
Let me, oppreſs'd with Loads of Guilt,
thy wonted Mercy find.
2, 3. Waſh off my foul Offence,
and cleanſe me from my Sin;
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee
how great my Guilt has been.

4. Againſt

4. Againſt Thee, Lord, alone,
and only in thy Sight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd; and tho' condemn'd,
muſt own thy Judgments right.
5. In Guilt each Part was form'd
of all this ſinful Frame;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the Heir of Sin and Shame.

6. Yet Thou, whoſe ſearching Eye
does inward Truth require,
In ſecret didſt with Wiſdom's Laws
my tender Soul inſpire.
7. With Hyſſop purge me, Lord;
and ſo I clean ſhall be:
I ſhall with Snow in Whiteneſs vie,
when purify'd by Thee.

8. Make me to hear with Joy
thy kind forgiving Voice;
That ſo the Bones which Thou haſt broke,
may with freſh Strength rejoice.
9, 10, Blot out my crying Sins,
nor me in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
an upright Mind renew.

PART II.

11. Withdraw not Thou thy Help,
nor caſt me from thy Sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
its everlaſting Flight.

12. The Joy thy Favour gives,
let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
my fainting Soul ſuſtain.

13. So I thy righteous Ways
to Sinners will impart;
Whilſt my Advice ſhall wicked Men
to thy juſt Laws convert.

14. My Guilt of Blood remove,
my Saviour, and my God;
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell
thy righteous Acts abroad.

15. Do Thou unlock my Lips,
with Sorrow clos'd, and Shame:
So ſhall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praiſe
to all the World proclaim.

16. Could Sacrifice atone,
whole Flocks and Herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch Off'rings Thou diſdain'ſt
to caſt a gracious Eye.

17. A broken Spirit is
by God moſt highly priz'd;
By Him a broken contrite Heart
ſhall never be deſpis'd.

18. Let Sion, Favour find,
of thy Good-will aſſur'd;
And thy own City flouriſh long,
by lofty Walls ſecur'd.

19. The Juſt ſhall then attend,
and pleaſing Tribute pay;
And Sacrifice of choiceſt Kind
upon thy Altar lay.

PSALM LII.

1 IN vain, O Man of lawleſs Might,
thou boaſt'ſt thyſelf in Ill;
Since God, the God in whom I truſt,
vouchſafes His Favour ſtill.

2. Thy wicked Tongue does ſland'rous Tales
maliciouſly deviſe;
And, ſharper than a Razor ſet,
it wounds with treach'rous Lyes.

3, 4. Thy Thoughts are more on Ill, than Good,
on Lyes, than Truth, employ'd;
Thy Tongue delights in Words by which
the Guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.

5. God ſhall for ever blaſt thy Hopes,
and ſnatch thee ſoon away;
Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,
nor in the World, to ſtay.

6. The Juſt, with pious Fear, ſhall ſee
the Downfal of thy Pride;
And at thy ſudden Ruin laugh,
and thus thy Fall deride:

7. "See there the Man that haughty was,
"who proudly God defy'd,
"Who truſted in his Wealth, and ſtill
"on wicked Arts rely'd."

8. But I am like thoſe Olive-plants
that ſhade God's Temple round;
And hope with His indulgent Grace
to be for ever crown'd.
9. So ſhall my Soul with Praiſe, O God,
extol thy wondrous Love;
And on thy Name with Patience wait;
for this thy Saints approve.

PSALM LIII.

1 THE wicked Fools muſt ſure ſuppoſe,
that God is but a Name:
This groſs Miſtake their Practice ſhows,
ſince Virtue all diſclaim.
2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high Tow'r,
the Sons of Men to view,
To ſee if any own'd His Pow'r,
or Truth or Juſtice knew.
3. But all, He ſaw, were backward gone,
degen'rate grown and baſe;
None for Religion car'd, not one
of all the ſinful Race.
4. But are thoſe Workers of Deceit
ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they like Bread my People eat,
and God's juſt Pow'r diſown?
5. Their cauſeleſs Fears ſhall ſtrangely grow;
and they, deſpis'd of God,
Shall ſoon be foil'd: His Hand ſhall throw
their ſhatter'd Bones abroad.

6. Would

6. Would He His saving Pow'r employ,
to break our servile Band,
Loud Shouts of universal Joy
should echo thro' the Land.

PSALM LIV.

1, 2. LORD, save me, for thy glorious Name;
and in thy Strength appear,
To judge my Cause; accept my Pray'r,
and to my Words give Ear.

3. Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me design'd;
And cruel Men, that fear no God,
against my Soul combin'd.

4, 5. But God takes part with all my Friends;
and He's the surest Guard:
The God of Truth shall give my Foes
their Falshood's just Reward;

6. While I my grateful Off'rings bring,
and sacrifice with Joy;
And in His Praise my Time to come
delightfully employ.

7. From dreadful Danger and Distress
the Lord hath set me free:
Thro' Him shall I, of all my Foes,
the just Destruction see.

PSALM LV.

1 GIVE Ear, Thou Judge of all the Earth,
and listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn
thy glorious Face away. 2. Attend

2. Attend to this my ſad Complaint,
and hear my grievous Moans;
Whilſt I my mournful Caſe declare
with artleſs Sighs and Groans.

3. Hark how the Foe inſults aloud!
how fierce Oppreſſors rage!
Whoſe ſland'rous Tongues with wrathful Hate
againſt my Fame engage.

4, 5. My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
with deadly Frights diſtreſs'd;
With Fear and Trembling compaſs'd round,
with Horror quite oppreſs'd.

6. How often wiſh'd I then, that I
the Dove's ſwift Wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy Flight,
and ſeek a ſafe Retreat!

7, 8. Then would I wander far from hence;
and in wild Deſarts ſtray,
Till all this furious Storm were ſpent,
this Tempeſt paſt away.

PART II.

9. Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill Deſigns,
their Counſels ſoon divide;
For through the City my griev'd Eyes
have Strife and Rapine ſpy'd.

10. By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall
they walk their conſtant Round;
And, in the midſt of all her Strength,
are Grief and Miſchief found.

11. Whoe'er

11. Whoe'er thro' ev'ry Part shall roam,
will fresh Disorders meet ;
Deceit and Guile their constant Posts
maintain in ev'ry Street.
12. For 'twas not any open Foe,
that false Reflections made ;
For then I could with Ease have borne
the bitter Things he said :

'Twas none who Hatred had profess'd,
that did against me rise ;
For then I had withdrawn myself
from his malicious Eyes.
13, 14. But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, my
whom tend'rest Love did join ; [Friend,
Whose sweet Advice I valu'd most,
whose Pray'rs were mix'd with mine.

15. Sure, Vengeance equal to their Crimes
such Traitors must surprise,
And sudden Death requite those Ills
they wickedly devise.
16, 17. But I will call on God, who still
shall in my Aid appear :
At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray,
and He my Voice shall hear.

PART III.

18. God has releas'd my Soul from those
that did with me contend ;
And made a num'rous Host of Friends
my righteous Cause defend.

19. For

19. For He, who was my Help of old,
shall now His Suppliant hear;
And punish those, whose prosp'rous State
makes them no God to fear.

20. Whom can I trust, if faithless Men
perfidiously devise
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,
and break the strongest Ties?
21. Tho' soft and melting are their Words,
their Hearts with War abound:
Their Speeches are more smooth than Oil,
and yet like Swords they wound.

22. Do thou, my Soul, on God depend,
and He shall thee sustain:
He aids the Just, whom to supplant
the Wicked strive in vain.
23. My Foes, that trade in Lyes and Blood,
shall all untimely die;
Whilst I, for Health, and Length of Days,
on Thee, my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

1 DO Thou, O God, in Mercy help;
for Man my Life pursues:
To crush me with repeated Wrongs,
he daily Strife renews.
2. Continually my spiteful Foes
to ruin me combine:
Thou seest, who sitt'st inthron'd on High,
what mighty Numbers join.

3. But

3. But, tho' sometimes surpris'd by Fear
(on Danger's first Alarm) ;
Yet still for Succour I depend
on thy Almighty Arm.
4. God's faithful Promise I shall praise,
on which I now rely :
In God I trust, and, trusting Him,
the Arm of Flesh defy.

5. They wrest my Words, and make 'em speak
a Sense they never meant :
Their Thoughts are all, with restless Spite,
on my Destruction bent.
6. In close Assemblies they combine,
and wicked Projects lay :
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait
to make my Soul their Prey.

7. Shall such Injustice still escape ?
O righteous God, arise ;
Let thy just Wrath (too long provok'd)
this impious Race chastise.
8. Thou numb'rest all my wand'ring Steps,
since first compell'd to flee :
My very Tears are treasur'd up,
and registred by Thee.

9. When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
my Foes shall be o'erthrown ;
For I am well assur'd, that God
my righteous Cause will own.

10, 11. I'll trust God's Word, and so despise
the Force that Man can raise:
12. To Thee, O God, my Vows are due;
to Thee I'll render Praise.

13. Thou hast retriev'd my Soul from Death,
and Thou wilt still secure
The Life Thou hast so oft preserv'd,
and make my Footsteps sure:
That thus, protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy:
And in the Service of my God
my lengthen'd Days employ,

PSALM LVII.

1 THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend;
On thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wing for Shelter haste,
Till this outrageous Storm is past.
2. To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou Sov'reign Judge, and God most High,
Who Wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.

3. From Heav'n protect me by thy Arm,
And shame all those who seek my Harm:
To my Relief thy Mercy send,
And Truth, on which my Hopes depend.
4. For I with savage Men converse,
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce,
With Men whose Teeth are Spears, their Words
Invenom'd Darts, and two-edg'd Swords.

5. Be

5. Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth display'd ;
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6. To take me, they their Net prepar'd,
And had almoſt my Soul enſnar'd ;
But fell themſelves, by juſt Decree,
Into the Pit they made for me.

7. O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful Tribute to preſent ;
And, with my Heart, my Voice I'll raiſe
To Thee, my God, in Songs of Praiſe.
8. Awake, my Glory ; Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute :
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.

9. Thy Praiſes, Lord, I will reſound
To all the liſt'ning Nations round :
10. Thy Mercy higheſt Heav'n tranſcends ;
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
11. Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd ;
Till Thou art here, as there obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

1 SPEAK, O ye Judges of the Earth,
if juſt your Sentence be ;
Or muſt not Innocence appeal
to Heav'n, from your Decree ?

2. Your

2. Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are
alike by Malice ſway'd ;
Your griping Hands, by weighty Bribes,
to Violence betray'd.

3. To Virtue Strangers from the Womb,
their Infant Steps went wrong :
They prattled Slander, and in Lyes
employ'd their liſping Tongue.
4. No Serpent of parch'd Afric's Breed
does ranker Poiſon bear ;
The drowſy Adder will as ſoon
unlock his ſullen Ear.

5. Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf
as Adders they remain ;
From whom the ſkilful Charmer's Voice
can no Attention gain.
6. Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,
and timely break their Pow'r :
Diſarm theſe growing Lions Jaws,
ere practis'd to devour.

7. Let now their Inſolence, at Height,
like ebbing Tides be ſpent ;
Their ſhiver'd Darts deceive their Aim,
when they their Bow have bent.
8. Like Snails, let them diſſolve to Slime ;
like haſty Births become,
Unworthy to behold the Sun,
and dead within the Womb.

9. Ere

9. Ere Thorns can make the Flesh-pots boil,
tempestuous Wrath shall come
From God, and snatch them hence alive
to their eternal Doom.
10. The Righteous shall rejoice to see
their Crimes such Vengeance meet;
And Saints in Persecutors Blood
shall dip their harmless Feet.

11. Transgressors then with Grief shall see
just Men Rewards obtain;
And own a God, whose Justice will
the guilty Earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

1 DELIVER me, O Lord my God,
from all my spiteful Foes:
In my Defence oppose thy Pow'r
to theirs who me oppose.
2. Preserve me from a wicked Race,
who make a Trade of Ill;
Protect me from remorseless Men,
who seek my Blood to spill.

3. They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs
against my Life combine,
Implacable; yet, Lord, Thou know'st,
for no Offence of mine.
4. In Haste they run about, and watch
my guiltless Life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my Distress,
and to my Help awake.

5. Thou, Lord of Hosts, and Israel's God,
their Heathen Rage suppress;
Relentless Vengeance take on those
who stubbornly transgress.
6. At Ev'ning to beset my House,
like growling Dogs they meet;
While others through the City range,
and ransack ev'ry Street.

7. Their Throats invenom'd Slander breathe,
their Tongues are sharpen'd Swords:
"Who hears? (say they); or, hearing, dares
"reprove our lawless Words?"
8. But from thy Throne Thou shalt, O Lord,
their baffled Plots deride;
And soon to Scorn and Shame expose
their boasted Heathen Pride.

9. On Thee I wait; 'tis on thy Strength
for Succour I depend:
'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,
who only canst defend.
10. Thy Mercy, Lord, which has so oft
from Danger set me free,
Shall crown my Wishes, and subdue
my haughty Foes to me.

11. Destroy them not, O Lord, at once;
restrain thy vengeful Blow;
Lest we, ingratefully, too soon
forget their Overthrow.

Disperse

Disperse them through the Nations round,
by thy avenging Pow'r:
Do Thou bring down their haughty Pride,
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.

12. Now in the Height of all their Hopes,
their Arrogance chastise;
Whose Tongues have sinn'd without Restraint,
and Curses join'd with Lyes.
13. Nor shalt Thou, whilst their Race endures,
thine Anger, Lord, suppress;
That distant Lands, by their just Doom,
may Israel's God confess.

14. At Ev'ning let them still persist
like growling Dogs, to meet;
Still wander all the City round,
and traverse ev'ry Street.
15. Then, as for Malice now they do,
for Hunger let them stray;
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
defeated of their Prey:

16. Whilst early I thy Mercy sing,
thy wond'rous Pow'r confess:
For Thou hast been my sure Defence,
my Refuge in Distress.
17. To Thee, with never-ceasing Praise,
O God, my Strength, I'll sing:
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
my Health and Safety spring.

PSALM LX.

1 O GOD, who haſt our Troops diſpers'd,
Forſaking thoſe who left Thee firſt ;
As we thy juſt Diſpleaſure mourn,
To us, in Mercy, Lord, return.
2. Our Strength, that firm as Earth did ſtand,
Is rent by thy avenging Hand :
O ! heal the Breaches Thou haſt made :
We ſhake, we fall, without thy Aid !

3. Our Folly's ſad Effects we feel ;
For, drunk with Diſcord's Cup, we reel.
4. But now, for them who Thee rever'd,
Thou haſt thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.
5. Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect :
Lord, hear the Pray'rs, that we direct.
6. The Holy God has ſpoke ; and I,
O'erjoy'd, on his firm Word rely.

To Thee in Portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's Soil, Samaria's Pride :
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,
And meaſure out her Vale by Line.
7. Manaſſeh, Gilead, both ſubſcribe
To my Commands, with Ephraim's Tribe :
Ephraim by Arms ſupports my Cauſe,
And Judah by religious Laws.

8. Moab my Slave and Drudge ſhall be,
Nor Edom from my Yoke get free ;
Proud Paleſtine's imperious State
Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.

9. But

9. But who ſhall quell theſe mighty Pow'rs,
And clear my Way to Edom's Tow'rs?
Or through her guarded Frontiers tread
The Path that does to Conqueſt lead?

10. Ev'n Thou, O God, who haſt diſpers'd
Our Troops (for we forſook Thee firſt),
Thoſe whom Thou didſt in Wrath forſake,
Aton'd, Thou wilt victorious make.
11. Do Thou our fainting Cauſe ſuſtain;
For human Succours are but vain.
12. Freſh Strength and Courage God beſtows:
'Tis he treads down our proudeſt Foes.

PSALM LXI.

1 LORD, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,
which I, oppreſs'd with Grief,
2. From Earth's remoteſt Parts addreſs
to Thee for kind Relief.
O! lodge me ſafe beyond the Reach
of perſecuting Pow'r,
3. Thou who ſo oft from ſpiteful Foes
haſt been my ſhelt'ring Tow'r.

4. So ſhall I in thy ſacred Courts
ſecure from Danger lie;
Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,
all future Storms defy.
5. In Sign my Vows are heard, once more,
I o'er thy Choſen reign:
6. O! bleſs with long and proſp'rous Life
the King Thou didſt ordain.

7. Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign
accepted in thy Sight;
And let thy Truth and Mercy both
in his Defence unite.
8. So shall I ever sing thy Praise,
thy Name for ever bless;
Devote my prosp'rous Days to pay
the Vows of my Distress.

PSALM LXII.

1, 2. MY Soul for Help on God relies;
From Him alone my Safety flows:
My Rock, my Health, that Strength supplies,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.
3. How long will ye contrive my Fall,
Which will but hasten on your own!
You'll totter like a bending Wall,
Or Fence of uncemented Stone.

4. To make my envy'd Honours less,
They strive with Lyes, their chief Delight;
For they, tho' with their Mouths they bless,
In private curse with inward Spite.
5, 6. But thou, my Soul, on God rely;
On Him alone thy Trust repose:
My Rock and Health will Strength supply,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.

7. God does his saving Health dispense,
And flowing Blessings daily send:
He is my Fortress and Defence;
On Him my Soul shall still depend.

8. In

8. In Him, ye People, always trust ;
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts ;
For God, the Merciful and Just,
His timely Aid to us imparts.

9. The Vulgar fickle are and frail ;
The Great dissemble and betray ;
And, laid in Truth's impartial Scale,
The lightest Things will both outweigh.
10. Then trust not in oppressive Ways ;
By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain ;
Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increase,
Be set too much upon your Gain.

11. For God has oft His Will express'd,
And I this Truth have fully known ;
To be of boundless Pow'r possess'd,
Belongs, of Right, to God alone.
12. Though Mercy is His darling Grace,
In which He chiefly takes Delight ;
Yet will He all the human Race
According to their Works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

1 O GOD, my gracious God, to Thee
My morning Pray'rs shall offer'd be ;
For Thee my thirsty Soul does pant ;
My fainting Flesh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
Where I refreshing Waters want.

2. O ! to my longing Eyes once more
That View of glorious Pow'r restore,

Which thy majestic House displays:
3. Because to me thy wond'rous Love
Than Life itself does dearer prove,
My Lips shall always speak thy Praise.

4. My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ;
With lifted Hands adore his Name:
5. My Soul's Content shall be as great
As theirs who choicest Dainties eat,
While I with Joy his Praise proclaim.

6. When down I lie, sweet Sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my Mind;
And when I wake in Dead of Night.
7. Because Thou still dost Succour bring,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
I rest with Safety and Delight.

8. My Soul, when Foes would me devour,
Cleaves fast to Thee, whose matchless Pow'r
In her Support is daily shown:
9. But those the righteous Lord shall slay,
That my Destruction wish; and they
that seek my Life, shall lose their own.

10, 11. They by untimely Ends shall die,
Their Flesh a Prey to Foxes lie;
But God shall fill the King with Joy:
Who swears by Thee shall still rejoice;
Whilst the false Tongue, and lying Voice,
Thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.

PSALM LXIV.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint;
To my Requeſt give Ear;
Preſerve my Life from cruel Foes,
and free my Soul from Fear.
2. O! hide me with thy tend'reſt Care
in ſome ſecure Retreat,
From Sinners that againſt me riſe;
and all their Plots defeat.

3. See how, intent to work my Harm,
they whet their Tongues like Swords;
And bend their Bows to ſhoot their Darts,
ſharp Lyes, and bitter Words.
4. Lurking in private, at the Juſt
they take their ſecret Aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
quite void of Fear and Shame.

5. To carry on their ill Deſigns
they mutually agree;
They ſpeak of laying private Snares,
and think that none ſhall ſee.
6. With utmoſt Diligence and Care
their wicked Plots they lay:
The deep Deſigns of all their Hearts
are only to betray.

7. But God, to Anger juſtly mov'd,
His dreadful Bow ſhall bend,
And on his flying Arrow's Point
ſhall ſwift Deſtruction ſend.

8. Thoſe

8. Thoſe Slanders which their Mouths did vent,
upon themſelves ſhall fall ;
Their Crimes diſclos'd ſhall make them be
deſpis'd and ſhunn'd by all.

9. The World ſhall then God's Pow'r confeſs ;
and Nations trembling ſtand ;
Convinc'd, that 'tis the mighty Work
of his avenging Hand :
10. Whilſt righteous Men, by God ſecur'd,
in Him ſhall gladly truſt ;
And all the liſt'ning Earth ſhall hear
loud Triumphs of the Juſt.

PSALM LXV.

1 FOR Thee, O God, our conſtant Praiſe
In Sion waits, thy choſen Seat :
Our promis'd Altars there we'll raiſe,
And all our zealous Vows complete.
2. O Thou, who to my humble Pray'r
Didſt always bend thy liſt'ning Ear,
To Thee ſhall all Mankind repair,
And at thy gracious Throne appear.

3. Our Sins (tho' numberleſs) in vain
To ſtop thy flowing Mercy try ;
Whilſt Thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty Stain,
And waſheſt out the crimſon Dye.
4. Bleſt is the Man, who, near Thee plac'd,
Within thy ſacred Dwelling lives !
Whilſt we, at humbler Diſtance, taſte
The vaſt Delights thy Temple gives.

5. By

5. By wond'rous Acts, O God moſt Juſt,
Have we thy gracious Anſwer found :
In Thee remoteſt Nations truſt,
And thoſe whom ſtormy Waves ſurround.
6, 7. God, by His Strength, ſets faſt the Hills,
And does His matchleſs Pow'r engage ;
With which the Sea's loud Waves He ſtills,
And angry Crouds tumultuous Rage.

PART II.

8. Thou, Lord, doſt barb'rous Lands diſmay,
When they thy dreadful Tokens view :
With Joy they ſee the Night and Day
Each others Track, by Turns, purſue.
9. From out thy unexhauſted Store
Thy Rain relieves the thirſty Ground ;
Makes Lands, that barren were before,
With Corn and uſeful Fruits abound.

10. On riſing Ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills :
Thou mak'ſt them ſoft with gentle Show'rs,
In which a bleſt Increaſe diſtils.
11. Thy Goodneſs does the circling Year
With freſh Returns of Plenty crown ;
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatneſs down.

12. They drop on barren Foreſts, chang'd
By them to Paſtures freſh and green :
The Hills about, in Order rang'd,
In beauteous Robes of Joy are ſeen.

13. Large

13. Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn
The chearful Downs; the Vallies bring
A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,
And seem, for Joy, to shout and sing.

PSALM LXVI.

1, 2. LET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy
to God their Voices raise;
Sing Psalms in Honour of His Name,
and spread His glorious Praise.

3. And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
in all thy Works art Thou!
To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes
shall all be forc'd to bow.

4. Thro' all the Earth the Nations round
shall Thee their God confess;
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
of thy great Name express.

5. O! come, behold the Works of God;
and then with me you'll own,
That He to all the Sons of Men
has wond'rous Judgments shown.

6. He made the Sea become dry Land,
through which our Fathers walk'd;
Whilst to each other of his Might
with Joy his People talk'd.

7. He by his Pow'r for ever rules;
his Eyes the World survey:
Let no presumptuous Man rebel
against his Sov'reign Sway.

PART

PART II.

8, 9. O! all ye Nations, bleſs our God,
and loudly ſpeak his Praiſe;
Who keeps our Soul alive, and ſtill
confirms our ſtedfaſt Ways.
10. For Thou haſt try'd us, Lord, as Fire
does try the precious Ore:
11. Thou brought'ſt us into Streights, where we
oppreſſing Burdens bore.

12. Inſulting Foes did us, their Slaves,
thro' Fire and Water chaſe;
But yet, at laſt, Thou brought'ſt us forth
into a wealthy Place.
13. Burnt-off'rings to thy Houſe I'll bring,
and there my Vows I'll pay;
14. Which I with ſolemn Zeal did make
in Trouble's diſmal Day.

15. Then ſhall the richeſt Incenſe ſmoke,
the fatteſt Rams ſhall fall,
The choiceſt Goats from out the Fold,
and Bullocks from the Stall.
16. O! come, all ye that fear the Lord;
attend with heedful Care,
Whilſt I, what God for me has done,
with grateful Joy declare.

17, 18. As I, before, His Aid implor'd,
ſo now I praiſe His Name;
Who, if my Heart, had harbour'd Sin,
would all my Pray'rs diſclaim.

19. But

19. But God to me, when e'er I cry'd,
His gracious Ear did bend;
And to the Voice of my Requeſt,
with conſtant Love, attend.
20. Then bleſs'd for ever be my God,
who never, when I pray,
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,
nor turns his Face away!

PSALM LXVII.

1 TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
in Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face
on all thy Saints to ſhine;
2. That ſo thy wond'rous Way
may through the World be known;
While diſtant Lands their Tribute pay,
and thy Salvation own.

3. Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.
4. O let them ſhout and ſing,
diſſolv'd in pious Mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
ſhalt govern all the Earth.

5. Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praiſe thy glorious Name.

6. Then

6. Then shall the teeming Ground
a large Increase disclose;
And we with Plenty shall be crown'd,
which God, our God, bestows.

7. Then God upon our Land
shall constant Blessings show'r;
And all the World in Awe shall stand
of His resistless Pow'r.

PSALM LXVIII.

1 LET God, the God of Battle, rise,
And scatter His presumptuous Foes;
Let shameful Rout their Host surprise,
Who spitefully His Pow'r oppose.
2. As Smoke in Tempests Rage is lost,
Or Wax into the Furnace cast;
So let their sacrilegious Host
Before His wrathful Presence waste.

3. But let the Servants of His Will
His Favour's gentle Beams enjoy;
Their upright Hearts let Gladness fill,
And chearful Songs their Tongues employ.
4. To Him your Voice in Anthems raise:
JEHOVAH's awful Name He bears:
In Him rejoice; extol His Praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling Spheres.

5. Him, from His Empire of the Skies,
To this low World Compassion draws,
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd Widow's Cause.

6. 'Tis

6. 'Tis God, who from a foreign Soil
Restores poor Exiles to their Home;
Makes Captives free; and fruitless Toil,
Their proud Oppressors righteous Doom.

7. 'Twas so of old, when Thou didst lead
In Person, Lord, our Armies forth;
Strange Terrors thro' the Desert spread,
Convulsions shook th' astonish'd Earth.
8. The breaking Clouds did Rain distill,
And Heav'n's high Arches shook with Fear:
How then should Sinai's humble Hill
Of Israel's God the Presence bear!

9. Thy Hand, at famish'd Earth's Complaint,
Reliev'd her from celestial Stores;
And, when thy Heritage was faint,
Asswag'd the Drought with plenteous Show'rs.
10. Where Savages had rang'd before,
At Ease Thou mad'st our Tribes reside;
And in the Desert for the Poor,
Thy generous Bounty did provide.

PART II.

11. Thou gav'st the Word; we sallied forth,
And in that pow'rful Word o'ercame;
Whilst Virgin-troops, with Songs of Mirth,
In State our Conquest did proclaim.
12. Vast Armies, by such Gen'rals led,
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
Forsook their Camp with sudden Dread,
And to our Women left the Spoil.

13. Though

13. Though Egypt's Drudges you have been,
Your Army's Wings shall shine as bright,
As Doves in golden Sunshine seen,
Or silver'd o'er with paler Light.
14. 'Twas so, when God's Almighty Hand
O'er scatter'd Kings the Conquest won;
Our Troops, drawn up on Jordan's Strand,
High Salmon's glitt'ring Snow outshone.

15. From thence to Jordan's farther Coast,
And Bashan's Hill, we did advance:
No more her Height shall Bashan boast,
But that she's God's Inheritance.
16. But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great)
Should this, O Mountain, swell your Pride?
For Sion is His chosen Seat,
Where He for ever will reside.

17. His Chariots numberless; His Pow'rs
Are heav'nly Hosts, that wait His Will:
His Presence now fills Sion's Tow'rs,
As once it honour'd Sinai's Hill.
18. Ascending high, in Triumph Thou
Captivity hast captive led;
And on thy People didst bestow
The Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.

Ev'n Rebels shall partake thy Grace,
And humble Proselytes repair
To worship at thy Dwelling-place,
And all the World pay Homage there.

19. For Benefits each Day beſtow'd,
Be daily His great Name ador'd ;
20. Who is our Saviour, and our God,
Of Life and Death the Sov'reign Lord.

21. But Juſtice for His harden'd Foes
Proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary Head of thoſe
Who in preſumptuous Crimes proceed.
22. The Lord has thus in Thunder ſpoke :
" As I ſubdu'd proud Baſhan's King,
" Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,
" And from the Deep my Servants bring :

23. " Their Feet ſhall with a crimſon Flood
" Of ſlaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er ;
" Nor Earth receive ſuch impious Blood,
" But leave for Dogs th' unhallow'd Gore."

PART III.

24. When, marching to thy bleſt Abode,
The wond'ring Multitude ſurvey'd
The pompous State of Thee, our God,
In Robes of Majeſty array'd ;
25. Sweet-ſinging Levites led the Van ;
Loud Inſtruments brought up the Rear ;
Between both Troops a Virgin-Train
With Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear.

26. This was the Burden of their Song :
" In full Aſſemblies bleſs the Lord :
" All who to Iſrael's Tribes belong,
" The God of Iſrael's Praiſe record."

27. Nor

27. Nor little Benjamin alone
From neighb'ring Bounds did there attend.
Nor only Judah's nearer Throne
Her Counsellors in State did send;

But Zebulon's remoter Seat,
And Napthali's more distant Coast,
(The grand Procession to complete)
Sent up their Tribes, a princely Host.
28. Thus God to Strength and Union brought
Our Tribes, at Strife till that blest Hour.
This Work, which Thou, O God, hast wrought,
Confirm with fresh Recruits of Pow'r.

29. To visit Salem, Lord, descend,
And Sion thy terrestrial Throne;
Where Kings with Presents shall attend,
And Thee with offer'd Crowns atone.
30. Break down the Spearmens Ranks, who threat
Like pamper'd Herds of savage Might: [
Their silver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,
Who in destructive War delight.

31. Egypt shall then to God stretch forth
Her Hands, and Africk Homage bring.
32. The scatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth
Their common Sov'reign's Praises sing;
33. Who, mounted on the loftiest Sphere
Of antient Heav'n, sublimely rides;
From whence His dreadful Voice we hear,
Like that of warring Winds and Tides.

34. Aſcribe ye Pow'r to God moſt High :
Of humble Iſrael He takes care ;
Whoſe Strength, from out the duſky Sky,
Darts ſhining Terrors through the Air.
35. How dreadful are the ſacred Courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne !
His Strength His feeble Saints ſupports :
To God give Praiſe, to Him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

1 SAVE me, O God, from Waves that roll,
And preſs to overwhelm my Soul.
2. With painful Steps in Mire I tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
3. With reſtleſs Cries my Spirits faint ;
My Voice is hoarſe with long Complaint ;
My Sight decays with tedious Pain,
Whilſt for my God I wait in vain.

4. My Hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with Foes that me purſue
With groundleſs Hate, grown now of Might,
To execute their lawleſs Spite :
They force me, guiltleſs, to reſign,
As Rapine, what by Right was mine.
5. Thou, Lord, my Innocence doſt ſee,
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from Thee.

6. Lord God of Hoſts, take timely Care,
Leſt, for my ſake, thy Saints deſpair ;
7. Since I have ſuffer'd for thy Name
Reproach, and hide my Face in Shame ;

8. A

8. A Stranger to my Country grown,
Nor to my neareſt Kindred known;
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn
By Brethren of my Mother born.

9. For Zeal to thy lov'd Houſe and Name
Conſumes me like devouring Flame;
Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee,
More than at Slanders caſt on me.
10. My very Tears and Abſtinence
They conſtrue in a ſpiteful Senſe.
11. When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their ſake,
They me their common Proverb make.

12. Their Judges make my Wrongs their Jeſt,
Thoſe Wrongs they ought to have redreſs'd.
How ſhould I then expect to be
From Libels of lewd Drunkards free?
13. But, Lord, to Thee I will repair
For Help, with humble, timely Pray'r:
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store:
Diſplay thy Truth's preſerving Pow'r.

14. From threat'ning Dangers me relieve,
And from the Mire my Feet retrieve;
From ſpiteful Foes in Safety keep,
And ſnatch me from the raging Deep.
15. Controul the Deluge, ere it ſpread,
And roll its Waves above my Head:
Nor deep Deſtruction's yawning Pit
To cloſe her Jaws on me permit.

16. Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,
For thy tranſcending Goodneſs' ſake;
Relieve thy Supplicant once more
From thy abounding Mercy's Store.
17. Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face:
Make haſte; for deſp'rate is my Caſe:
18. Thy timely Succour interpoſe,
And ſhield me from remorſeleſs Foes.

19. Thou know'ſt what Infamy and Scorn
I from my Enemies have borne;
Nor can their cloſe-diſſembled Spite,
Or darkeſt Plots, eſcape thy Sight.
20. Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart:
I look'd for ſome to take my Part,
To pity or relieve my Pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.

21. With Hunger pin'd, for Food I call:
Inſtead of Food, they give me Gall:
And when with Thirſt my Spirits ſink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.
22. Their Table therefore to their Health
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth;
23. Perpetual Darkneſs ſeize their Eyes;
And ſudden Blaſts their Hopes ſurpriſe.

24. On them Thou ſhalt thy Fury pour,
'Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour;
25. And make their Houſe a diſmal Cell,
Where none will e'er vouchſafe to dwell.

26. For new Afflictions they procur'd
For him who had thy Stripes endur'd;
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn,
To bleed afresh with sharper Scorn.

27. Sin shall to Sin their Steps betray,
Till they to Truth have lost the Way.
28. From Life thou shalt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Just their Names inrol.
29. But me, howe'er distress'd and poor,
Thy strong Salvation shall restore:
30. Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.

31. Our God shall this more highly prize,
Than Herds or Flocks in Sacrifice:
32. Which humble Saints with Joy shall see,
And hope for like Redress with me.
33. For God regards the Poor's Complaint;
Sets Pris'ners free from close Restraint.
34. Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raise,
And all the World resound His Praise.

35. For God will Sion's Walls erect;
Fair Judah's Cities He'll protect;
Till all her scatter'd Sons repair
To undisturb'd Possession there.
36. This Blessing they shall, at their Death,
To their religious Heirs bequeath;
And they to endless Ages more,
Of such as His blest Name adore.

PSALM LXX.

1 O LORD, to my Relief draw near ;
For never was more preſſing Need :
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
2. Confuſion on their Heads return,
Who to deſtroy my Soul combine :
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
Enſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.

3. Their Doom let Deſolation be ;
With Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
And Sport of my Affliction made :
4. While thoſe who humbly ſeek thy Face,
To joyful Triumphs ſhall be rais'd ;
And all who prize thy ſaving Grace,
With me ſhall ſing, The Lord be prais'd.

5. Thus wretched tho' I am, and poor,
The mighty Lord of me takes care :
Thou, God, who only canſt reſtore,
To my Relief with Speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, 2. IN Thee I put my ſtedfaſt Truſt ;
I defend me, Lord, from Shame :
Incline thine Ear, and ſave my Soul ;
for righteous is thy Name.
3. Be Thou my ſtrong Abiding-place,
to which I may reſort :
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me ſafe ;
Thou art my Rock and Fort. 4, 5. From

4, 5. From cruel and ungodly Men
protect and set me free;
For from my earliest Youth till now,
my Hope has been in Thee.
6. Thy constant Care did safely guard
my tender infant Days;
Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb,
to sing thy constant Praise.

7, 8. While some on me with Wonder gaze' thy Hand supports me still:
Thy Honour therefore, and thy Praise,
my Mouth shall always fill.
9. Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
when I with Age decay:
Forsake me not, when, worn with Years,
my Vigour fades away.

10. My Foes, against my Fame and me,
with crafty Malice speak;
Against my Soul they lay their Snares,
and mutual Counsel take.
11. "His God, say they, forsakes him now,
"on whom he did rely:
"Pursue and take him, whilst no Hope
"of timely Aid is nigh."

12. But Thou, my God, withdraw not far:
For speedy Help I call;
13. To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes,
that seek to work my Fall.

14. But

14. But as for me, my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall on thy Pow'r depend ;
And I in grateful Songs of Praiſe
my Time to come will ſpend.

PART II.

15. Thy righteous Acts, and ſaving Health,
my Mouth ſhall ſtill declare ;
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' ſumm'd with utmoſt Care.
16. While God vouchſafes me His Support,
I'll in His Strength go on ;
All other Righteouſneſs diſclaim,
and mention His alone.
17. Thou, Lord, haſt taught me, from my Youth,
to praiſe thy glorious Name :
And ever ſince thy wondrous Works
have been my conſtant Theme.
18. Then now forſake me not, when I
am grey and feeble grown ;
Till I to theſe, and future Times,
thy Strength and Pow'r have ſhown.
19. How high thy Juſtice ſoars, O God !
how great and wond'rous are
The mighty Works which Thou haſt done !
who may with Thee compare !
20. Me, whom thy Hand has ſorely preſs'd,
thy Grace ſhall yet relieve ;
And from the loweſt Depth of Woe
with tender Care retrieve.

21. Through

21. Through Thee, my Time to come shall be
with Pow'r and Greatness crown'd ;
And me, who dismal Years have pass'd,
thy Comforts shall surround :
22. Therefore, with Psaltery and Harp,
thy Truth, O Lord, I'll praise ;
To Thee, the God of Jacob's Race,
my Voice in Anthems raise.
23. Then Joy shall fill my Mouth, and Songs
employ my chearful Voice ;
My grateful Soul, by Thee redeem'd,
shall in thy Strength rejoice.
24. My Tongue thy just and righteous Acts
shall all the Day proclaim ;
Because Thou didst confound my Foes,
and brought'st them all to Shame.

PSALM LXXII.

1 LORD, let thy just Decrees the King
in all his Ways direct ;
And let his Son, throughout his Reign,
thy righteous Laws respect.
2. So shall he still thy People judge
with pure and upright Mind,
Whilst all the helpless Poor shall him
their just Protector find.
3. Then Hills and Mountains shall bring forth
the happy Fruits of Peace ;
Which all the Land shall own to be
the Work of Righteousness :

4. Whilst

4. Whilſt he the poor and needy Race
ſhall rule with gentle Sway,
And from their humble Necks ſhall take
oppreſſive Yokes away.

5. In ev'ry Heart, thy awful Fear
ſhall then be rooted faſt,
As long as Sun and Moon endure,
or Time itſelf ſhall laſt.

6. He ſhall deſcend like Rain, that chears
the Meadows ſecond Birth;
Or like warm Show'rs, whoſe gentle Drops
refreſh the thirſty Earth.

7. In his bleſt Days the Juſt and Good
ſhall be with Favour crown'd;
The happy Land ſhall ev'ry-where
with endleſs Peace abound.

8. His uncontroul'd Dominion ſhall
from Sea to Sea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' Streams,
at Nature's Limits end.

9. To him the ſavage Nations round
ſhall bow their ſervile Heads:
His vanquiſh'd Foes ſhall lick the Duſt,
where he his Conqueſt ſpreads.

10. The Kings of Tarſhiſh, and the Iſles,
ſhall coſtly Preſents bring;
From ſpicy Sheba Gifts ſhall come,
and wealthy Saba's King.

11. To him shall ev'ry King on Earth
his humble Homage pay ;
And diff'ring Nations gladly join
to own his righteous Sway.
12. For he shall set the Needy free,
when they for Succour cry ;
Shall save the Helpless, and the Poor,
and all their Wants supply.

PART II.

13. His Providence, for needy Souls,
shall due Supplies prepare ;
And over their defenceless Lives
shall watch with tender Care.
14. He shall preserve and keep their Souls
from Fraud and Rapine free ;
And in his Sight their guiltless Blood
of mighty Price shall be.

15. Therefore shall God his Life and Reign
to many Years extend ;
Whilst Eastern Princes Tribute pay,
and golden Presents send.
For him shall constant Pray'rs be made
thro' all his prosp'rous Days :
His just Dominion shall afford
a lasting Theme of Praise.

16. Of useful Grain, through all the Land,
great Plenty shall appear :
A Handful sown on Mountain-tops
a mighty Crop shall bear :

Its

Its Fruit, like Cedars shook by Winds,
a rattling Noise shall yield:
The City too shall thrive, and vie,
for Plenty, with the Field.

17. The Mem'ry of his glorious Name
thro' endless Years shall run;
His spotless Fame shall shine as bright
and lasting as the Sun.
In him the Nations of the World
shall be completely bless'd,
And his unbounded Happiness
by ev'ry Tongue confess'd.

18. Then bless'd be God, the mighty Lord,
the God whom Israel fears;
Who only wond'rous in his Works,
beyond Compare, appears.
19. Let Earth be with His Glory fill'd;
for ever bless His Name;
Whilst to His Praise the list'ning World
their glad Assent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

1 AT length, by certain Proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his Saints be kind;
That all whose Hearts are pure and clean,
Shall His protecting Favour find.
2, 3. Till this sustaining Truth I knew,
My stagg'ring Feet had almost fail'd:
I griev'd, the Sinner's Wealth to view,
And envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.

4, 5. They

4, 5. They to the Grave in Peace descend,
And, whilst they live, are hale and strong;
No Plague or Troubles them offend,
Which oft to other Men belong.
6,7. With Pride, as with a Chain, they're held,
And Rapine seems their Robe of State;
Their Eyes stand out, with Fatness swell'd;
They grow, beyond their Wishes, great.

8, 9. With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,
Oppressive Methods they defend;
Their Tongue thro' all the Earth does walk,
Their Blasphemies to Heav'n ascend.
10. And yet admiring Crouds are found,
Who servile Visits duely make;
Because with Plenty they abound,
Of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.

11. Their fond Opinion these pursue,
Till they with them profanely cry,
"How should the Lord our Actions view?
"Can He perceive, who dwells so high?
12. Behold the Wicked! these are they
Who openly their Sins profess;
And yet their Wealth's increas'd each Day,
And all their Actions meet Success.

13,14. "Then have I cleans'd my Heart (said I),
"And wash'd my Hands from Guilt, in vain;
"If all the Day oppress'd I lie,
"And ev'ry Morning suffer Pain."

15. Thus

15. Thus did I once to ſpeak intend :
But if ſuch Things I raſhly ſay,
Thy Children, Lord, I muſt offend,
And baſely ſhould their Cauſe betray.

PART II.

16, 17. To fathom this, my Thoughts I bent ;
But found the Caſe too hard for me ;
Till to the Houſe of God I went :
Then I their End did plainly ſee.
18. How high ſoe'er advanc'd, they all
On ſlipp'ry Places looſely ſtand ;
Thence into Ruin headlong fall,
Caſt down by thy avenging Hand.

19, 20. How dreadful and how quick their Fate !
Deſpis'd by Thee, when they're deſtroy'd ;
As waking Men with Scorn do treat
The Fancies that their Dreams emploi'd.
21, 22. Thus was my Heart with Grief oppreſt,
My Reins were rack'd with reſtleſs Pains ;
So ſtupid was I, like a Beaſt,
Who no reflecting Thought retains.

23, 24. Yet ſtill thy Preſence me ſupply'd,
And thy Right-hand Aſſiſtance gave ;
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy Counſel guide,
And then to Glory me receive.
25. Whom then in Heav'n but Thee alone
Have I, whoſe Favour I require ?
Throughout the ſpacious Earth there's none
That I beſides Thee can deſire.

26. My

26. My trembling Fleſh, and aching Heart
May often fail to ſuccour me ;
But God ſhall inward Strength impart,
And my eternal Portion be.
27. For they that far from Thee remove,
Shall into ſudden Ruin fall :
If after other Gods they rove,
Thy Vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.

28. But as for me, 'tis good and juſt,
That I ſhould ſtill to God repair ;
In Him I always put my Truſt,
And will His wondrous Works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 WHY haſt Thou caſt us off, O God?
wilt Thou no more return ?
Oh ! why againſt thy choſen Flock
does thy fierce Anger burn ?
2. Think on thy antient Purchaſe, Lord,
the Land that is thy own,
By Thee redeem'd ; and Sion's Mount,
where once thy Glory ſhone.

3. Oh, come and view our ruin'd State !
how long our Troubles laſt !
See how the Foe with wicked Rage
has laid thy Temple waſte !
4. ThyFoes blaſpheme thyName : Where late
thy zealous Servants pray'd,
The Heathen there, with haughty Pomp,
their Banners have diſplay'd.

5, 6. Thoſe curious Carvings, which did once
advance the Artiſts Fame,
With Ax and Hammer they deſtroy,
like Works of vulgar Frame.
7. Thy holy Temple they have burnt;
and what eſcap'd the Flame,
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' ſacred to thy Name.

8. Thy Worſhip wholly to deſtroy
malicioufly they aim'd;
And all the ſacred Places burn'd,
where we thy Praiſe proclaim'd.
9. Yet of thy Preſence Thou vouchſaf'ſt
no tender Signs to ſend:
We have no Prophet now, that knows
when this ſad State ſhall end.

PART II.

10. But, Lord, how long wilt Thou permit
th' inſulting Foe to boaſt?
Shall all the Honour of thy Name
for evermore be loſt?
11. Why hold'ſt Thou back thy ſtrong Right-
and on thy patient Breaſt, [hand,
When Vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth,
ſo calmly lett'ſt it reſt?

12. Thou heretofore, with Kingly Pow'r,
in our Defence haſt fought;
For us, throughout the wond'ring World,
haſt great Salvation wrought.

13. 'Twas

13. 'Twas Thou, O God, that didſt the Sea,
by thy own Strength, divide:
Thou brak'ſt the watry Monſters Head,
the Waves o'erwhelm'd their Pride.

14. The greateſt, fierceſt of them all,
that ſeem'd the Deep to ſway,
Was by thy Pow'r deſtroy'd, and made
to ſavage Beaſts a Prey.

15. Thou clav'ſt the ſolid Rock, and mad'ſt
the Waters largely flow;
Again, Thou mad'ſt, thro' parting Streams,
thy wond'ring People go.

16. Thine is the chearful Day, and thine
the black Return of Night;
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious Sun,
and ev'ry feebler Light.

17. By Thee the Borders of the Earth
in perfect Order ſtand:
The Summer's Warmth, and Winter's Cold,
attend on thy Command.

PART III.

18. Remember, Lord, how ſcornful Foes
have daily urg'd our Shame;
And how the fooliſh People have
blaſphem'd thy holy Name.

19. Oh, free thy mourning Turtle-dove,
by ſinful Crouds beſet;
Nor the Aſſembly of thy Poor
for evermore forget.

20. Thy antient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,
and make thy Promiſe good;
For now each Corner of the Land
is fill'd with Men of Blood.
21. O let not the Oppreſs'd return,
with Sorrow cloath'd, and Shame;
But let the Helpleſs and the Poor
for ever praiſe thy Name.
22. Ariſe, O God, in our Behalf;
thy Cauſe and ours maintain:
Remember how inſulting Fools
each Day thy Name profane!
23. Make Thou the Boaſtings of thy Foes
for ever, Lord, to ceaſe;
Whoſe Inſolence, if unchaſtiz'd,
will more and more increaſe.

PSALM LXXV.

1 TO Thee, O God, we render Praiſe,
to Thee with Thanks repair;
For, that thy Name to us is nigh,
thy wond'rous Works declare.
2. In Iſrael when my Throne is fix'd,
with me ſhall Juſtice reign.
3. The Land with Diſcord ſhakes; but I
the ſinking Frame ſuſtain.
4. Deluded Wretches I adviſ'd
their Errors to redreſs;
And warn'd bold Sinners, that they ſhould
their ſwelling Pride ſuppreſs.

5. Bear

5. Bear not yourſelves ſo high, as if
no Pow'r could yours reſtrain :
Submit your ſtubborn Necks, and learn
to ſpeak with leſs Diſdain.

6. For that Promotion, which to gain
your vain Ambition ſtrives,
From neither Eaſt, nor Weſt, nor yet
from Southern Climes arrives.
7. For God the great Diſpoſer is,
and Sov'reign Judge alone,
Who caſts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
the Humble to a Throne.

8. His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup ;
with purple Wine 'tis crown'd ;
The deadly Mixture, which his Wrath
deals out to Nations round.
Of this his Saints ſometimes may taſte ;
but wicked Men ſhall ſqueeze
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very Lees.

9. His Prophet, I, to all the World
this Meſſage will relate :
The Juſtice then of Jacob's God
my Song ſhall celebrate.
10. The Wickeds Pride I will reduce,
their Cruelty diſarm ;
Exalt the Juſt, and ſeat him high,
above the Reach of Harm.

PSALM LXXVI.

1 IN Judah the Almighty's known
(Almighty, there, by Wonders ſhown):
His Name in Jacob does excel:
2. His Sanctuary in Salem ſtands:
The Majeſty that Heaven commands
In Sion condeſcends to dwell.

3. He brake the Bow and Arrows there,
The Shield, the temper'd Sword, and Spear;
There ſlain the mighty Army lay:
4. WhenceSion'sFame thro' Earth is ſpread,
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,
Than Hills whereRobbers lodge their Prey.

5. Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themſelves met there a ſhameful Foil:
Securely down to Sleep they lay;
But wak'd no more; their ſtouteſt Band
Ne'er lifted one reſiſting Hand
'gainſt His that did their Legions ſlay.

6. When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both Horſe and Charioteers, o'erthrown,
Together ſlept in endleſs Night.
7. When Thou, whom Earth and Heav'n
Doſt once with wrathfulLook appear, [revere,
What mortal Pow'r can ſtand thy Sight?

8. Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth hear'd its
[Doom;
Grew huſh'd withFear whenThou didſt come,

9. The

9. The Meek with Juſtice to reſtore.
10. The Wrath of Man ſhall yield Thee Praiſe:
Its laſt Attempts but ſerve to raiſe
The Triumphs of Almighty Pow'r.

11. Vow to the Lord; ye Nations, bring
Vow'd Preſents to th' Eternal King:
Thus to His Name due Rev'rence pay,
12. Who proudeſt Potentates can quell,
To earthly Kings more terrible,
Than, to their trembling Subjects, they.

PSALM LXXVII.

1 TO God I cry'd, who to my Help
did graciouſly repair;
2. In Trouble's diſmal Day I ſought
my God with humble Pray'r.
All Night my feſt'ring Wound did run;
no Med'cine gave Relief;
My Soul no Comfort would admit,
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.

3. I thought on God, and Favours paſs'd;
but that increas'd my Pain:
I found my Spirit more oppreſs'd,
the more I did complain.
4. Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night
Thou keep'ſt my Eyes awake;
My Grief is ſwell'd to that Exceſs,
I ſigh, but cannot ſpeak.

5. I call'd to mind the Days of old,
with ſignal Mercy crown'd;
Thoſe famous Years of antient Times.
for Miracles renown'd.
6. By Night I recollect my Songs,
on former Triumphs made;
Then ſearch, conſult, and aſk my Heart,
Where's now that wond'rous Aid?

7. Has God for ever caſt us off?
withdrawn His Favour quite?
8. Are both His Mercy and his Truth
retir'd to endleſs Night?
9. Can His long-practis'd Love forget
its wonted Aids to bring?
Has He in Wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd
His Mercy's healing Spring?

10. I ſaid, My Weakneſs hints theſe Fears;
but I'll my Fears diſband;
I'll yet remember the Moſt High,
and Years of His Right-hand.
11. I'll call to mind His Works of old
the Wonders of His Might;
12. On them my Heart ſhall meditate,
my Tongue ſhall them recite.

13. Safe lodg'd from human Search on high,
O God, thy Councils are!
Who is ſo great a God as ours?
who can with him compare?

14. Long ſince a God of Wonders Thee
thy reſcu'd People found ;
15. Long ſince haſt Thou thy choſen Seed
with ſtrong Deliv'rance crown'd.

16. When thee, O God, the Waters ſaw,
the frighted Billows ſhrunk ;
The troubled Depths themſelves for Fear
beneath their Channels ſunk.
17. The Clouds pour'd down, while rending Skies
did with their Noiſe conſpire ;
Thy Arrows all abroad were ſent,
wing'd with avenging Fire.

18. Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn,
whilſt all the lower World
With Lightning blaz'd, Earth ſhook & ſeem'd
from her Foundations hurl'd.
19. Thro' rolling Streams thou find'ſt thy Way
thy Paths in Waters lie ;
Thy wond'rous Paſſage, where no Sight
thy Footſteps can deſcry.

20. Thou ledd'ſt thy People like a Flock
ſafe through the deſart Land,
By *Moſes*, their meek ſkilful Guide,
and *Aaron*'s ſacred Hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 HEAR, O my People, to my Law,
devout Attention lend ;
Let the Inſtruction of my Mouth
deep in your Hearts deſcend.

2. My

2. My Tongue, by Inſpiration taught,
ſhall Parables unfold,
Dark Oracles, but underſtood,
and own'd for Truths of old;

3. Which we from ſacred Regiſters
of ancient Times have known,
And our Forefathers pious Care
to us has handed down.

4. We will not hide them from our Sons;
our Offspring ſhall be taught
The Praiſes of the Lord, whoſe Strength
has Works of Wonder wrought.

5. For *Jacob* he this Law ordain'd,
this League with *Iſr'el* made;
With Charge, to be from Age to Age,
from Race to Race convey'd.

6. That Generations yet to come
ſhould to their unborn Heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame,
and they again to theirs.

7. To teach them that in God alone
their Hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they ſhould ne'er his Works forget,
but keep his juſt Commands.

8. Leſt, like their Fathers, they might prove
a ſtiff rebellious Race,
Falſe-hearted, fickle to their God,
unſtedfaſt in his Grace.

9. Such

9. Such were revolting *Ephraim*'s Sons,
who tho' to Warfare bred;
And skilful Archers arm'd with Bows,
from Field ignobly fled.
10, 11. They falsify'd their League with God,
his Orders disobey'd,
Forgot his Works and Miracles
before their Eyes display'd.

12. Nor Wonders, which their Fathers saw,
did they in Mind retain;
Prodigious Things in *Egypt* done,
and *Zoan*'s fertile Plain.
13. He cut the Seas to let them pass,
restrain'd the pressing Flood;
While pil'd on Heaps, on either Side,
the solid Water stood.

14. A wondrous Pillar led them on,
compos'd of Shade and Light;
A shelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
a leading Fire by Night.
15. When Drought oppress'd them, where no [Stream
the Wilderness supply'd,
He cleft the Rock, whose flinty Breast
dissolv'd into a Tide.

16. Streams from the solid Rock he brought,
which down in Rivers fell,
That trav'lling with their Camp each Day
renew'd the Miracle.

17. Yet

17. Yet there they ſinn'd againſt him more,
provoking the moſt High ;
In that ſame Deſart where he did
their fainting Souls ſupply.

18. They firſt incens'd him in their Hearts,
that did his Pow'r diſtruſt,
And long'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want,
but to indulge their Luſt.

19. Then utter'd their blaſpheming Doubts,
" Can God, ſay they, prepare
" A Table in the Wilderneſs,
" ſet out with various Fare ?

20. " He ſmote the flinty Rock ('tis true)
" and guſhing Streams enſu'd ;
" But can he Corn and Fleſh provide
" for ſuch a Multitude ? "

21. The Lord with Indignation heard :
from Heav'n avenging Flame
On Jacob fell, conſuming Wrath
on thankleſs Iſr'el came.

22. Becauſe their unbelieving Hearts
in God would not confide,
Nor truſt his Care, who had from Heav'n
their Wants ſo oft ſupply'd.

23. Tho' he had made his Clouds diſcharge
Proviſions down in Show'rs ;
And when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs
from his celeſtial Stores.

24. Tho'

24. Tho' tasteful Manna was rain'd down
their Hunger to relieve ;
Tho' from the Stores of Heav'n they did
sustaining Corn receive.
25. Thus Man with Angel's sacred Food,
ingrateful Man, was fed ;
Not sparingly, for still they found
a plenteous Table spread.

26. From Heav'n he made an East Wind
then did the South command [blow,
27. To rain down Flesh like Dust, and Fowls
like Seas unnumber'd Sand.
28. Within their Trenches he let fall
the luscious easy Prey,
And all around their spreading Camp
the feather'd Booty lay.

29. They fed, were fill'd, he gave them Leave
their Appetites to feast ;
30, 31. Yet still their wanton Lust crav'd on,
nor with their Hunger ceas'd.
But whil'st, in their luxurious Mouths,
they did their Dainties chew,
The Wrath of God smote down their Chiefs,
and Isr'el's Chosen slew.

PART II.

32. Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford
his Miracles Belief ;
33. Therefore thro' fruitless Travels he
consum'd their Lives in Grief.

34. When

34. When some were slain, the rest return'd
to God with early Cry;
35. Own'd Him the Rock of their Defence,
their Saviour, God most High.

36. But this was feign'd Submission all,
their Heart their Tongue bely'd;
37. Their Heart was still perverse, nor would
firm in his League abide.
38. Yet, full of Mercy, he forgave,
nor did with Death chastise;
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aside,
or would not let it rise.

39. For he remember'd they were Flesh,
that could not long remain;
A murmuring Wind that's quickly past,
and ne'er return's again.
40. How oft did they provoke him there,
how oft his Patience grieve,
In that same Desart where he did
their fainting Souls relieve.

41. They tempted him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd;
When Isr'el's God refus'd to be
by their Desire confin'd.
42. Nor call'd to mind the Hand and Day
that their Redemption brought?
43. His Signs in Egypt, wond'rous Works
in Zoan's Valley wrought.

44. He turn'd their Rivers into Blood,
that Man and Beaſt forbore;
And rather choſe to die of Thirſt,
than drink the putrid Gore.
45. He ſent devouring Swarms of Flies,
hoarſe Frogs annoy'd their Soil,
46. Locuſts and Caterpillers reap'd
the Harveſt of their toil.

47. Their Vines with batt'ring Hail were broke,
with Froſt the Fig-tree dies;
48. Lightning and Hail make Flocks and
one general Sacrifice. [Herds
49. He turn'd his Anger looſe, and ſet
no Time for it to ceaſe;
And with their Plagues bad Angels ſent
their Torments to increaſe.

50. He clear'd a Paſſage for his Wrath
to ravage uncontroul'd;
The Murrain on their Firſtlings ſeiz'd
in ev'ry Field and Fold.
51. The deadly Peſt from Beaſt to Man,
from Field to City came;
It ſlew their Heirs, their eldeſt Hopes,
thro' all the Tents of Ham.

52. But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,
he brought from their Diſtreſs;
And them conducted like a Flock,
throughout the Wilderneſs.

53. He

53. He led 'em on, and in their Way
no Cauſe of Fear they found;
But march'd ſecurely through thoſe Deeps,
in which their Foes were drown'd.

54. Nor ceas'd his Care till them he brought
ſafe to his promis'd Land,
And to his holy Mount, the Prize
of his victorious Hand.
55. To them the out-caſt Heathen's Land
he did by Lot divide;
And in their Foes abandon'd Tents,
made Iſr'el's Tribes reſide.

PART III.

56. Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
the Wrath of God moſt High;
Nor would to practiſe his Commands
their ſtubborn Hearts apply:
57. But in their faithleſs Fathers Steps,
perverſely choſe to go:
They turn'd aſide, like Arrows ſhot
from ſome deceitful Bow.

58. For him to Fury they provok'd
with Altars ſet on high;
And with their graven Images
inflam'd his Jealouſy.
59. When God heard this, on *Iſr'el*'s Tribes
his Wrath and Hatred fell;
60. He quitted *Shiloh*, and the Tents
where once he choſe to dwell.

61. To

61. To vile Captivity his Ark,
his Glory to disdain,
62. His People to the Sword he gave,
nor would his Wrath restrain.
63. Destructive War their ablest Youth
untimely did confound;
No Virgin was to th' Altar led,
with nuptial Garlands crown'd.

64. In Fight the Sacrificer fell,
the Priest a Victim bled;
And Widows who their Death should mourn,
themselves of Grief were dead.
65. Then as a Giant rouz'd from Sleep,
whom Wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud; the Lord awak'd,
and his proud Foe alarm'd.

66. He smote their Host, that from the Field
a scatter'd Remnant came,
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs
of everlasting Shame.
67. With Conquests crown'd he Joseph's Tents,
and Ephraim's Tribe forsook;
68. But Judah chose, and Sion's Mount
for his lov'd Dwelling took.

69. His Temple he erected there
with Spires exalted high;
While deep and fix'd as that of Earth,
the strong Foundations lie.

70. His faithful Servant David too,
he for his Choice did own,
And from the Sheepfolds him advanc'd
to sit on Judah's Throne.

71. From tending on the teeming Ewes,
he brought him forth to feed
His own Inheritance, the Tribes
of Isr'el's chosen Seed.

72. Exalted thus the Monarch prov'd
a faithful Shepherd still;
He fed them with an upright Heart,
and guided them with Skill.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 BEHOLD, O God, how heathen Hosts
have thy Possession seiz'd!
Thy sacred House they have defil'd,
thy holy City raz'd!

2. The mangled Bodies of thy Saints,
abroad unburied lay;
Their Flesh expos'd to savage Beasts,
and rav'nous Birds of Prey.

3. Quite thro' Jerus'lem was their Blood
like common Water shed;
And none were left alive to pay
last Duties to the Dead.

4. The neighb'ring Lands our small Remains
with loud Reproaches wound;
And we a laughing Stock are made
to all the Nations round.

5. How

5. How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,
must we for ever mourn;
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage,
like Fire for ever burn?
6. On foreign Lands that know not Thee,
thy heavy Vengeance show'r;
Those sinful Kingdoms let it crush,
that have not own'd thy Pow'r.

7. For their devouring Jaws have prey'd
on Jacob's chosen Race;
And to a barren Desart turn'd
their fruitful Dwelling-place.
8. O think not on our former Sins,
but speedily prevent
The utter Ruin of thy Saints,
almost with Sorrow spent.

9. Thou God of our Salvation, help,
and free our Souls from blame;
So shall our Pardon and Defence
exalt thy glorious Name.
10. Let Infidels, that scoffing say,
"Where is the God they boast?"
In Vengeance for thy slaughter'd Saints,
perceive thee to their Cost.

11. Lord, hear the sighing Pris'ners Moans,
thy saving Pow'r extend;
Preserve the Wretches doom'd to die,
from that untimely End.

12. On them, who us oppreſs, let all
our Suff'rings be repaid;
Make their Confuſion ſeven times more
than what on us they laid.

13. So we thy People and thy Flock,
ſhall ever praiſe thy Name;
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks
from Age to Age proclaim

PSALM LXXX.

1 O Iſr'el's Shepherd, Joſeph's Guide,
Our Pray'rs to thee vouchſafe to hear;
Thou that do'ſt on the Cherubs ride,
Again in ſolemn State appear.
2. Behold how Benjamin expects,
With Ephraim and Manaſſeh join'd,
In our Deliv'rance, the Effects
Of thy reſiſtleſs Strength to find.

3. Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.
4. O thou, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
How long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long thy ſuff'ring People pray,
And to their Pray'rs have no Return?

5. When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
Our ſcanty Food in Floods of Woe;
When dry, our raging Thirſt we quench
With Streams of Tears that largely flow.

6. For

6. For us the heathen Nations round,
As for a common Prey, conteſt :
Our Foes with ſpiteful Joy abound,
And at our loſt Condition jeſt.

7. Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay,
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.

PART II.

8. Thou brought'ſt a Vine from Egypt's Land ;
And caſting out the Heathen Race,
Didſt plant it with thine own right Hand,
And firmly fix'd it in their Place.
9. Before it thou prepar'dſt the Way,
And mad'ſt it take a laſting Root,
Which, bleſs'd with thy indulgent Ray,
O'er all the Land did widely ſhoot.

10, 11. The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
Its goodly Boughs did Cedars ſeem :
Its Branches to the Sea were ſpread,
And reach'd to proud Euphrates Stream.
12. Why then haſt thou its Hedge o'erthrown,
Which thou hadſt made ſo firm and ſtrong ?
Whilſt all its Grapes, defenceleſs grown,
Are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along.

13. See how the briſtling Foreſt Boar
With dreadful Fury lays it waſte :
Hark how the ſavage Monſters roar,
And to their helpleſs Prey make haſte.

PART III.

14. To thee, O God of Hosts, we pray;
Thy wonted Goodness, Lord, renew:
From Heav'n thy Throne this Vine survey,
And her sad State with Pity view.
15. Behold the Vineyard, made by thee,
Which thy right Hand did guard so long;
And keep that Branch from Danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

16. To wasting Flames 'tis made a Prey,
And all its spreading Boughs cut down;
At thy Rebuke they soon decay,
And perish at thy dreadful Frown.
17. Crown thou the King with good Success,
By thy right Hand secur'd from Wrong:
The Son of Man in Mercy bless,
Whom for thy self thou mad'st so strong.

18. So shall we still continue free
From whatsoe'er deserves thy Blame;
And if once more reviv'd by thee,
Will always praise thy holy Name.
19. Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The Lustre of thy Face display,
And all the Ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd Clouds shall pass away.

PSALM LXXXI.

1 TO God, our never-failing Strength,
with loud Applauses sing:
And jointly make a chearful Noise
to Jacob's awful King.

2. Com-

2. Compose a Hymn of Praise, and touch
your Instruments of Joy :
Let Psalteries and pleasant Harps,
your grateful Skill employ.

3. Let Trumpets at the great new Moon
their joyful Voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed Time,
the solemn Day of Praise.

4. For this a Statute was of old,
which Jacob's God decreed
To be with pious Care observ'd
by Isr'el's chosen Seed.

5. This He for a Memorial fix'd,
when freed from Egypt's Land ;
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard,
but could not understand.

6. Your burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd,
(thus seem'd our God to say)
Your servile Hands by me were freed
from lab'ring in the Clay.

7. Your Ancestors, with Wrongs oppress'd,
to me for Aid did call :
With Pity I their Suff'rings saw,
and set them free from all.
They sought for me, and from the Clouds
in Thunder I reply'd :
At Meribah's contentious Stream
their Faith and Duty try'd.

PART II.

8. While I my ſolemn Will declare,
my choſen People, hear:
If thou, O Iſr'el, to my Words
wilt lend thy liſt'ning Ear;
9. Then ſhall no God beſides myſelf
within thy Coaſts be found:
Nor ſhalt thou worſhip any God
of all the Nations round.

10. The Lord thy God am I, who thee
brought forth from Egypt's Land:
'Tis I that all thy juſt Deſires
ſupply with lib'ral Hand.
11. But they, my choſen Race, refus'd
to hearken to my Voice;
Nor would rebellious Iſr'el's Sons
make me their happy Choice.

12. So I provok'd, reſign'd them up,
to ev'ry Luſt a Prey;
And in their own perverſe Deſigns
permitted them to ſtray.
13. O that my People wiſely would
my juſt Commandments heed!
And Iſr'el in my righteous Ways
with pious Care proceed!

14. Then ſhould my heavy Judgments fall
on all that them oppoſe;
And my avenging Hand be turn'd
againſt their num'rous Foes.

15. Their

15. Their Enemies and mine should all
before my Footstool bend:
But as for them, their happy State
should never know an End.

16. All Parts with Plenty should abound;
with finest Wheat their Field:
The barren Rocks, to please their Taste,
should richest Honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 GOD in the great Assembly stands,
where his impartial Eye
In State surveys the earthly Gods,
and does their Judgments try.

2, 3. How dare ye then unjustly judge,
or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans, and the Poor:
let such your Justice find.

4. Protect the humble helpless Man
reduc'd to deep Distress,
And let not him become a Prey
to such as would oppress.

5. They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and stray:
Justice and Truth, the World's great Props,
thro' all the Land decay.

6. Well then might God in Anger say,
"I've call'd ye by my Name:
"I've said y'are Gods, the Sons and Heirs
"of my immortal Fame:

7. "But

7. " But ne'ertheleſs your unjuſt Deeds
" to ſtrict Account I'll call :
" You all ſhall die like common Men,
" like other Tyrants fall."

8. Ariſe, and thy juſt Judgments, Lord,
throughout the Earth diſplay ;
And all the Nations of the World
ſhall own thy righteous Sway.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 HOLD not thy Peace, O Lord our God,
no longer ſilent be ;
Nor with conſenting quiet Looks
our Ruin calmly ſee !

2. For lo ! the Tumults of thy Foes
o'er all the Land are ſpread ;
And they which hate thy Saints and Thee,
lift up their threatning Head.

3. Againſt thy zealous People, Lord,
they craftily combine ;
And to deſtroy thy choſen Saints
have laid their cloſe Deſign.

4. " Come let us cut them off, ſay they,
" their Nation quite deface ;
" That no Remembrance may remain
" of Iſr'el's hated Race."

5. Thus they againſt thy Peoples Peace
conſult with one Conſent ;
And diff'ring Nations jointly leagu'd,
their common Malice vent.

6. The

6. The Ishm'elites that dwell in Tents,
with warlike Edom join'd;
And Moab's Sons our Ruin vow,
with Hagar's Race combin'd.

7. Proud Ammon's Offspring, Gebal too
with Amalek conspire:
The Lords of Paleſtine, and all
the wealthy Sons of Tyre.

8. All theſe the ſtrong Aſſyrian King
their firm Ally have got;
Who with a pow'rful Army aids
th'inceſtuous Race of Lot.

PART II.

9. But let ſuch Vengeance come to them,
as once to Midian came;
To Jabin and proud Siſera,
at Kiſhon's fatal Stream.

10. When thy right Hand their num'rous Hoſts
near Endor did confound,
And left their Carcaſes for Dung
to feed the hungry Ground.

11. Let all their mighty Men the Fate
of Zeb and Oreb ſhare:
As Zeba and Zalmunnah, ſo
let all their Princes fare.

12. Who, with the ſame Deſign inſpir'd,
thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
"In firm Poſſeſſion for ourſelves
"let us God's Houſes take."

13 To

13. To Ruin let them haſte, like Wheels
which downward ſwiftly move :
Like Chaff before the Winds, let all
their ſcatter'd Forces prove.
14, 15. As Flames conſume dry Wood, or
that on parch'd Mountains grows, [Heath
So let thy fierce purſuing Wrath
with Terror ſtrike thy Foes.

16, 17. Lord, ſhroud their Faces with Diſgrace,
that they may own thy Name :
Or them confound, whoſe harden'd Hearts
thy gentler Means diſclaim.
18. So ſhall the wond'ring World confeſs
that Thou, who claim'ſt alone
Jehovah's Name, o'er all the Earth
haſt rais'd thy lofty Throne.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 O GOD of Hoſts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the Place,
Where Thou, enthron'd in Glory, ſhew'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face !
2. My longing Soul faints with Deſire,
to view thy bleſt Abode :
My panting Heart and Fleſh cry out
for Thee the living God.

3. The Birds, more happy far than I,
around thy Temple throng ;
Securely there they build, and there
ſecurely hatch their Young.

4. O

4. O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
how highly blest are they,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there thy Praise display!

5. Thrice happy they, whose Choice has Thee
their sure Protection made,
Who long to tread the sacred Ways
that to thy Dwelling lead!

6. Who pass thro' parch'd and thirsty Vales,
yet no Refreshment want:
Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which Thou
at their Request dost grant.

7. Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength,
and still approach more near;
'Till all on Sion's holy Mount
before their God appear.

8. O Lord, the mighty God of Hosts,
my just Requests regard!
Thou God of Jacob, let my Pray'r
be still with Favour heard:

9. Behold, O God, for Thou alone
can'st timely Aid dispense:
On thy anointed Servant look,
be Thou his strong Defence.

10. For in thy Courts one single Day
'tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any Place besides
a thousand Days to spend.

Much rather in God's Houſe will I
the meaneſt Office take,
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin
my pompous Dwelling make.

11. For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
will Grace and Glory give;
And no good Thing will he with-hold
from them that juſtly live.

12. Thou God, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
how highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe Hope and Truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
is ſtill repos'd on Thee!

PSALM LXXXV.

1 LORD, thou haſt granted to thy Land
the Favours we implor'd,
And faithful Jacob's captive Race
moſt graciouſly reſtor'd.

2, 3. Thy People's Sins thou haſt abſolv'd,
and all their Guilt defac'd:
Thou haſt not let thy Wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce Anger laſt.

4. O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
to thy Obedience turn;
That quench'd with our repenting Tears,
thy Wrath no more may burn.

5, 6. For why ſhould'ſt thou be angry ſtill,
and Wrath ſo long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints
thy wonted Comfort gain.

7. Thy

7. Thy gracious Favour, Lord, display,
which we have long implor'd;
And for thy wond'rous Mercy's sake,
thy wonted Aid afford.
8. God's Answer patiently I'll wait;
for he, with glad Success,
(If they no more to Folly turn)
his mourning Saints will bless.

9. To all that fear his holy Name,
his sure Salvation's near;
And in its former happy State
our Nation shall appear.
10. For Mercy now with Truth is join'd;
and Righteousness with Peace,
Like kind Companions absent long,
with friendly Arms embrace.

11, 12. Truth from the Earth shall spring, whilst
shall Streams of Justice pour; [Heav'n
And God, from whom all Goodness flows,
shall endless Plenty show'r.
13. Before him Righteousness shall march,
and his just Paths prepare;
Whilst we his holy Steps pursue
with constant Zeal and Care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 TO my Complaint, O Lord my God,
thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, distress'd and destitute
of all Relief but thine;

2. Do

2. Do thou, O God, preſerve my Soul,
that does thy Name adore :
Thy Servant keep, and him, whoſe Truſt
relies on Thee, reſtore.

3. To me who daily Thee invoke,
thy Mercy, Lord, extend ;
4. Refreſh thy Servant's Soul, whoſe Hopes
on Thee alone depend.
5. Thou, Lord, art good, nor only good,
but prompt to pardon too :
Of plenteous Mercy to all thoſe
who for thy Mercy ſue.

6. To my repeated humble Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be ;
7. When troubled I on Thee will call,
for Thou wilt anſwer me.
8. Among the Gods there's none like Thee,
O Lord, alone divine !
To Thee as much inferior they,
as are their Works to thine.

9. Therefore their great Creator Thee,
the Nations ſhall adore ;
Their long miſguided Pray'rs and Praiſe
to thy bleſt Name reſtore.
10. All ſhall confeſs Thee great, and great
the Wonders thou haſt done ;
Confeſs thee God, thee God ſupreme,
confeſs thee God alone.

PART II.

11. Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I
from Truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In Rev'rence to thy ſacred Name
devoutly fix my Heart.
12. Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
praiſe thee with Heart ſincere:
And to thy everlaſting Name
eternal Trophies rear.

13. Thy boundleſs Mercy ſhewn to me,
tranſcends my Pow'r to tell,
For thou haſt oft redeem'd my Soul
from loweſt Depths of Hell.
14. O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife
have my Deſtruction ſought,
Regardleſs of thy Pow'r, that oft
has my Deliv'rance wrought:

15. But thou thy conſtant Goodneſs didſt
to my Aſſiſtance bring;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
thou everlaſting Spring!
16. O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength
to me thy Servant ſhow;
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me,
thine Handmaid's Son beſtow.

17. Some Signal give, which my proud Foes
may ſee with Shame and Rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my Relief
and Comfort do'ſt engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 GOD's Temple crowns the holy Mount;
The Lord there condescends to dwell:
2. His Sion's Gates in his Account,
Our Isr'el's fairest Tents excel.
3. Fame glorious Things of Thee shall sing,
O City of th' Almighty King!

4. I'll mention Rahab with due Praise,
In Babylon's Applauses join,
The Fame of Ethiopia raise,
With that of Tyre and Palestine;
And grant that some, amongst them born,
Their Age and Country did adorn.

5. But still of Sion I'll aver
That many such from her proceed;
Th' Almighty shall establish her.
6. His gen'ral List shall shew, when read,
That such a Person there was born,
And such did such an Age adorn.

7. He'll Sion find with Numbers fill'd
Of such as merit high Renown;
For Hand and Voice Musicians skill'd,
And (her transcending Fame to crown)
Of such she shall Successions bring
Like Waters from a living Spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 TO Thee, my God and Saviour, I
By Day and Night address my Cry:
2. Vouchsafe my mournful Voice to hear,
To my Distress incline thine Ear: 3. For

3. For Seas of Trouble me invade,
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade.
4. Like one whoſe Strength and Hopes are fled,
They number me among the Dead.

5. Like thoſe who ſhrouded in the Grave,
From thee no more Remembrance have;
6. Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining Care,
Down to the Confines of Deſpair.
7. Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with reſtleſs Pain:
Me all thy Mountain Waves have preſt,
Too weak, alas, to bear the leaſt.

8. Remov'd from Friends I ſigh alone,
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none
A Viſit will vouchſafe to me,
Confin'd, paſt Hopes of Liberty.
9. My Eyes from weeping never ceaſe,
They waſte, but ſtill my Griefs increaſe;
Yet daily, Lord, to Thee I've pray'd,
With out-ſtretch'd Hands invok'd thy Aid.

10. Wilt thou by Miracle revive
The Dead, whom thou forſook'ſt alive?
From Death reſtore thy Praiſe to ſing,
Whom thou from Priſon would'ſt not bring?
11. Shall the mute Grave thy Love confeſs?
A mould'ring Tomb thy Faithfulneſs?
12. Thy Truth and Power Renown obtain,
Where Darkneſs and Oblivion reign?

13. To Thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn ;
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn.
14. Why haſt thou, Lord, my Soul forſook,
Nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious Look ?
15. Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
Which from my Youth with me have grown ;
Thy Terrors paſt diſtract my Mind,
And Fears of blacker Days behind.

16. Thy Wrath hath burſt upon my Head,
Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread ;
17. Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
18. My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all
Remov'd from Sight, and out of Call ;
To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 THY Mercies, Lord, ſhall be my Song,
My Song on them ſhall ever dwell ;
To Ages yet unborn, my Tongue
Thy never-failing Truth ſhall tell.
2. I have affirm'd and ſtill maintain,
Thy Mercy ſhall for ever laſt ;
Thy Truth that does the Heav'ns ſuſtain,
Like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.

3. Thus ſpak'ſt thou by thy Prophet's Voice ;
" With David I a League have made ;
" To him, my Servant, and my Choice,
" By ſolemn Oath this Grant convey'd ;

4. " While

4. " While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure,
" Thy Seed ſhall in my Sight remain ;
" To them thy Throne I will enſure,
" They ſhall to endleſs Ages reign. "

5. For ſuch ſtupendous Truth and Love,
Both Heav'n and Earth juſt Praiſes owe,
By Choirs of Angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled Saints below.
6. What Seraph of Celeſtial Birth
To vie with Iſr'el's God ſhall dare ?
Or who among the Gods of Earth,
With our Almighty Lord compare ?

7. With Rev'rence and Religious Dread,
His Saints ſhould to his Temple preſs ;
His Fear thro' all their Hearts ſhould ſpread,
Who his Almighty Name confeſs.
8. Lord God of Armies, who can boaſt
Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine renown'd ?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful Hoſt,
As that which does thy Throne ſurround ?

9. Thou doſt the lawleſs Sea controul,
And change the Proſpect of the Deep ;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roul,
Thou mak'ſt the rolling Billows ſleep.
10. Thou brak'ſt in pieces Rahab's Pride,
And did'ſt oppreſſing Pow'r diſarm :
Thy ſcatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
The Force of thy reſiſtleſs Arm.

11. In Thee the sov'reign Right remains
Of Earth and Heav'n; thee, Lord, alone
The World and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.
12. The Poles on which the Globe does rest,
Were form'd by thy creating Voice;
Tabor and Hermon, East and West,
In thy sustaining Pow'r rejoice.

13. Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with Justice reign;
14. Possest of absolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy dost maintain.
15. Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Who may at Festivals appear,
With thy most glorious Presence crown'd.

16. Thy Saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred Name rely;
And, in thy Righteousness employ'd,
Above their Foes be rais'd on high.
17. For in thy Strength they shall advance,
Whose Conquests from thy Favour spring:
18. The Lord of Hosts is our Defence,
And Isr'el's God our Isr'el's King.

19. Thus spak'st thou by thy Prophet's Voice,
" A mighty Champion I will send;
" From Judah's Tribe have I made Choice
" Of one who shall the rest defend.

20. " My

20. " My Servant David I have found,
" With holy Oil anointed him ; [crown'd,
21. " Him ſhall the Hand ſupport that
" And guard that gave the Diadem.

22. " No Prince from him ſhall Tribute force,
" No Son of Strife ſhall him annoy ;
23. " His ſpiteful Foes I will diſperſe,
" And them before his Face deſtroy.
24. " My Truth and Grace ſhall him ſuſtain ;
" His Armies, in well order'd Ranks,
25. " Shall conquer, from the Tyrian Main
" To Tigris and Euphrates Banks.

26. " Me for his Father he ſhall take,
" His God and Rock of Safety call ;
27. " Him I my firſt-born Son will make,
" And earthly Kings his Subjects all.
28. " To him my Mercy I'll ſecure,
" My Cov'nant make for ever faſt ;
29. " His Seed for ever ſhall endure,
" His Throne, till Heav'n diſſolve, ſhall laſt.

PART II.

30. " But if his Heirs my Law forſake,
" And from my ſacred Precepts ſtray ;
31. " If they my righteous Statutes break,
" Nor ſtrictly my Commands obey ;
32. " Their Sins I'll viſit with a Rod,
" And for their Folly make them ſmart ;
33. " Yet will not ceaſe to be their God,
" Nor from my Truth, like them, depart.

34. " My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" But in Remembrance faſt retain ;
" The Thing that once my Lips have ſpoke
" Shall in eternal Force remain.
35. " Once have I ſworn, but once for all,
" And made my Holineſs the Tie,
" That I my Grant will ne'er recall,
" Nor to my Servant David lie.

36. " Whoſe Throne and Race the conſtant Sun
" Shall, like his Courſe, eſtabliſh'd ſee :
37. " Of this my Oath, thou conſcious Moon,
" In Heav'n my faithful Witneſs be. "
38. Such was thy gracious Promiſe, Lord,
But thou haſt now our Tribes forſook,
Thy own Anointed haſt abhorr'd,
And turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.

39. Thou ſeemeſt to have render'd void
The Cov'nant with thy Servant made,
Thou haſt his Dignity deſtroy'd,
And in the Duſt his Honour laid.
40. Of ſtrong Holds thou haſt him bereft,
And brought his Bulwarks to decay ;
41. His frontier Coaſts defenceleſs left,
A public Scorn, and common Prey.

42. His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield
To Foes advanc'd by Thee to Might ;
43. Thou haſt his conqu'ring Sword unſteel'd,
His Valour turn'd to ſhameful Flight.

44. His Glory is to Darkneſs fled,
His Throne is levell'd with the Ground;
45. His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
With Shame o'erwhelm'd & Sorrow drown'd.

46. How long ſhall we thy Abſence mourn?
Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy conſuming Anger burn
'Till that and we at once expire?
47. Conſider, Lord, how ſhort a Space
Thou doſt for mortal Life ordain;
No Method to prolong the Race,
But loading it with Grief and Pain.

48. What Man is he that can controul
Death's ſtrict unalterable Doom?
Or reſcue from the Grave his Soul,
The Grave that muſt Mankind entomb?
49. Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundleſs Grace,
The Oath to which thy Truth did ſeal,
Conſign'd to David and his Race,
The Grant which Time ſhou'd ne'er repeal?

50. See how thy Servants treated are
With Infamy, Reproach and Spite;
Which in my ſilent Breaſt I bear
From Nations of licentious Might.
51. How they, reproaching thy great Name,
Have made thy Servants Hope their Jeſt:
52. Yet thy juſt Praiſes we'll proclaim,
And ever ſing, *The Lord be bleſt.*

Amen, Amen.

PSALM

PSALM XC.

1 O LORD, the Saviour and Defence
of us thy chosen Race,
From Age to Age thou still hast been
our sure abiding Place.
2. Before thou brought'st the Mountains forth,
or th' Earth and World didst frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
and ever art the same:

3. Thou turnest Man, O Lord, to Dust,
of which he first was made;
And when thou speak'st the Word, *Return*,
'tis instantly obey'd.
4. For in thy Sight a thousand Years
are like a Day that's past,
Or like a Watch in Dead of Night,
whose Hours unminded waste.

5. Thou sweep'st us off as with a Flood,
we vanish hence like Dreams;
At first we grow like Grass that feels
the Sun's reviving Beams:
6. But howsoever fresh and fair
its Morning Beauty shows;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
before the Ev'ning close.

7, 8. We by thine Anger are consum'd,
and by thy Wrath dismay'd;
Our publick Crimes and secret Sins
before thy Sight are laid.

9. Beneath

9. Beneath thy Anger's ſad Effects
our drooping Days we ſpend;
Our unregarded Years break off,
like Tales that quickly end.

10. Our Term of Time is Seventy Years,
an Age that few ſurvive:
But if, with more than common Strength,
to Eighty we arrive;
Yet then our boaſted Strength decays,
to Sorrow turn'd and Pain;
So ſoon the ſlender Thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

PART II.

11. But who thy Anger's dread Effects
does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy Wrath does fall or riſe,
as more or leſs we fear.

12. So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum
of our ſhort Days to mind,
That to true Wiſdom all our Hearts
may ever be inclin'd.

13. O to thy Servants, Lord, return,
and ſpeedily relent!
As we of our Miſdeeds, do thou
of our juſt Doom repent.

14. To ſatisfy and chear our Souls,
thy early Mercy ſend;
That we may all our Days to come,
in Joy and Comfort ſpend.

15. Let

15. Let happy Times with large Amends
dry up our former Tears,
Or equal at the leaſt the Term
of our afflicted Years.

16. To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
thy wond'rous Work be known,
And to our Offspring yet unborn,
thy glorious Pow'r be ſhown.

17. Let thy bright Rays upon us ſhine,
give thou our Work Succeſs;
The glorious Work we have in hand
do thou vouchſafe to bleſs.

PSALM XCI.

1 HE that has God his Guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's Shade,
Secure and undiſturb'd abide.

2. Thus to my Soul, of him I'll ſay,
He is my Fortreſs and my Stay,
My God in whom I will confide.

3. His tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,
And from the noiſome Peſtilence:

4. He over thee his Wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded Head;
His Truth ſhall be thy ſtrong Defence.

5. No Terrors that ſurprize by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;

6. Nor

6. Nor Plague, of unknown Rise, that kills
In Darkness, nor infectious Ills
That in the hottest Season slay.

7. A Thousand at thy Side shall die,
At thy right Hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm Health untouch'd remains:
8. Thou only shalt look on and see
The Wicked's sad Catastrophe,
And count the Sinner's mournful Gains.

9. Because (with well-plac'd Confidence)
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure Defence,
And on the Highest do'st rely;
10. Therefore no Ill shall thee befal,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling shall
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.

11. For he throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee safe in all thy Ways,
Shall give his Angels strict Commands;
12. And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
With some rough Stone to wound thy Feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their Hands.

13. Dragons and Asps that thirst for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
Beneath his conqu'ring Feet shall lie.
14. Because he lov'd and honour'd me,
Therefore (says God) I'll set him free,
And fix his glorious Throne on high.

15. He'll call; I'll answer when he calls,
And rescue him when Ill befals;

In-

Increaſe his Honour and his Wealth:
16. And when, with undiſturb'd Content,
His long and happy Life is ſpent,
His End I'll crown with ſaving Health.

PSALM XCII.

1 HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
to thank the Lord moſt high;
And with repeated Hymns of Praiſe,
his Name to magnify.
2. With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,
his Goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant Truth, each Night
the glad Effects repeat.
3. To ten-ſtring'd Inſtruments we'll ſing,
with tuneful Pſalt'ries join'd,
And to the Harp, with ſolemn Sounds,
for ſacred Uſe deſign'd.
4. For thro' thy wondrous Works, O Lord,
thou mak'ſt my Heart rejoice;
The Thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
and ſhout with chearful Voice.
5,6. How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord!
how deep are thy Decrees!
Whoſe winding Tracks, in ſecret laid,
no ſtupid Sinner ſees.
7. He little thinks, when wicked Men,
like Graſs, look freſh and gay;
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd Splendor muſt
for ever paſs away.

8, 9. But

8, 9. But thou, myGod, art ſtill moſt High;
and all thy lofty Foes,
Who thought they might ſecurely ſin,
ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.
10. Whilſt thou exalt'ſt my ſov'reign Pow'r,
and mak'ſt it largely ſpread;
And with refreſhing Oil anoint'ſt
my conſecrated Head.

11. I ſoon ſhall ſee my ſtubborn Foes
to utter Ruin brought;
And hear the diſmal End of thoſe
who have againſt me fought.
12. But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
ſhall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that on Lebanon
in ſtately Order grow.

13, 14. Theſe, planted in the Houſe of God,
within his Courts ſhall thrive;
Their Vigour and their Luſtre both
ſhall in old Age revive.
15. Thus will the Lord his Juſtice ſhew;
and God, my ſtrong Defence,
Shall due Rewards to all the World
impartially diſpenſe.

PSALM XCIII.

WITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundations ſtrongly laid,
And the vaſt Fabrick ſtill ſuſtains.

2. How

2. How ſurely ſtabliſh'd is thy Throne!
Which ſhall no Change or Period ſee;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all Eternity.

3, 4. The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,
And toſs the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their Noiſe,
And make the angry Sea comply.
5. Thy Promiſe, Lord, is ever ſure,
And they that in thy Houſe would dwell,
That happy Station to ſecure,
Muſt ſtill in Holineſs excel.

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2. O GOD to whom Revenge belongs,
thy Vengeance now diſcloſe;
Ariſe, thou Judge of all the Earth,
and cruſh thy haughty Foes.
3, 4. How long, O Lord, ſhall ſinful Men
their ſolemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boaſt,
and inſolently ſpeak?

5, 6. Not only they thy Saints oppreſs,
but, unprovok'd, they ſpill
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,
and helpleſs Orphans kill.
7. "And yet the Lord ſhall ne'er perceive,
(prophanely thus they ſpeak)
"Nor any Notice of our Deeds
"the God of Jacob take."

8. At

8. At length, ye ſtupid Fools, your Wants
endeavour to diſcern ;
In Folly will you ſtill proceed,
and Wiſdom never learn ?
9, 10. Can he be deaf who form'd the Ear,
or blind who fram'd the Eye ?
Shall Earth's great Judge not puniſh thoſe,
who his known Will defy ?
11. He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,
to him their Hearts lie bare ;
His Eye ſurveys them all, and ſees
how vain their Counſels are.

PART II.

12. Bleſt is the Man whom thou, O Lord,
in Kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe,
And by thy ſacred Rules to walk
do'ſt lovingly adviſe.
13. This Man ſhall Reſt and Safety find
in Seaſons of Diſtreſs :
Whilſt God prepares a Pit for thoſe
that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
14. For God will never from his Saints
his Favour wholly take :
His own Poſſeſſion and his Lot,
he will not quite forſake.
15. The World ſhall then confeſs Thee juſt
in all that thou haſt done ;
And thoſe that chuſe thy upright Ways,
ſhall in thoſe Paths go on.

16. Who will appear in my Behalf,
(when wicked Men invade)
Or who, when Sinners would oppreſs,
my righteous Cauſe ſhall plead ?
17, 18, 19. Long ſince had I in Silence ſlept,
but that the Lord was near,
To ſtay me when I ſlipt ; when ſad,
my troubled Heart to chear.

20. Wilt thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
their ſinful Throne ſuſtain,
Who make the Law a fair Pretence
their wicked Ends to gain ?
21. Againſt the Lives of righteous Men
they form their cloſe Deſign ;
And Blood of Innocents to ſpill,
in ſolemn League combine.

22. But my Defence is firmly plac'd
in God the Lord moſt High :
He is my Rock, to which I may
for Refuge always fly.
23. The Lord ſhall cauſe their ill Deſigns
on their owns Heads to fall :
He in their Sins ſhall cut them off.
our God ſhall ſlay them all.

PSALM XCV.

1 O Come, loud Anthems let us ſing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King:
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.

2. Into

2. Into his Presence let us haste,
To thank him for his Favours past;
To him address in joyful Songs,
The Praise that to his Name belongs.

3. For God the Lord, enthron'd in State,
Is, with unrival'd Glory, great:
A King superior far to all,
Whom by his Title God we call.
4. The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her secret Wealth at his Command;
The Strength of Hills, that threat the Skies,
Subjected to his Empire lies.

5. The rolling Ocean's vast Abyss
By the same sov'reign Right is his:
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid Land,
6. O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there:
Down on our Knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

7. For he's our God, our Shepherd he,
His Flock and Pasture Sheep are we.
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,
To-day if you his Voice will hear,
8. Let not your harden'd Hearts renew
Your Fathers Crimes and Judgments too;
Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they
In desart Plains of Meribah!

9. When thro' the Wilderneſs they mov'd,
And me with freſh Temptations prov'd :
They ſtill, through Unbelief, rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous Works beheld.
10, 11. They forty Years my Patience griev'd,
Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd.
Then——'Tis a faithleſs Race, I ſaid,
Whoſe Heart from me has always ſtray'd ;
They ne'er will tread my righteous Path :
Therefore to them, in ſettled Wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my Reſt, I ſware,
That they ſhould never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made Song ;
Let Earth in one aſſembled Throng,
Her common Patron's Praiſe reſound.
2. Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his Name,
From Day to Day his Peace proclaim,
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
3. To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearſe,
His Wonders to the Univerſe.
4. He's great, and greatly to be prais'd ;
In Majeſty and Glory rais'd
Above all other Deities.
5. For Pageantry and Idols all
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call :
He only rules who made the Skies.
6. With Majeſty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne ſurround ;

7. Be

7. Be therefore both to him restor'd
By you, who have false Gods ador'd,
Ascribe due Honour to his Name;
8. Peace-Off'rings on his Altar lay,
Before his Throne your Homage pay,
Which he, and he alone can claim.
9. To worship at his sacred Court,
Let all the trembling World resort.

10. Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose Power the Universe sustains,
And banish'd Justice will restore.
11. Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar;
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.

12. For Joy let fertile Vallies sing,
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring;
The tuneful Choir of Birds awake,
13. The Lord's Approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful State,
His Circuit through the Earth to take.
From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,
With Justice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the Earth
In his just Government rejoice;
Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth,
In his Applause unite their Voice.

2. Darkneſs and Clouds of awful Shade
His dazling Glory ſhroud in State;
Juſtice and Truth his Guards are made,
And fix'd by his Pavilion wait.

3. Devouring Fire before his Face
His Foes around with Vengeance ſtruck;
4. His Lightnings ſet the World on blaze;
Earth ſaw it and with Terror ſhook.
5. The proudeſt Hills his Preſence felt,
Their Height nor Strength could Help afford,
The proudeſt Hills like Wax did melt
In Preſence of th' Almighty Lord.

6. The Heav'ns his Righteouſneſs to ſhow,
With Storms of Fire our Foes purſu'd,
And all the trembling World below,
Have his deſcending Glory view'd.
7. Confounded be their impious Hoſt,
Who make the Gods to whom they pray;
All who of Pageant Idols boaſt,
To him, ye Gods, your Worſhip pay.

8. Glad Sion of thy Triumph heard,
And Judah's Daughters were o'erjoy'd;
Becauſe thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
Have Pagan Pride and Pow'r deſtroy'd.
9. For thou, O God, art ſeated high,
Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd:
Thou, Lord, unrivall'd in the Sky,
Supreme by all the Gods art own'd.

10. You who to ſerve this Lord aſpire,
Abhor what's Ill, and Truth eſteem:
He'll keep his Servants Souls entire,
And them from wicked Hands redeem.
11. For Seeds are ſown of glorious Light,
A future Harveſt for the Juſt;
And Gladneſs for the Heart upright,
To recompenſe its pious Truſt.

12. Rejoice, ye Righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his Holineſs,
Deep in your faithful Breaſts record,
And with your thankful Tongues confeſs.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made Song,
who wondrous Things has done;
With his right Hand and holy Arm,
the Conqueſt he has won.
2. The Lord has through th' aſtoniſh'd World
diſplay'd his ſaving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appear
in all the Heathens Sight.

3. Of Iſr'el's Houſe his Love and Truth
have ever mindful been;
Wide Earth's remoteſt Parts the Pow'r
of Iſr'el's God have ſeen.
4. Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
their chearful Voices raiſe,
And all with univerſal Joy
reſound their Maker's Praiſe.

5. With Harps and Hymns ſoft Melody
into the Conſort bring,
6. The Trumpet and ſhrill Cornet's Sound
before th' Almighty King.
7. Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
with all that Seas contain;
The Earth and her Inhabitants
join Conſort with the Main.

8. With Joy let Riv'lets ſwell to Streams,
to ſpreading Torrents they;
And ecchoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,
redoubled Shouts convey;
9. To welcome down the World's great Judge,
who does with Juſtice come,
And, with impartial Equity,
both to Reward and Doom.

PSALM XCIX.

1. JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
the guilty Nations quake;
On Cherubs Wings he ſits enthron'd:
let Earth's Foundations ſhake.
2. On Sion's Hill he keeps his Court,
his Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends
ſupreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.

3. Let therefore all with Praiſe addreſs
his great and dreadful Name,
And with his unreſiſted Might
his Holineſs proclaim.

4. For

4. For Truth and Juſtice, in his Reign,
of Strength and Pow'r take place:
His Judgments are with Righteouſneſs
diſpens'd to Jacob's Race.

5. Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
before his Footſtool fall;
And with his unreſiſted Might,
his Holineſs extol.

6. Moſes and Aaron thus of old,
amongſt his Prieſts ador'd;
Amongſt his Prophets Samuel thus
his ſacred Name implor'd:

Diſtreſs'd, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their Suit deny'd;
But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,
he graciouſly reply'd.

7. For, with their Camp, to guide their March
the cloudy Pillar mov'd:
They kept his Laws, and to his Will
obedient Servants prov'd.

8. He anſwer'd them, forgiving oft
his People for their Sake;
And thoſe who raſhly them oppos'd
did ſad Examples make.

9. With Worſhip at his ſacred Courts
exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
alone ſhould be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1, WITH one Consent let all the Earth
2. To God their chearful Voices raise;
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,
And sing before him Songs of Praise.
3. Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuses for his own,
The Flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

4. O enter then his Temple Gate,
Thence to his Courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful Hymns repeat,
And still his Name with Praises bless.
5. For he's the Lord supremely good,
His Mercy is for ever sure;
His Truth, which all times firmly stood,
To endless Ages shall endure.

PSALM CI.

1 OF Mercy's never-failing Spring,
And stedfast Judgment I will sing;
And since they both to Thee belong,
To Thee, O Lord, address my Song.
2. When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,
Wise Discipline my Reign shall guide;
With blameless Life myself I'll make
A Pattern for my Court to take.

3. No ill Design will I pursue,
Nor those my Fav'rites make that do.
4. Who to Reproof has no Regard,
Him will I totally discard. 5. The

5. The private Slanderer ſhall be
In publick Juſtice doom'd by me :
From haughty Looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortify the Heart of Pride.

6. But Honeſty, call'd from her Cell,
In Splendor at my Court ſhall dwell :
Who Virtue's Practice make their Care,
Shall have the firſt Preferments there.
7. No Politicks ſhall recommend
His Country's Foe to be my Friend :
None e'er ſhall to my Favour riſe
By flatt'ring or malicious Lies.

8. All thoſe who wicked Courſes take,
An early Sacrifice I'll make ;
Cut off, deſtroy, 'till none remain
God's holy City to prophane.

PSALM CII.

1 WHEN I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,
do thou, O Lord, attend ;
To thy eternal Throne of Grace
let my ſad Cry aſcend.
2. O hide not thou thy glorious Face
in Times of deep Diſtreſs :
Incline thine Ear, and when I call,
my Sorrows ſoon redreſs.

3. Each cloudy Portion of my Life
like ſcatter'd Smoke expires ;
My ſhrivel'd Bones are like a Hearth
that's parch'd with conſtant Fires.

4. My

4. My Heart, like Graſs that feels the Blaſt
of ſome infectious Wind,
Does languiſh ſo with Grief, that ſcarce
my needful Food I mind.

5. By reaſon of my ſad Eſtate
I ſpend my Breath in Groans:
My Fleſh is worn away, my Skin
ſcarce hides my ſtarting Bones.
6. I'm like a Pelican become,
that does in Deſarts mourn:
Or like an Owl that ſits all Day
on barren Trees forlorn.

7. In Watchings or in reſtleſs Dreams
the Night by me is ſpent,
As by thoſe ſolitary Birds
that loneſome Roofs frequent.
8. All Day by railing Foes I'm made
the Subject of their Scorn;
Who all poſſeſs'd with furious Rage,
have my Deſtruction ſworn.

9. When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,
oppreſs'd with Grief and Fears,
My Bread is ſtrew'd with Aſhes o'er,
my Drink is mix'd with Tears.
10. Becauſe on me with double Weight
thy heavy Wrath doth lie:
For thou, to make my Fall more great,
didſt lift me up on high.

11. My

11. My Days juſt haſt'ning to their End,
are like an Ev'ning Shade :
My Beauty does, like wither'd Graſs,
with waning Luſtre fade.
12. But thy eternal State, O Lord,
no Length of Time ſhall waſte :
The Mem'ry of thy wond'rous Works
from Age to Age ſhall laſt.

13. Thou ſhalt ariſe, and Sion view
with an unclouded Face :
For now her Time is come, thy own
appointed Day of Grace.
14. Her ſcatter'd Ruins, by thy Saints
with Pity are ſurvey'd :
They grieve to ſee her lofty Spires
in Duſt and Rubbiſh laid.

15, 16. The Name and Glory of the Lord
all Heathen Kings ſhall fear ;
When he ſhall Sion build again,
and in full State appear.
17, 18. When he regards the Poor's Requeſt,
nor ſlights their earneſt Pray'r ;
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,
ſhall his juſt Praiſe declare.

19. For God from his Abode on high,
his gracious Beams diſplay'd :
The Lord, from Heav'n, his lofty Throne,
hath all the Earth ſurvey'd.

20. He liſt'ned to the Captives Moans,
he heard their mournful Cry,
And freed, by his reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
the Wretches doom'd to die.

21. That they, in Sion where he dwells,
might celebrate his Fame,
And through the holy City ſing
loud Praiſes to his Name.

22. When all the Tribes aſſembling there,
their ſolemn Vows addreſs,
And neighb'ring Lands, with glad Conſent,
the Lord their God confeſs.

23. But e'er my Race is run, my Strength
through his fierce Wrath decays;
He has, when all my Wiſhes bloom'd,
cut ſhort my hopeful Days.

24. Lord, end not thou my Life, ſaid I,
when half is ſcarcely paſt:
Thy Years from worldly Changes free,
to endleſs Ages laſt.

25. The ſtrong Foundations of the Earth
of old by Thee were laid;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
with wond'rous Skill have made:

26, 27. Whilſt thou for ever ſhalt endure,
they ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And like a Garment often worn,
ſhall tarniſh and decay.

Like

Like that, when thou ordain'ſt their Change,
to thy Command they bend :
But thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame,
nor have thy Years an End.
28. Thou to the Children of thy Saints
ſhalt laſting Quiet give ;
Whoſe happy Race, ſecurely fix'd,
ſhall in thy Preſence live.

PSALM CIII.

1, 2. MY Soul, inſpir'd with ſacred Love,
God's holy Name for ever bleſs ;
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And ſtill thy grateful Thanks expreſs.
3, 4. 'Tis he that all thy Sins forgives,
And after Sickneſs makes thee ſound :
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

5, 6. He with good Things my Mouth ſupplies,
My Vigor, Eagle-like, renews :
He, when the guiltleſs Suff'rer cries,
His Foe with juſt Revenge purſues.
7. God made of old his righteous Ways
To Moſes and our Fathers known ;
His Works to his eternal Praiſe,
Were to the Sons of Jacob ſhown.

8. The Lord abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace :
His waken'd Wrath does ſlowly move,
His willing Mercy flows apace.

9, 10. God

9, 10. God will not always harſhly chide,
But with his Anger quickly part;
And loves his Puniſhments to guide,
More by his Love than our Deſert.

11. As high as Heav'n its Arch extends
Above this little Spot of Clay;
So much his boundleſs Love tranſcends
The ſmall Reſpects that we can pay.
12, 13. As far as 'tis from Eaſt to Weſt,
So far has he our Sins remov'd,
Who with a Father's tender Breaſt
Has ſuch as fear him always lov'd.

14, 15. For God, who all our Frame ſurveys,
Conſiders that we are but Clay:
How freſh ſoe'er we ſeem, our Days
Like Graſs or Flow'rs muſt fade away:
16, 17. Whilſt they are nipt with ſudden Blaſts,
Nor can we find their former Place;
God's faithful Mercy ever laſts,
To thoſe that fear him, and their Race.

18. This ſhall attend on ſuch as ſtill
Proceed in his appointed Way;
And who not only know his Will,
But to it juſt Obedience pay.
19, 20. The Lord, the Univerſal King,
In Heav'n has fix'd his lofty Throne:
To him, ye Angels, Praiſes ſing,
In whoſe great Strength his Pow'r is ſhown.

Ye

Ye that his juſt Commands obey,
And hear and do his ſacred Will:
21. Ye Hoſts of his this Tribute pay,
Who ſtill what he ordains fulfil.
22. Let ev'ry Creature jointly bleſs
The mighty Lord: And thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks expreſs,
And in this Conſort bear thy Part.

PSALM CIV.

1 BLESS God, my Soul; thou, Lord, alone
Poſſeſſeſt Empire without Bounds,
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majeſty ſurrounds.
2. With Light thou doſt thyſelf enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take;
Heav'n's Curtains ſtretch, beyond the Globe,
Thy Canopy of State to make.

3. God builds on liquid Air, and forms
His Palace Chambers in the Skies;
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
The ſwift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.
4. As bright as Flame, as ſwift as Wind,
His Miniſters Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their ſundry Taſks aſſign'd:
All proud to ſerve their Sov'reign's Will.

5, 6. Earth on her Centre fix'd, he ſet,
Her Face with Waters overſpread;
Nor proudeſt Mountains dar'd as yet,
To lift above the Waves their Head.

7. But when thy awful Face appear'd,
Th' insulting Waves dispers'd; they fled
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,
And by their Haste confess'd their Dread.

8. Thence up by secret Tracks they creep,
And gushing from the Mountain's Side,
Thro' Vallies travel to the Deep,
Appointed to receive their Tide.
9. There hast thou fix'd the Ocean's Bounds,
The threatning Surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpass their Mounds.
Nor to a second Deluge swell.

PART II.

10. Yet thence in smaller Parties drawn,
The Sea recovers her lost Hills;
And starting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,
Surprize the Vales with plenteous Rills.
11. The Fields tame Beasts are thither led,
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought;
And Asses on wild Mountains bred,
Have Sense to find these Currents out.

12. There shady Trees from scorching Beams,
Yield Shelter to the feather'd Throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
Return the Tribute of their Song.
13. His Rains from Heav'n parch'd Hills re-
That soon transmit the liquid Store; [cruit,
'Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.

14. Grass,

14. Graſs, for our Cattle to devour,
He makes the Growth of ev'ry Field ;
Herbs, for Man's Uſe, of various Pow'r,
That either Food or Phyſick yield.
15. With cluſter'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,
To chear Man's Heart oppreſt with Cares,
Gives Oil that makes his Face to ſhine ;
And Corn, that waſted Strength repairs.

PART III.

16. The Trees of God, without the Care
Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed ;
The Mountain Cedar looks as fair,
As thoſe in Royal Gardens bred.
17. Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms
The Wand'rers of the Air may reſt ;
The hoſpitable Pine from Harms
Protects the Stork, her pious Gueſt.

18. Wild Goats the craggy Rock aſcend,
Its tow'ring Heights their Fortreſs make,
Whoſe Cells in Labyrinths extend,
Where feebler Creatures Refuge take.
19. The Moon's inconſtant Aſpect ſhows
Th' appointed Seaſons of the Year ;
Th' inſtructed Sun his Duty knows,
His Hours to riſe and diſappear.

20, 21. Darkneſs he makes the Earth to ſhroud,
When Foreſt-Beaſts ſecurely ſtray ;
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud
To Providence, that ſends them Prey.

22. They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
'Till ſummon'd by the riſing Morn,
To ſkulk in Dens, with one Conſent,
The conſcious Ravagers return.

23. Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,
The Huſbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
With him returns to his Repoſe.
24. How various, Lord, thy Works are found;
For which thy Wiſdom we adore!
The Earth is with thy Treaſure crown'd,
'Till Nature's Hand can graſp no more.

PART IV.

25. But ſtill, the vaſt unfathom'd Main
Of Wonders a new Scene ſupplies,
Whoſe Depths Inhabitants contain,
Of ev'ry Form and ev'ry Size.
26. Full-freighted Ships from ev'ry Port,
There cut their unmoleſted Way;
Leviathan, whom there to ſport
Thou mad'ſt, has Compaſs there to play.

27. Theſe various Troops of Sea and Land,
In Senſe of common Want agree:
All wait on thy diſpenſing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from thee.
28. They gather what thy Stores diſperſe,
Without their Trouble to provide:
Thou op'ſt thy Hand, the Univerſe,
The craving World is all ſupply'd.

29. Thou

29. Thou for a Moment hid'ſt thy Face,
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn :
Thou tak'ſt their Breath, all Nature's Race
Forthwith to Mother Earth return.
30. Again thou ſend'ſt thy Spirit forth,
T'inſpire the Maſs with vital Seed ;
Nature's reſtor'd, and Parent-Earth
Smiles on her new-created Breed.

31. Thus through ſucceſſive Ages ſtands
Firm fix'd thy providential Care ;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
Thou doſt the Waſtes of Time repair.
32. One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breaſt with Terror fills ;
One Touch from Thee, with Clouds of Smoak,
In Darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt Hills.

33. In praiſing God, while he prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ ;
34. And join Devotion to my Songs
Sincere, as in him is my Joy :
35. While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul, praiſe thou his holy Name,
'Till with my Song, the liſt'ning World
Join Conſort, and his Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CV.

1 O Render Thanks and bleſs the Lord ;
invoke his ſacred Name ;
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
his matchleſs Deeds proclaim,

2. Sing to his Praiſe, in lofty Hymns
his wondrous Works rehearſe ;
Make them the Theme of your Diſcourſe,
and Subject of your Verſe.

3. Rejoice in his Almighty Name,
alone to be ador'd ;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,
that humbly ſeek the Lord.
4. Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving Strength
devoutly ſtill implore ;
And where he's ever preſent, ſeek
his Face for evermore.

5. The Wonders that his Hands have wrought,
keep thankfully in Mind ;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
and Laws to us aſſign'd.
6. Know ye his Servant Abr'am's Seed,
and Jacob's choſen Race,
7. He's ſtill our God, his Judgments ſtill
throughout the Earth take place.

8. His Cov'nant he hath kept in Mind
for num'rous Ages paſt,
Which yet for thouſand Ages more,
in equal Force ſhall laſt.
9. Firſt ſign'd to Abr'am, next by Oath
to Iſaac made ſecure ;
10. To Jacob and his Heirs a Law
for ever to endure :

11. That Canaan's Land ſhould be their Lot,
when yet but few they were:
12. But few in Number, and thoſe few
all friendleſs Strangers there.
13. In Pilgrimage, from Realm to Realm,
ſecurely they remov'd;
14. Whilſt proudeſt Monarchs for their ſakes,
ſeverely he reprov'd:

15. "Theſe mine Anointed are, ſaid he,
"let none my Servants wrong,
"Nor treat the pooreſt Prophet ill
"that does to me belong."
16. A Dearth at laſt, by his Command,
did through the Land prevail;
'Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,
ſuſtaining Corn did fail.

17. But his indulgent Providence
had pious Joſeph ſent,
Sold into Egypt, but their Death
who ſold him to prevent.
18. His Feet with heavy Chains were cruſh'd,
with Calumny his Fame;
19. 'Till God's appointed Time and Word
to his Deliv'rance came.

20. The King his Sov'reign Order ſent,
and reſcu'd him with Speed;
Whom private Malice had confin'd,
the People's Ruler freed.

21. His Court, Revenues, Realms, were all
subjected to his Will;
22. His greatest Princes to controul,
and teach his Statesmen Skill.

PART II.

23. To Egypt then, invited Guests,
half-famish'd Isr'el came;
And Jacob held, by Royal Grant,
the fertile Soil of Ham.
24. Th' Almighty there with such Increase
his People multiply'd,
'Till with their proud Oppressors they
in Strength and Number vy'd.
25. Their vast Increase th' Egyptian Hearts
with jealous Anger fir'd,
'Till they his Servants to destroy
by treach'rous Arts conspir'd.
26. His Servant Moses then he sent,
his chosen Aaron too;
27. Empower'd with Signs and Miracles
to prove their Mission true.
28. He call'd for Darkness, Darkness came,
Nature his Summons knew;
29. Each Stream and Lake, transform'd to Blood,
the wand'ring Fishes slew.
30. In putrid Floods, throughout the Land,
the Pest of Frogs was bred;
From noisome Fens sent up to croak
at Pharaoh's Board and Bed.

31. He

31. He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies
came down in cloudy Hosts;
Whilst Earth's enliven'd Dust below
bred Lice through all their Coasts.
32. He sent them batt'ring Hail for Rain,
and Fire for cooling Dew.
33. He smote their Vines, and Forest Plants,
and Garden's Pride o'erthrew.

34. He spake the Word, and Locusts came,
and Caterpillers join'd;
They prey'd upon the poor Remains
the Storm had left behind.
35. From Trees to Herbage they descend,
no verdant Thing they spare;
But like the naked fallow Field,
leave all the Pastures bare.

36. From Fields to Villages and Towns,
commission'd Vengeance flew;
One fatal Stroke their eldest Hopes
and Strength of Egypt slew.
37. He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd
with Egypt's borrow'd Wealth;
And, what transcends all Treasures else,
enrich'd with vig'rous Health.

38. Egypt rejoic'd, in hopes to find
her Plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worse Ills
by those already prov'd.

39. Their

39. Their ſhrouding Canopy by Day
a journeying Cloud was ſpread:
A fiery Pillar all the Night
their deſart Marches led.

40. They long'd for Fleſh; with Ev'ning
he furniſh'd ev'ry Tent: [Quails
From Heav'n's own Granary, each Morn,
the Bread of Angels ſent.

41. He ſmote the Rock; whoſe flinty Breaſt
pour'd forth a guſhing Tide,
Whoſe flowing Stream, where'er they march'd,
the Deſart's Drought ſupply'd.

42. For ſtill he did on Abr'am's Faith
and ancient League reflect:

43. He brought his People forth with Joy,
with Triumph his Elect.

44. Quite rooting out their Heathen Foes
from Canaan's fertile Soil,
To them in cheap Poſſeſſion gave
the Fruit of others Toil:

45. That they his Statutes might obſerve,
his ſacred Laws obey.
For Benefits ſo vaſt, let us
our Songs of Praiſe repay.

PSALM CVI.

1 O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;
Whoſe Mercy firm through Ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

2. Who

2. Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs?
What mortal Eloquence can raiſe,
His Tribute of immortal Praiſe?

3. Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray:
Who know what's right; nor only ſo,
But always practice what they know.
4. Extend to me that Favour, Lord,
Thou to thy Choſen do'ſt afford:
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy Salvation viſit me.

5. O may I worthy prove to ſee
Thy Saints in full Proſperity;
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.
6. But ah! can we expect ſuch Grace,
Of Parents vile, the viler Race;
Who their Miſdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score?

7. Ingrateful, they no longer thought
On all his Works in Egypt wrought;
The Red Sea they no ſooner view'd,
But they their baſe Diſtruſt renew'd.
8. Yet he, to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their Deliv'rance came,
To make his ſov'reign Pow'r be known,
That he is God, and he alone.

9. To Right and Left, at his Command,
The parting Deep diſclos'd her Sand ;
Where firm and dry the Paſſage lay,
As through ſome parch'd and deſart Way.
10. Thus reſcu'd from their Foes they were,
Who cloſely preſs'd upon their Rear,
11. Whoſe Rage purſu'd 'em to thoſe Waves,
That prov'd the raſh Purſuers Graves.

12. The Watry Mountains ſudden Fall
O'erwhelm'd proud Pharaoh, Hoſt and all.
This Proof did ſtupid Iſr'el move
To own God's Truth, and praiſe his Love.

PART II.

13. But ſoon theſe Wonders they forgot,
And for his Counſel waited not ;
14. But luſting in the Wilderneſs,
Did him with freſh Temptations preſs.
15. Strong Food at their Requeſt he ſent,
But made their Sin their Puniſhment.
16. Yet ſtill his Saints they did oppoſe,
The Prieſt and Prophet whom he choſe.

17. But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful Jaws extended wide,
Raſh Dathan to her Centre drew,
With proud Abiram's factious Crew.
18. The reſt of thoſe who did conſpire
To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,
With all their impious Train, became
A Prey to Heav'n's devouring Flame.

19. Near

19. Near Horeb's Mount, a Calf they made,
And to the molten Image pray'd;
20. Adoring what their Hands did frame,
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.
21. Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his Works in Egypt wrought;
22. His Signs in Ham's aſtoniſh'd Coaſt,
And where proud Pharaoh's Troops were loſt.

23. Thus urg'd, his vengeful Hand he rear'd,
But Moſes in the Breach appear'd;
The Saint did for the Rebels pray,
And turn'd Heav'n's kindled Wrath away.
24,25. Yet they his pleaſant Land deſpis'd,
Nor his repeated Promiſe priz'd,
Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey;
But when God ſaid, *Go up*, would ſtay.

26,27. This ſeal'd their Doom, without Redreſs
To periſh in the Wilderneſs;
Or elſe to be by Heathen Hands
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd thro' the Lands.

PART III.

28. Yet unreclaim'd, this ſtubborn Race
Baal Peor's Worſhip did embrace;
Became his impious Gueſts, and fed
On Sacrifices to the Dead.
29. Thus they perſiſted to provoke
God's Vengeance to the final Stroke.
'Tis come: — the deadly Peſt is come
To execute their gen'ral Doom.

30. But

30. But Phineas fir'd with holy Rage,
(Th' Almighty Vengeance to aſſuage)
Did, by two bold Offenders Fall,
Th' Atonement make that ranſom'd All.
31. As him a Heav'nly Zeal had mov'd,
So Heav'n the zealous Act approv'd ;
To him confirming, and his Race,
The Prieſthood he ſo well did grace.

32. At Meribah God's Wrath they mov'd,
Who Moſes for their ſakes reprov'd ;
33. Whoſe patient Soul they did provoke,
'Till raſhly the meek Prophet ſpoke.
34. Nor when poſſeſs'd of Canaan's Land,
Did they perform their Lord's Command,
Nor his commiſſion'd Sword employ
The guilty Nations to deſtroy.

35. Nor only ſpar'd the Pagan Crew,
But mingling learnt their Vices too ;
36. And worſhip to thoſe Idols paid,
Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.
37, 38. To Devils they did ſacrifice
Their Children with relentleſs Eyes ;
Approach'd their Altars thro' a Flood
Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood.

No cheaper Victims would appeaſe
Canaan's remorſeleſs Deities ;
No Blood her Idols reconcile,
But that which did the Land defile.

PART IV.

39. Nor did these savage Cruelties
The harden'd Reprobates suffice;
For after their Hearts Lusts they went,
And daily did new Crimes invent.
40. But Sins of such infernal Hue
God's Wrath against his People drew,
'Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhor'd.

41. He them defenceless did expose
To their insulting Heathen Foes;
And made them on the Triumphs wait,
Of those who bore them greatest Hate.
42. Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd;
Their List of Tyrants he increas'd,
'Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,
Were made the Vassals of Mankind.

43. Yet, when distress'd, they did repent,
His Anger did as oft relent:
But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,
Renew'd their Sins, and he their Yoke.
44. Nor yet implacable he prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd;
45. But did to mind his Promise bring,
And Mercy's inexhausted Spring.

46. Compassion too he did impart,
Ev'n to their Foes obdurate Heart,
And Pity for their Suff'rings bred
In those who them to Bondage led.

47. Still

47. Still save us, Lord, and Isr'el's Bands
Together bring from Heathen Lands;
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raise,
And ever triumph in thy Praise.

48. Let Isr'el's God be ever bless'd,
His Name eternally confess'd:
Let all his Saints with full Accord
Sing loud *Amen.*——*Praise ye the Lord.*

PSALM CVII.

1 TO God your grateful Voices raise,
Who does your daily Patron prove:
And let your never-ceasing Praise
Attend on his eternal Love.

2, 3. Let those give Thanks whom he from
Of proud oppressing Foes releas'd; [Bands
And brought them back from distant Lands,
From North and South, and West and East.

4, 5. Through lonely desart Ways they went,
Nor cou'd a peopled City find;
'Till quite with Thirst and Hunger spent,
Their fainting Soul within them pin'd.

6. Then soon to God's indulgent Ear
Did they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Distress.

7. From crooked Paths he led them forth,
And in the certain Way did guide,
To wealthy Towns of great Resort,
Where all their Wants were well supply'd.

8. O

8. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!

9. For he from Heav'n the ſad Eſtate
Of longing Souls with Pity views;
To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,
His Goodneſs daily Food renews.

PART II.

10. Some lie, with Darkneſs compaſs'd round,
In Death's uncomfortable Shade;
And with unweildy Fetters bound,
By preſſing Cares more heavy made.

11, 12. Becauſe God's Counſel they defy'd,
And lightly priz'd his holy Word,
With theſe Afflictions they were try'd:
They fell, and none could Help afford.

13. Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear
Did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.

14. From diſmal Dungeons, dark as Night,
And Shades as black as Death's Abode,
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
And welcome Liberty beſtow'd.

15. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!

16. For he with his Almighty Hand,
The Gates of Brass in Pieces broke;
Nor cou'd the massy Bars withstand,
Or temper'd Steel resist his Stroke.

PART III.

17. Remorseless Wretches, void of Sense,
With bold Transgressions God defy;
And for their multiply'd Offence,
Oppress'd with sore Diseases lie:
18. Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear,
Abhors to taste the choicest Meats;
And they by faint Degrees draw near
To Death's inhospitable Gates.

19. Then straight to God's indulgent Ear,
Do they their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Distress.
20. He all their sad Distempers heals,
His Word both Health and Safety gives;
And when all human Succour fails,
From near Destruction them retrieves.

21. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodness praise!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World displays!
22. With Off'rings let his Altar flame,
Whilst they their grateful Thanks express,
And with loud Joy his holy Name
For all his Acts of Wonder bless!

PART

PART IV.

23, 24. They that in Ships, with Courage bold,
O'er swelling Waves their Trade pursue,
Do God's amazing Works behold,
And in the Deep his Wonders view.
25. No sooner his Command is past,
But forth the dreadful Tempest flies,
Which sweeps the Sea with rapid Haste,
And makes the stormy Billows rise.

26. Sometimes the Ships, toss'd up to Heav'n,
On Tops of mountain Waves appear;
Then down the steep Abyss are driv'n,
Whilst ev'ry Soul dissolves with Fear.
27. They reel and stagger to and fro,
Like Men with Fumes of Wine oppress'd;
Nor do the skilful Seamen know
Which Way to steer, what Course is best.

28. Then straight to God's indulgent Ear
They do their mournful Cry address;
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Distress.
29, 30. He does the raging Storm appease,
And makes the Billows calm and still;
With Joy they see their Fury cease,
And their intended Course fulfil.

31. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodness praise!
And for the mighty Works which he
Throughout the wond'ring World displays!

32. Let them, where all the Tribes resort,
Advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the Elders sov'reign Court
With one Consent his Praise proclaim!

PART V.

33,34. A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
God's just Revenge, if People sin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground,
To punish those that dwell therein.
35,36. The parch'd and desart Heath he makes
To flow with Streams and springing Wells,
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
And in strong Cities safely dwells.

37,38. He sows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his Toil repay;
Nor can, whilst God his Blessing grants,
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
39. But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke,
His Health and Substance fade away;
He feels th' Oppressor's galling Yoke,
And is of Grief the wretched Prey.

40. The Prince that slights what God commands,
Expos'd to Scorn, must quit his Throne;
And over wild and desart Lands,
Where no Path offers, stray alone.
41. Whilst God, from all afflicting Cares,
Sets up the humble Man on high;
And makes in time his num'rous Heirs
With his increasing Flocks to vie.

42, 43. Then

42, 43. Then Sinners shall have nought to say,
The Just a decent Joy shall show;
The Wise these strange Events shall weigh,
And thence God's Goodness fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

1 O GOD, my Heart is fully bent
to magnify thy Name;
My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praise
shall celebrate thy Fame.
2. Awake, my Lute; nor thou, my Harp,
thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilst I with early Hymns of Joy
prevent the dawning Day.

3. To all the list'ning Tribes, O Lord,
thy Wonders I will tell,
And to those Nations sing thy Praise
that round about us dwell;
4. Because thy Mercy's boundless Height
the highest Heav'n transcends,
And far beyond th' aspiring Clouds
thy faithful Truth extends.

5. Be thou, O God, exalted high
above the starry Frame;
And let the World, with one Consent,
confess thy glorious Name.
6. That all thy chosen People Thee
their Saviour may declare;
Let thy right Hand protect me still,
and answer thou my Pray'r.

7. Since God himſelf has ſaid the Word,
whoſe Promiſe cannot fail,
With Joy I Sichem will divide,
and meaſure Succoth's Vale ;
8. Gilead is mine, Manaſſeh too,
and Ephraim owns my Cauſe :
Their Strength my Regal Pow'r ſupports,
and Judah gives my Laws.

9. Moab I'll make my ſervile Drudge,
on vanquiſh'd Edom tread ;
And thro' the proud Philiſtine Lands,
my conqu'ring Banners ſpread.
10. By whoſe Support and Aid ſhall I
their well-fenc'd City gain ?
Who will my Troops ſecurely lead
thro' Edom's guarded Plain ?

11. Lord, wilt not thou aſſiſt our Arms,
which late thou didſt forſake ?
And wilt not thou, of theſe our Hoſts,
once more the Guidance take ?
12. O to thy Servant in Diſtreſs
thy ſpeedy Succour ſend ;
For vain it is on human Aid
for Safety to depend.

13. Then valiant Acts ſhall we perform,
if thou thy Pow'r diſcloſe ;
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our Foes.

PSALM CIX.

1 O GOD, whose former Mercies make
my constant Praise thy Due,
Hold not thy Peace, but my sad State
with wonted Favour view.
2. For sinful Men, with lying Lips,
deceitful Speeches frame,
And with their study'd Slanders seek
to wound my spotless Fame.
3. Their restless Hatred prompts them still
malicious Lies to spread;
And all against my Life combine,
by causeless Fury led.
4. Those whom with tend'rest Love I us'd,
my chief Opposers are;
Whilst I, of other Friends bereft,
resort to thee by Pray'r.
5. Since Mischief, for the Good I did,
their strange Reward does prove;
And Hatred's the Return they make
for undissembled Love:
6. Their guilty Leader shall be made
to some ill Man a Slave;
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe
for his Accuser have.
7. His Guilt, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
shall meet a dreadful Fate,
Whilst his rejected Pray'r but serves
his Crimes to aggravate.

8. He ſnatch'd by ſome untimely Fate,
ſhan't live out half his Days:
Another, by Divine Decree,
ſhall on his Office ſeize.

9, 10. His Seed ſhall Orphans be, his Wife
a Widow plung'd in Grief;
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,
where none can give Relief.
11. His ill got Riches ſhall be made
to Uſurers a Prey;
The Fruit of all his Toil ſhall be
by Strangers born away.

12. None ſhall be found that to his Wants
their Mercy will extend,
Or to his helpleſs Orphan Seed
the leaſt Aſſiſtance lend.
13. A ſwift Deſtruction ſoon ſhall ſeize
on his unhappy Race;
And the next Age his hated Name
ſhall utterly deface.

14. The Vengeance of his Father's Sins,
upon his Head ſhall fall;
God on his Mother's Crimes ſhall think,
and puniſh him for all.
15. All theſe in horrid Order rank'd,
before the Lord ſhall ſtand,
'Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off
their Mem'ry from the Land.

PART II.

16. Becauſe he never Mercy ſhew'd,
but ſtill the Poor oppreſs'd;
And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs Man,
with heavy Woes diſtreſs'd.
17. Therefore the Curſe he lov'd to vent,
ſhall his own Portion prove;
And Bleſſing, which he ſtill abhorr'd,
ſhall far from him remove.

18. Since he in curſing took ſuch Pride,
like Water it ſhall ſpread
Thro' all his Veins, and ſtick like Oil
with which his Bones are fed.
19. This, like a poiſon'd Robe, ſhall ſtill
his conſtant Cov'ring be;
Or an envenom'd Belt, from which
he never ſhall be free.

20. Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe
that Ill to me deſign;
That with malicious falſe Reports
againſt my Life combine.
21. But for thy glorious Name, O God,
do thou deliver me;
And for thy gracious Mercy's Sake,
preſerve and ſet me free:

22. For I, to utmoſt Straits reduc'd,
am void of all Relief;
My Heart is wounded with Diſtreſs,
and quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.

23. I,

23. I, like an Ev'ning Shade, decline,
which vaniſhes apace :
Like Locuſts up and down I'm toſs'd,
and have no certain Place.

24,25. My Knees with Faſting are grown weak,
my Body lank and lean ;
All that behold me ſhake their Heads,
and treat me with Diſdain.

26, 27. But for thy Mercies ſake, O Lord,
do thou my Foes withſtand ;
That all may ſee 'tis thy own Act,
the Work of thy right Hand.

28. Then let them curſe, ſo thou but bleſs ;
let Shame the Portion be
Of all that my Deſtruction ſeek,
while I rejoice in thee.

29. My Foe ſhall with Diſgrace be cloath'd,
and ſpite of all his Pride,
His own Confuſion, like a Cloak,
the guilty Wretch ſhall hide.

30. But I to God, in grateful Thanks,
my chearful Voice will raiſe ;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
ſet forth his noble Praiſe.

31. For him the Poor ſhall always find
their ſure and conſtant Friend ;
And he ſhall from unrighteous Dooms
their guiltleſs Souls defend.

PSALM CX.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake,
" 'Till I thy Foes thy Footſtool make,
" Sit thou in State, at my right Hand:
2. " Supreme in Sion thou ſhalt be,
" And all thy proud Oppoſers ſee
" Subjected to thy juſt Command.

3. " Thee, in thy Pow'r's triumphant Day,
" The willing Nations ſhall obey;
" And when thy riſing Beams they view,
" Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
" Appear as numberleſs and bright
" as cryſtal Drops of Morning Dew."

4. The Lord hath ſworn, nor ſworn in vain,
That like Melchizedech's, thy Reign
And Prieſthood ſhall no Period know:
5. No proud Competitor to ſit
At thy right Hand will he permit;
But in his Wrath crown'd Heads o'erthrow.

6. The ſentenc'd Heathen he ſhall ſlay,
And fill with Carcaſſes his Way,
'Till he hath ſtruck Earth's Tyrants dead:
7. But in the High-way Brooks ſhall firſt,
Like a poor Pilgrim ſlake his Thirſt,
And then in Triumph raiſe his Head.

PSALM CXI.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord; our God to praiſe
My Soul her utmoſt Pow'rs ſhall raiſe,
With private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints his Praiſe ſhall be my Song. 2. His

2. His Works, for Greatneſs tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with Eaſe are found
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.

3. His Works are all of matchleſs Fame,
And univerſal Glory claim;
His Truth confirm'd thro' Ages paſt,
Shall to eternal Ages laſt.
4. By Precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind;
And to Poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5. His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,
Has all his Servants Wants ſupply'd;
And he will ever keep in Mind,
His Cov'nant with our Fathers ſign'd.
6. At once aſtoniſh'd and o'erjoy'd,
They ſaw his matchleſs Pow'r employ'd;
Whereby the Heathen were ſuppreſs'd,
And we their Heritage poſſeſs'd.

7. Juſt are the Dealings of his Hands,
Immutable are his Commands,
8. By Truth and Equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.
9. He ſet his Saints from Bondage free,
And then eſtabliſh'd his Decree,
For ever to remain the ſame;
Holy and rev'rend is his Name.

10. Who Wiſdom's ſacred Prize would win,
Muſt with the Fear of God begin ;
Immortal Praiſe and heav'nly Skill
Have they who know and do his Will.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1 THAT Man is bleſt who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred Law :
2. His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown'd.
3. His Houſe, the Seat of Wealth, ſhall be
An inexhauſted Treaſury ;
His Juſtice, free from all Decay,
Shall Bleſſings to his Heirs convey.

4. The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's Night :
To pity the Diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all Mankind.
5. His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends ;
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs.

6. Beſet with threatning Dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground :
The ſweet Remembrance of the Juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in Duſt.
7. Ill Tidings never can ſurprize
His Heart, that fix'd on God relies :
8. On Safety's Rock he ſits, and ſees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies. 9. His

9. His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,
His Glory's future Harvest sow'd,
Whence he shall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
10. The Wicked shall his Triumph see,
And gnash their Teeth in Agony;
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,
And vanish with themselves away.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record;
2. His sacred Name for ever bless.
3. Where-e'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams or setting Rays,
Due Praise to his great Name address.

4. God thro' the World extends his Sway:
The Regions of eternal Day,
But Shadows of his Glory are.
5. To him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created Pow'r compare.

6. Though 'tis beneath his State to view
In highest Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet he to Earth vouchsafes his Care:
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the Greatest there.

7. When Childless Families despair,
He sends the Blessing of an Heir,

To

To rescue their expiring Name:
Makes her that barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her Fruit to rear.
O then extol his matchless Fame!

PSALM CXIV.

1 WHEN Isr'el, by th' Almighty led,
(Enrich'd with their Oppressor's
From Egypt march'd, and Jacob's Seed [Spoil)
From Bondage in a foreign Soil;
2. Jehovah, for his Residence,
Chose out Imperial Judah's Tent,
His Mansion Royal, and from thence
Thro' Isr'el's Camp his Orders sent.

3. The distant Sea with Terror saw,
And from th' Almighty's Presence fled;
Old Jordan's Streams surpriz'd with Awe,
Retreated to their Fountain's Head.
4. The taller Mountains skipp'd like Rams,
When Danger near the Fold they hear;
The Hills skipp'd after them like Lambs,
Affrighted by their Leader's Fear.

5. O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy Bed?
Why Jordan, against Nature's Law,
Recoild'st thou to thy Fountain's Head?
6. Why Mountains did ye skip like Rams,
When Danger does approach the Fold?
Why after you the Hills like Lambs,
When they their Leader's Flight behold?

7. Earth

7. Earth tremble on; well may'ſt thou fear
Thy Lord and Maker's Face to ſee:
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'Tis time for Earth and Seas to flee.
8. To flee from God, who Nature's Law
Confirms and cancels at his Will;
Who Springs from flinty Rocks can draw,
And thirſty Vales with Water fill.

PSALM CXV.

1 LORD, not to us, we claim no Share,
but to thy ſacred Name
Give Glory, for thy Mercy's ſake,
and Truth's eternal Fame.
2. Why ſhould the Heathen cry, Where's
the God whom we adore? (now
3. Convince them that in Heav'n thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.
4. Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
the Works of mortal Hands;
5. With ſpeechleſs Mouth, and ſightleſs Eyes,
the molten Idol ſtands.
6. The Pageant has both Ears and Noſe,
but neither hears nor ſmells;
7. Its Hands and Feet nor feel, nor move;
no Life within it dwells.
8. Such ſenſeleſs Stocks they are, that we
can nothing like 'em find;
But thoſe who on their Help rely,
and them for Gods deſign'd.

9. O

9. O Isr'el, make the Lord your Trust,
who is your Help and Shield;
10. Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
who only Help can yield.

11. Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
on him they fear rely;
Who them in Danger can defend,
and all their Wants supply.
12, 13. Of us he oft has mindful been,
and Isr'el's House will bless;
Priests, Levites, Proselytes, ev'n all
who his great Name confess.

14. On you, and on your Heirs he will
increase of Blessings bring:
15. Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
of this Almighty King.
16. Heav'n's highest Orb of Glory, he
his Empire's Seat design'd;
And gave this lower Globe of Earth
a Portion to Mankind.

17. They who in Death and Silence sleep
to him no Praise afford:
18. But we will bless for evermore
our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1 MY Soul, with grateful Thoughts of Love
entirely is possest,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
the Voice of my Request.

2. Since he has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will deſpair;
But ſtill in all the Straits of Life
to him addreſs my Pray'r.

3. With deadly Sorrows compaſs'd round,
with Pains of Hell oppreſs'd;
When Troubles ſeiz'd my aking Heart,
and Anguiſh rack'd my Breaſt:
4. On God's Almighty Name I call'd,
and thus to him I pray'd;
"Lord, I beſeech thee, ſave my Soul,
"with Sorrows quite diſmay'd;

5, 6. How juſt and merciful is God,
how gracious is the Lord!
Who ſaves the harmleſs, and to me
does timely Help afford.
7. Then free from penſive Cares, my Soul
reſume thy wonted Reſt;
For God has wond'rouſly to thee
his bounteous Love expreſt.

8. When Death alarm'd me, he remov'd
my Dangers and my Fears:
My Feet from falling he ſecur'd,
and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
9. Therefore my Life's remaining Years,
which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in Praiſes to his Name,
and in his Service ſpend.

10, 11. In God I truſted, and of him
in greateſt Straits did boaſt;
(For in my Flight all Hopes of Aid
from faithleſs Men were loſt:)
12, 13. Then what Return to him ſhall I
for all his Goodneſs make?
I'll praiſe his Name, and with glad Zeal
the Cup of Bleſſing take.

14, 15. I'll pay my Vows amongſt his Saints,
whoſe Blood (howe'er deſpis'd
By wicked Men) in God's Account
is always highly priz'd:
16. By various Ties, O Lord, muſt I
to thy Dominion bow;
Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,
thy ranſom'd Captive now!

17, 18. To Thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praiſe;
and whilſt I bleſs thy Name,
The juſt Performance of my Vows
to all thy Saints proclaim.
19. They in Jeruſalem ſhall meet,
and in thy Houſe ſhall join,
To bleſs thy Name with one Conſent,
and mix their Songs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

1 WITH chearful Notes let all the Earth
to Heav'n their Voices raiſe:
Let all, inſpir'd with godly Mirth,
ſing ſolemn Hymns of Praiſe.

2. God's tender Mercy knows no Bound,
his Truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round,
their grateful Tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

1, 2 O Praise the Lord, for he is good,
his Mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind Favours ever last,
let thankful Isr'el say.

3, 4. Their Sense of his eternal Love,
let Aaron's House express;
And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord, confess.

5. To God I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppress;
And he releas'd me from my Straits,
and granted my Request.

6. Since therefore God does on my Side
so graciously appear,
Why should the vain Attempts of Men
possess my Soul with Fear?

7. Since God with those that aid my Cause
vouchsafes my Part to take,
To all my Foes, I need not doubt,
a just Return to make.

8, 9. For better 'tis to trust in God,
and have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greatest human Pow'r
for Safety to depend.

10, 11. Tho'

10, 11. Tho' many Nations closely leagu'd,
did oft beset me round;
Yet by his boundless Pow'r sustain'd,
I did their Strength confound.
12. They swarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage
was but a short-liv'd Blaze;
For whilst on God I still rely'd,
I vanquish'd them with Ease.

13. When all united press'd me hard,
in hopes to make me fall;
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my Part,
and sav'd me from them all.
14. The Honour of my strange Escape
to him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength,
he only claims my Songs.

15. Joy fills the Dwelling of the Just,
whom God has sav'd from Harm;
For wond'rous Things are brought to pass
by his Almighty Arm.
16. He, by his own resistless Pow'r,
has endless Honour won;
The saving Strength of his right Hand,
amazing Works has done.

17. God will not suffer me to fall,
but still prolongs my Days;
That by declaring all his Works
I may advance his Praise.

18. When God had sorely me chastiz'd,
till quite of Hopes bereav'd,
His Mercy from the Gates of Death
my fainting Life repriev'd.

19. Then open wide the Temple Gates
to which the Just repair,
That I may enter in and praise
my great Deliv'rer there.

20, 21. Within those Gates of God's Abode
to which the Righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
thy holy Name I'll bless.

22,23. That which the Builders once refus'd,
is now the Corner Stone.
This is the wond'rous Work of God,
the Work of God alone.

24, 25. This Day is God's; let all the Land
exalt their chearful Voice:
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
and make us still rejoice.

26. Him that approaches in God's Name,
let all th' Assembly bless;
" We that belong to God's own House
" have wish'd you good Success."

27. God is the Lord, through whom we all
both Light and Comfort find;
Fast to the Altar's Horns with Cords
the chosen Victim bind.

28. Thou

28. Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill
I'll praiſe thy holy Name;
Becauſe thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.
29. O then with me give Thanks to God,
who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praiſe
be endleſs as his Love.

PSALM CXIX. *ALEPH.*

1 HOW bleſs'd are they who always keep
the pure and perfect Way!
Who never from the ſacred Paths
of God's Commandments ſtray!
2. Thrice bleſs'd! who to his righteous Laws
have ſtill obedient been!
And have with fervent humble Zeal
his Favour ſought to win!

3. Such Men their utmoſt Caution uſe
to ſhun each wicked Deed;
But in the Path which he directs
with conſtant Care proceed.
4. Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord,
to learn thy ſacred Will;
And all our Diligence employ
thy Statutes to fulfil.

5. O then that thy moſt holy Will
might o'er my Ways preſide!
And I the Courſe of all my Life
by thy Direction guide!

6. Then with Assurance should I walk,
from all Confusion free;
Convinc'd with Joy, that all my Ways
with thy Commands agree.

7. My upright Heart shall my glad Mouth
with chearful Praises fill;
When by thy righteous Judgments taught,
I shall have learnt thy Will.

8. So to thy sacred Law shall I
all due Observance pay:
O then forsake me not, my God,
nor cast me quite away.

BETH.

9. How shall the Young preserve their Ways
from all Pollution free?
By making still their Course of Life
with thy Commands agree.

10. With hearty Zeal for thee I seek,
to thee for Succour pray;
O suffer not my careless Steps
from thy right Paths to stray.

11. Safe in my Heart, and closely hid,
thy Word, my Treasure, lies;
To succour me with timely Aid,
when sinful Thoughts arise.

12. Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
shall ever bless thy Name:
O teach me then by thy just Laws
my future Life to frame.

13. My

13. My Lips, unlock'd by pious Zeal,
to others have declar'd;
How well the Judgments of thy Mouth
deserve our best Regard.
14. Whilst in the Way of thy Commands
more solid Joy I found,
Than had I been with vast Increase
of envy'd Riches crown'd.

15. Therefore thy just and upright Laws
shall always fill my Mind,
And those sound Rules which thou prescrib'st,
all due Respect shall find.
16. To keep thy Statutes undefac'd
shall be my constant Joy;
The strict Remembrance of thy Word
shall all my Thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17. Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
do thou my Life defend,
That I according to thy Word
my Time to come may spend.
18. Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
that so I may discern
The wondrous Things which they behold,
who thy just Precepts learn.

19. Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,
from Place to Place I stray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight,
remove not thou away.

20. My

20. My fainting Soul is almoſt pin'd,
with earneſt Longing ſpent;
Whilſt always on the eager Search
of thy juſt Will intent.

21. Thy ſharp Rebuke ſhall cruſh the Proud,
whom ſtill thy Curſe purſues;
Since they to walk in thy right Ways
preſumptuouſly refuſe.

22. But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and Shame remove;
For I thy ſacred Laws affect
with undiſſembled Love.

23. Tho' Princes oft, in Council met,
againſt thy Servant ſpake;
Yet I thy Statutes to obſerve,
my conſtant Buſ'neſs make.

24. For thy Commands have always been
my Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn with prudent Care,
to guide my Steps aright.

DALETH.

25. My Soul oppreſs'd with deadly Care,
cloſe to the Duſt does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd Aid receive.

26. To Thee I ſtill declar'd my Ways,
and thou inclin'dſt thine Ear;
O teach me then my future Life
by thy juſt Laws to ſteer.

27. If thou wilt make me know thy Laws,
and by thy Guidance walk,
The wond'rous Works which thou haſt done,
ſhall be my conſtant Talk.
28. But ſee, my Soul within me ſinks,
preſs'd down with weighty Care;
Do thou, according to thy Word,
my waſted Strength repair.

29. Far, far from me be all falſe Ways,
and lying Arts remov'd!
But kindly grant I ſtill may keep
the Path by thee approv'd.
30. Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,
my happy Choice I've made;
Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,
before me always laid.

31. My Care has been to make my Life
with thy Commands agree;
O then preſerve thy Servant, Lord,
from Shame and Ruin free.
32. So in the Way of thy Commands
ſhall I with Pleaſure run,
And with a Heart enlarg'd with Joy,
ſucceſsfully go on.

H E.

33. Inſtruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy righteous Paths diſplay;
And I from them, through all my Life,
will never go aſtray.

34. If

34. If thou true Wiſdom from above
wilt graciouſly impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws I will
devote my zealous Heart.

35. Direct me in the ſacred Ways
to which thy Precepts lead ;
Becauſe my chief Delight has been
thy righteous Paths to tread.

36. Do thou to thy moſt juſt Commands
incline my willing Heart ;
Let no Deſire of worldly Wealth
from Thee my Thoughts divert.

37. From thoſe vain Objects turn my Eyes
which this falſe World diſplays ;
But give me lively Power and Strength
to keep thy righteous Ways.

38. Confirm the Promiſe which thou mad'ſt,
and give thy Servant Aid,
Who to tranſgreſs thy ſacred Laws
is awfully afraid.

39. The foul Diſgrace I juſtly fear,
in Mercy Lord remove ;
For all the Judgments thou ordain'ſt
are full of Grace and Love.

40. Thou know'ſt how, after thy Commands,
my longing Heart does pant ;
O then make haſte to raiſe me up,
and promis'd Succour grant.

VAU.

41. Thy constant Blessing, Lord, bestow
to chear my drooping Heart;
To me, according to thy Word,
thy saving Health impart.
42. So shall I, when my Foes upbraid,
this ready Answer make;
" In God I trust, who never will
" his faithful Promise break."

43. Then let not quite the Word of Truth
be from my Mouth remov'd;
Since still my Ground of stedfast Hope
thy just Decrees have prov'd.
44. So I to keep thy righteous Laws,
will all my Study bend;
From Age to Age, my Time to come
in their Observance spend.

45. E'er long I trust to walk at large,
from all Incumbrance free;
Since I resolve to make my Life
with thy Commands agree.
46. Thy Laws shall be my constant Talk;
and Princes shall attend,
Whilst I the Justice of thy Ways
with Confidence defend.

47. My longing Heart and ravish'd Soul
shall both o'erflow with Joy,
When in thy lov'd Commandments I
my happy Hours employ.

48. Then

48. Then will I to thy juſt Decrees
lift up my willing Hands;
My Care and Buſ'neſs then ſhall be
to ſtudy thy Commands.

ZAIN.

49. According to thy promis'd Grace,
thy Favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the Word, on which
thy Servant's Hopes depend.
50. That only Comfort in Diſtreſs
did all my Griefs controul;
Thy Word when Troubles hemm'd me round,
reviv'd my fainting Soul.

51. Inſulting Foes did proudly mock,
and all my Hopes deride;
Yet, from thy Law, not all their Scoffs
could make me turn aſide.
52. Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,
I quickly call to mind,
'Till raviſh'd with ſuch Thoughts, my Soul
did ſpeedy Comfort find.

53. Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd, like one
with deadly Horror ſtruck,
To think how all my ſinful Foes
have thy juſt Laws forſook.
54. But I thy Statutes and Decrees
my chearful Anthems made;
Whilſt thro' ſtrange Lands and Deſarts wild
I like a Pilgrim ſtray'd.

55. Thy

55. Thy Name, that chear'd my Heart by Day,
has fill'd my Thoughts by Night;
I then resolv'd by thy just Laws,
to guide my Steps aright.
56. That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
in deep Distress sustain'd,
By strict Obedience to thy Will
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57. O Lord, my God, my Portion thou
and sure Possession art;
Thy Words I stedfastly resolve
to treasure in my Heart.
58. With all the Strength of warm Desires
I did thy Grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy Word,
thy Mercies boundless Store.

59. With due Reflection and strict Care
on all my Ways I thought;
And so, reclaim'd to thy just Paths,
my wand'ring Steps I brought.
60. I lost no Time, but made great haste,
resolv'd, without Delay,
To watch that I might never more
from thy Commandments stray.

61. Tho' num'rous Troops of sinful Men
to rob me have combin'd;
Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws
have ever kept in mind.

62. In

62. In dead of Night I will arise
to sing thy solemn Praise;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous Ways.

63. To such as fear thy holy Name,
myself I closely join;
To all who their obedient Wills
to thy Commands resign.
64. O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
abundantly is shed;
O make me then exactly learn,
thy sacred Paths to tread.

TETH.

65. With me, thy Servant, thou hast dealt
most graciously, O Lord,
Repeated Benefits bestow'd,
according to thy Word.
66. Teach me the sacred Skill by which
right Judgment is attain'd,
Who in Belief of thy Commands
have stedfastly remain'd.

67. Before Affliction stopp'd my Course,
my Footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplin'd,
thy Precepts to obey.
68. Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
and all thou dost is so;
On me, thy Statutes to discern,
thy saving Skill bestow.

69. The

69. The Proud have forg'd malicious Lies,
my ſpotleſs Fame to ſtain;
But my fix'd Heart, without Reſerve,
thy Precepts ſhall retain.
70. While pamper'd they, with proſp'rous Ills,
in ſenſual Pleaſures live,
My Soul can reliſh no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give.
71. 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chaſt'ning Rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
the Statutes of my God.
72. The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds
of more Eſteem I hold,
Than untouch'd Mines, than thouſand Mines
of Silver and of Gold.

JOD.

73. To me, who am the Workmanſhip
of thy Almighty Hands,
The heav'nly Underſtanding give
to learn thy juſt Commands.
74. My Preſervation to thy Saints
ſtrong Comfort will afford,
To ſee Succeſs attend my Hopes,
who truſted in thy Word.
75. That right thy Judgments are, I now
by ſure Experience ſee;
And that in Faithfulneſs, O Lord,
thou haſt afflicted me.

76. O let thy tender Mercy now
afford me needful Aid;
According to thy Promise, Lord,
to me, thy Servant, made,

77. To me thy saving Grace restore,
that I again may live;
Whose Soul can relish no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give.

78. Defeat the Proud, who unprovok'd,
to ruin me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred Laws
employ my harmless Thought.

79. Let those that fear thy Name espouse
my Cause, and those alone
Who have by strict and pious Search
thy sacred Precepts known.

80. In thy blest Statutes let my Heart
continue always sound,
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinner's Lot,
may never me confound.

CAPH.

81. My Soul with long Expectance faints
to see thy saving Grace:
Yet still on thy unerring Word
my Confidence I place.

82. My very Eyes consume and fail
with waiting for thy Word;
O! when wilt thou thy kind Relief
and promis'd Aid afford.

83. My

83. My Skin like shrivel'd Parchment shows,
that long in Smoak is set;
Yet no Affliction me can force
thy Statutes to forget.
84. How many Days must I endure
of Sorrow and Distress?
When wilt thou Judgment execute
on them who me oppress?
85. The Proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
who have no other Foes,
But such as are averse to thee,
and thy just Laws oppose.
86. With Right and Truth's eternal Laws
all thy Commands agree;
Men persecute me without Cause,
thou, Lord, my Helper be.
87. With close Designs against my Life
they had almost prevail'd;
But in Obedience to thy Will
my Duty never fail'd:
88. Thy wonted Kindness, Lord, restore,
my drooping Heart to chear;
That by thy righteous Statutes, I
my Life's whole Course may steer.

LAMED.

89. For ever and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou dost remain;
Thy Word, establish'd in the Heav'ns,
does all their Orbs sustain.

90. Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
immoveable shall stand,
As doth the Earth which thou uphold'st
by thy Almighty Hand.

91. All Things the Course by thee ordain'd,
ev'n to this Day fulfill;
They are thy faithful Subjects all,
and Servants of thy Will.

92. Unless thy sacred Law had been
my Comfort and Delight,
I must have fainted and expir'd
in dark Affliction's Night.

93. Thy Precepts therefore from my Tho'ts
shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them hast to new Life
restor'd my dying Heart.

94. As I am thine, entirely thine,
protect me, Lord, from Harm;
Who have thy Precepts sought to know,
and carefully perform.

95. The Wicked have their Ambush laid
my guiltless Life to take;
But in the midst of Danger I
thy Word my Study make.

96. I've seen an End, of what we call
Perfection here below:
But thy Commandments, like Thyself,
no Change or Period know.

MEM.

97. The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
no Language can display;
They with fresh Wonders entertain
my ravish'd Thoughts all Day.
98. Thro' thy Commands I wiser grow
than all my subtle Foes;
For thy sure Word doth me direct,
and all my Ways dispose.

99. From me my former Teachers now
may abler Counsel take;
Because thy sacred Precepts I
my constant Study make.
100. In Understanding I excel
the Sages of our Days;
Because by thy unerring Rules
I order all my Ways.

101. My Feet with Care I have refrain'd
from ev'ry sinful Way,
That to thy sacred Word I might
entire Obedience pay.
102. I have not from thy Judgments stray'd,
by vain Desires mislead;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
thy righteous Paths to tread.

103. How sweet are all thy Words to me;
O what divine Repast!
How much more grateful to my Soul,
than Honey to my Taste.

104. Taught by thy ſacred Precepts, I
with heav'nly Skill am bleſt;
Thro' which the treach'rous Ways of Sin
I utterly deteſt.

NUN.

105. Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
the Way of Truth to ſhow;
A Watch-light to point out the Path,
in which I ought to go.
106. I ſwear (and from my ſolemn Oath
I'll never ſtart aſide)
That in thy righteous Judgments I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.
107. Since I with Griefs am ſo oppreſt,
that I can bear no more;
According to thy Word, do thou
my fainting Soul reſtore.
108. Let ſtill my Sacrifice of Praiſe
with Thee Acceptance find;
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
inſtruct my willing Mind.
109. Tho' ghaſtly Dangers me ſurround,
my Soul they cannot awe,
Nor with continual Terrors keep
from thinking on thy Law.
110. My wicked and invet'rate Foes
for me their Snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright Path,
nor from thy Precepts ſtray'd.

111. Thy

111. Thy Teſtimonies I have made
my Heritage and Choice;
For they when other Comforts fail,
my drooping Heart rejoice.
112. My Heart with early Zeal began
thy Statutes to obey;
And 'till my Courſe of Life is done,
ſhall keep thy upright Way.

SAMECH.

113. Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Law Affection bear
too great to be expreſs'd.
114. My Hiding-place, my Refuge-Tower,
and Shield art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
on thy unerring Word.

115. Hence ye that trade in Wickedneſs,
approach not my Abode;
For firmly I reſolve to keep
the Precepts of my God.
116. According to thy gracious Word,
from Danger ſet me free;
Nor make me of thoſe Hopes aſham'd,
that I repoſe in Thee.

117. Uphold me, ſo ſhall I be ſafe,
and reſcu'd from Diſtreſs;
To thy Decrees continually
my juſt Reſpect addreſs.

118. The Wicked thou haſt trod to Earth,
who from thy Statutes ſtray'd;
Their vile Deceit the juſt Reward
of their own Falſhood made.

119. The Wicked from thy holy Land
thou doſt like Droſs remove;
I therefore, with ſuch Juſtice charm'd,
thy Teſtimonies love.

120. Yet with that Love they make me dread,
leſt I ſhould ſo offend,
When on Tranſgreſſors I behold
thy Judgments thus deſcend.

AIN.

121. Judgment and Juſtice I have lov'd;
O therefore, Lord, engage
In my Defence, nor give me up
to my Oppreſſors Rage.

122. Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me,
and ſo ſhall this Diſtreſs
Prove good for me; nor ſhall the Proud
my guiltleſs Soul oppreſs.

123. My Eyes, alas! begin to fail,
in long Expectance held;
'Till thy Salvation they behold,
and righteous Word fulfill'd.

124. To me, thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
thy wonted Grace diſplay,
And diſcipline my willing Heart
thy Statutes to obey.

125. On

125. On me, devoted to thy Fear,
thy sacred Skill bestow,
That of thy Testimonies I
the full Extent may know.
126. 'Tis time, high time for thee, O Lord,
thy Vengeance to employ,
When Men with open Violence
thy sacred Law destroy.
127. Yet their Contempt of thy Commands
but make their Value rise
In my Esteem, who purest Gold
compar'd with them despise.
128. Thy Precepts therefore I account,
in all respects, divine:
They teach me to discern the right,
and all false Ways decline.

P E.

129. The Wonders which thy Laws contain,
no Words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practise them,
my zealous Heart is bent.
130. The very Entrance to thy Word
cœlestial Light displays,
And Knowledge of true Happiness
to simplest Minds conveys.
131. With eager Hopes I waiting stood,
and fainted with Desire,
That of thy wise Commands I might
the sacred Skill acquire.

132. With Favour, Lord, look down on me
who thy Relief implore;
As thou art wont to visit those
that thy blest Name adore.

133. Directed by thy heav'nly Word,
let all my Footsteps be;
Nor Wickedness of any kind
dominion have o'er me.

134. Release, entirely set me free
from persecuting Hands,
That, unmolested, I may learn
and practise thy Commands.

135. On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord, make thy Face to shine:
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
my Heart with Zeal incline.

136. My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,
whence briny Rivers flow,
To see Mankind against thy Laws
in bold Defiance go.

TSADDI.

137. Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd Innocence may trust;
And, like Thyself, thy Judgments, Lord,
in all respects are just.

138. Most just and true those Statutes were,
which thou didst first decree;
And all with Faithfulness perform'd,
succeeding Times shall see.

139. With

139. With Zeal my Flesh consumes away,
my Soul with Anguish frets,
To see my Foes contemn at once
thy Promises and Threats.
140. Yet each neglected Word of thine
(howe'er by them despis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.

141. Brought, for thy sake, to low Estate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive
thy Precepts from my Mind.
142. Thy Righteousness shall then endure,
when Time itself is past;
Thy Law is Truth itself, that Truth
which shall forever last.

143. Tho' Trouble, Anguish, Doubts and [Dread
to compass me unite,
Beset with Danger, still I make
thy Precepts my Delight.
144. Eternal and unerring Rules
thy Testimonies give:
Teach me the Wisdom that will make
my Soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145. With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
Lord, hear my earnest Cry;
And I, thy Statutes to perform,
will all my Care apply.

146. Again

146. Again more fervently I pray'd,
O save me, that I may
Thy Testimonies throughly know,
and stedfastly obey.

147. My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day
prevented, while I cry'd
To him on whose engaging Word
my Hope alone rely'd.

148. With Zeal have I awak'd before
the Midnight Watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious Word
might perfect Knowledge get.

149. Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,
and wonted Favour shew;
O quicken me, and so approve
thy Judgment ever true.

150. My persecuting Foes advance,
and hourly nearer draw;
What Treatment can I hope from them
who violate thy Law?

151. Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is
thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou, whose Commands are righteous all,
thy Promises sincere.

152. Concerning thy divine Decrees,
my Soul has known of old
That they were true, and shall their Truth
to endless Ages hold.

RESCH.

153. Consider my Affliction, Lord,
and me from Bondage draw;
Think on thy Servant in Distress,
who ne'er forgets thy Law.

154. Plead thou my Cause; to that and me
thy timely Aid afford;
With Beams of Mercy quicken me
according to thy Word.

155. From harden'd Sinners thou remov'st
salvation far away:
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them,
who from thy Statutes stray.

156. Since great thy tender Mercies are
to all who Thee adore;
According to thy Judgments, Lord,
my fainting Hopes restore.

157. A num'rous Host of spiteful Foes
against my Life combine;
But all too few to force my Soul
thy Statutes to decline.

158. Those bold Transgressors I beheld,
and was with Grief oppress'd,
To see with what audacious Pride
thy Cov'nant they transgress'd.

159. Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,
how I thy Precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with Beams
of Mercy from Above.

160. As

160. As from the Birth of Time thy Truth
has held through Ages past,
So shall thy righteous Judgments, firm,
to endless Ages last.

SCHIN.

161. Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cause,
conspire my Blood to shed,
Thy sacred Word has Pow'r alone
to fill my Heart with Dread.

162. And yet that Word my joyful Breast
with heav'nly Rapture warms,
Nor Conquest, nor the Spoils of War,
have such transporting Charms.

163. Perfidious Practices and Lies
I utterly detest;
But to thy Laws Affection bear,
too vast to be express.

164. Sev'n times a Day, with grateful Voice,
thy Praises I resound,
Because I find thy Judgments all
with Truth and Justice crown'd.

165. Secure, substantial Peace have they
who truly love thy Law;
No smiling Mischief them can tempt,
nor frowning Danger awe.

166. For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
and though so long delay'd,
With chearful Zeal and strictest Care
all thy Commands obey'd.

167. Thy

167. Thy Testimonies I have kept,
and constantly obey'd;
Because the Love I bore to them,
thy Service easy made.
168. From strict Observance of thy Laws
I never yet withdrew;
Convinc'd that my most secret Ways
are open to thy View.

TAU.

169. To my Request and earnest Cry
attend, O gracious Lord;
Inspire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
according to thy Word.
170. Let my repeated Pray'r at last
before thy Throne appear;
According to thy plighted Word
for my Relief draw near.
171. Then shall my grateful Lips return
the Tribute of their Praise,
When thou thy Counsels hast reveal'd,
and taught me thy just Ways.
172. My Tongue the Praises of thy Word
shall thankfully resound,
Because thy Promises are all
with Truth and Justice crown'd.
173. Let thy Almighty Arm appear,
and bring me timely Aid;
For I the Laws thou hast ordain'd,
my Heart's free Choice have made.

174. My Soul has waited long to see
thy saving Grace restor'd;
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
thy heav'nly Laws afford.

175. Prolong my Life, that I may sing
my great Restorer's Praise,
Whose Justice from the Depth of Woes
my fainting Soul shall raise.

176. Like some lost Sheep I've stray'd, 'till I
despair my Way to find:
Thou therefore, Lord, thy Servant seek,
who keeps thy Laws in Mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 IN deep Distress I oft have cry'd
To God, who never yet deny'd
To rescue me oppress'd with Wrongs;
2. Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance send,
From lying Lips my Soul defend,
And from the Rage of sland'ring Tongues.

3. What little Profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,
O thou perfidious Tongue, to Thee?
4. Thy Sting upon thyself shall turn;
Of lasting Flames that fiercely burn,
The constant Fuel thou shalt be.

5. But O! how wretched is my Doom,
Who am a Sojourner become
In barren Mesech's desart Soil!
With Kedar's wicked Tents inclos'd,

To

To lawleſs Savages expos'd,
Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.

6. My hapleſs Dwelling is with thoſe
Who Peace and Amity oppoſe,
And Pleaſure take in others Harms:
7. Sweet Peace is all I court and ſeek;
But when to them of Peace I ſpeak,
They ſtraight cry out, *To Arms, To Arms.*

PSALM CXXI.

1 TO Sion's Hill I lift my Eyes,
from thence expecting Aid;
2. From Sion's Hill and Sion's God,
who Heav'n and Earth has made.
3. Then, thou my Soul, in Safety reſt;
thy Guardian will not ſleep:
4. His watchful Care that Iſr'el guards,
will Iſr'el's Monarch keep.

5. Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
6. Where neither Sun nor Moon ſhall thee
by Day or Night moleſt.
7. From common Accidents of Life
his Care ſhall guard thee ſtill;
From Evils undeſign'd, and Foes
that lie in wait to kill.

8. At Home, Abroad, in Peace, in War,
thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage
ſafe to thy Journey's End.

PSALM CXXII.

1 O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
our Tribes devoutly say,
Up Isr'el, to the Temple haste,
and keep your Festal Day.

2. At Salem's Courts we must appear
with our assembled Pow'rs;

3. In strong and beauteous Order rang'd,
like her united Tow'rs;

4. 'Tis thither by Divine Command,
the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
his Name with Praise and Pray'r.

5. Tribunals stand erected there,
where Equity takes place;
There stand the Courts and Palaces
of Royal David's Race.

6. O, pray we then for Salem's Peace,
for they shall prosp'rous be,
(Thou holy City of our God!)
who bear true Love to thee.

7. May Peace within thy sacred Walls
a constant Guest be found,
With Plenty and Prosperity
thy Palaces be crown'd.

8. For my dear Brethren's Sake, and Friends,
no less than Brethren dear,
I'll pray — May Peace in Salem's Tow'rs
a constant Guest appear.

9. But

9. But most of all I'll seek thy Good,
and ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the Temple's Sake,
where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

1, 2. ON Thee, who dwell'st above the Skies,
For Mercy wait my longing Eyes;
As Servants watch their Masters Hands,
And Maids their Mistresses Commands.
3, 4. O then have Mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious Aid to us afford:
To us whom cruel Foes oppress,
Grown rich and proud by our Distress.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord (may Isr'el say)
been pleas'd to interpose,
2. Had he not then espous'd our Cause,
when Men against us rose,
3, 4, 5. Their Wrath had swallow'd us alive,
and rag'd without Controul;
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods
had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

6. But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
who rescu'd us that Day,
Nor to their savage Jaws gave up
our threat'ned Lives a Prey.
7. Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd
from out the Fowler's Net;
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are cross'd,
and we at Freedom set.

8. Secure in his Almighty Name,
our Confidence remains,
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
of both sole Monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

1 WHO place on Sion's God their Trust,
like Sion's Rock shall stand;
Like her immoveably be fixt
by his Almighty Hand.
2. Look how the Hills on ev'ry Side
Jerusalem inclose,
So stands the Lord around his Saints,
to guard them from their Foes.

3. The Wicked may afflict the Just,
but ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by Despair to seek
base Means for his Redress.
4. Be good, O righteous God, to those
who righteous Deeds affect:
The Heart that Innocence retains,
let Innocence protect.

5. All those who walk in crooked Paths,
the Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' Unjust, but crown the Saints
with lasting Peace and Joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

1 WHEN Sion's God her Sons recall'd
from long Captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream
of what we wish'd to see: 2. But

2. But soon, in unaccustom'd Mirth,
we did our Voice employ,
And sung our great Creator's Praise
in thankful Hymns of Joy.

Our Heathen Foes repining stood,
yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the Work
our God for us had done.

3. 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous great,
much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great Things, whereof
we reap the glad Success.

4. To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
of Isr'el's captive Bands,
More welcome than refreshing Show'rs
to parch'd and thirsty Lands.

5. That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,
may see our Labours thrive,
'Till finish'd with Success, to make
our drooping Hearts revive.

6. Tho' he desponds that sows his Grain,
yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
the joyful Harvest home.

PSALM CXXVII.

1 WE build with fruitless Cost, unless
the Lord the Pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the City keep,
the Watchman wakes in vain:

2. In vain we rise before the Day,
and late to Rest repair;
Allow no Respite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care.

Supplies of Life, with Ease to them,
he on his Saints bestows;
He crowns their Labour with Success,
their Nights with sound Repose.

3. Children, those Comforts of our Life,
are Presents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,
as Piety's Reward.

4. As Arrows in a Giant's Hand
when marching forth to War,
Ev'n so the Sons of sprightly Youth,
their Parents Safeguard are.

5. Happy the Man whose Quiver's fill'd
with these prevailing Arms;
He needs not fear to meet his Foe,
at Law, or War's Alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 THE Man is blest who fears the Lord,
nor only Worship pays,
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care
to his appointed Ways.

2. He shall upon the sweet Returns
of his own Labour feed;
Without Dependance live, and see
his Wishes all succeed.

3. His

3. His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,
her lovely Fruit shall bring;
His Children, like young Olive Plants,
about his Table spring:
4,5. Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus;
him Sion's God shall bless;
And grant him all his Days to see
Jerusalem's Success.

6. He shall live on, 'till Heirs from him
descend with vast Increase:
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous State,
and more in Isr'el's Peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 FROM my Youth up, may Isr'el say,
they oft have me assail'd,
2. Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
3. They oft have plow'd my patient Back
with Furrows deep and long:
4. But our just God has broke their Chains,
and rescu'd us from Wrong.

5. Defeat, Confusion, shameful Rout
be still the Doom of those,
Their righteous Doom, who Sion hate,
and Sion's God oppose.
6. Like Corn upon our Houses Tops,
untimely let them fade,
Which too much Heat, and want of Root,
has blasted in the Blade:

7. Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves;
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains
to fold it into Sheaves.
8. No Traveller that passes by,
vouchsafes a Minute's Stop,
To give it one kind Look, or crave
Heav'n's Blessing on the Crop.

PSALM CXXX.

1 FROM lowest Depths of Woe
to God I sent my Cry;
2. Lord, hear my supplicating Voice,
and graciously reply.
3. Should'st thou severely judge,
who can the Trial bear?
4. But thou forgiv'st, least we despond,
and quite renounce thy Fear.

5. My Soul with Patience waits
for Thee the living Lord;
My Hopes are on thy Promise built,
thy never-failing Word.
6. My longing Eyes look out
for thy enliv'ning Ray,
More duly than the Morning Watch
to spy the dawning Day.

7. Let Isr'el trust in God,
no Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
eternal Succour flows,

8. Whose

8. Whose friendly Streams to us
supplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanse,
and wash our Guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
nor cast a scornful Eye;
Nor my aspiring Thoughts employ
in Things for me too high.
2. With Infant Innocence thou know'st
I have my self demean'd;
Compos'd to quiet, like a Babe
that from the Breast is wean'd.
3. Like me let Isr'el hope in God,
his Aid alone implore;
Both now and ever trust in him,
who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

1 LET David, Lord, a constant Place
in thy Remembrance find;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd,
be ever in thy Mind.
2. Remember what a solemn Oath
to Thee, his Lord, he swore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
whom Jacob's Sons adore:
3, 4. I will not go into my House,
nor to my Bed ascend;
No soft Repose shall close my Eyes,
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend; 5. 'Till

5. 'Till for the Lord's design'd Abode
I mark the destin'd Ground;
'Till I a decent Place of Rest
for Jacob's God have found.

6. Th' appointed Place with Shouts of Joy,
at Ephrata we found,
And made the Woods and neighb'ring Fields
our glad Applause resound.

7. O with due Rev'rence let us then
to his Abode repair;
And, prostrate at his Footstool fall'n,
pour out our humble Pray'r.

8. Arise, O Lord, and now possess
thy constant Place of Rest;
Be that, not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Presence blest.

9, 10. Cloath thou thy Priests with Righteousness,
make thou thy Saints rejoice;
And for thy Servant David's Sake,
hear thy Anointed's Voice.

11. God sware to David in his Truth,
(nor shall his Oath be vain)
One of thy Offspring after thee
upon thy Throne shall reign:

12. And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,
and to my Laws submit;
Their Children too upon thy Throne
for evermore shall sit.

13, 14. For

13, 14. For Sion does in God's Esteem
all other Seats excel;
His Place of everlasting Rest,
where he desires to dwell.
15, 16. Her Store, says he, I will increase,
her Poor with Plenty bless;
Her Saints shall shout for Joy, her Priests
my saving Health confess.

17. There David's Pow'r shall long remain
in his successive Line,
And my anointed Servant there
shall with fresh Lustre shine.
18. The Faces of his vanquish'd Foes
Confusion shall o'erspread;
Whilst with confirm'd Success, his Crown
shall flourish on his Head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1 HOW vast must their Advantage be!
how great their Pleasure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and consent
in Offices of Love!
2. True Love is like that precious Oil
which, pour'd on Aaron's Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes
its costly Moisture shed.

3. 'Tis like refreshing Dew, which does
on Hermon's Top distill;
Or like the early Drops that fall
on Sion's fruitful Hill.

4. For

4. For God to all, whose friendly Hearts
with mutual Love abound,
Has firmly promis'd Length of Days
with constant Blessings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 BLESS God, ye Servants that attend
upon his solemn State,
That in his Temple, Night by Night,
with humble Rev'rence wait:
2, 3. Within his House lift up your Hands,
and bless his holy Name;
From Sion bless thy Isr'el, Lord,
who Heav'n and Earth didst frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 O Praise the Lord with one Consent,
and magnify his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord
his worthy Praise proclaim.
2. Praise him all ye that in his House
attend with constant Care;
With those that to his outmost Courts
with humble Zeal repair.
3. For this our truest Int'rest is
glad Hymns of Praise to sing;
And with loud Songs to bless his Name,
a most delightful Thing.
4. For God his own peculiar Choice
the Sons of Jacob makes;
And Isr'el's Offspring for his own
most valu'd Treasure takes.

5. That

5. That God is great, we often have
by glad Experience found;
And seen how he with wond'rous Pow'r
above all Gods is crown'd.
6. For he with unresisted Strength
performs his sov'reign Will;
In Heav'n and Earth, and watry Stores
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.

7. He raises Vapours from the Ground,
which poiz'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at last in Show'rs thro' which
his dreadful Lightnings glare:
8. He from his Store-house brings the Winds;
and he with vengeful Hand,
The first-born slew of Man and Beast,
thro' Egypt's mourning Land.

9. He dreadful Signs and Wonders shew'd
thro' stubborn Egypt's Coasts,
Nor Pharaoh could his Plagues escape,
nor all his num'rous Hosts.
10, 11. 'Twas he that various Nations smote,
and mighty Kings suppress'd;
Sihon and Og, and all besides
who Canaan's Land possess'd.

12, 13. Their Land upon his chosen Race
he firmly did entail;
For which his Fame shall always last,
his Praise shall never fail.

14. For God shall soon his People's Cause
with pitying Eyes survey;
Repent him of his Wrath, and turn
his kindled Rage away.

15. Those Idols, whose false Worship spreads
o'er all the Heathen Lands,
Are made of Silver and of Gold,
the Work of human Hands.

16, 17. They move not their fictitious Tongues,
nor see with polish'd Eyes;
Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,
no Breath their Mouth supplies.

18. As senseless as themselves are they
that all their Skill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous Times
on them for Aid rely.

19. Their just Returns of Thanks to God,
let grateful Isr'el pay;
Nor let the Priests of Aaron's Race
to bless the Lord delay.

20. Their Sense of his unbounded Love
let Levi's House express;
And let all those that fear the Lord,
his Name for ever bless.

21. Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works
in Sion's Courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
exalt his holy Name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 TO God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat:
To him due Praise afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

2, 3. To him whose wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay:
For God, *&c.*

4, 5. By his Almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns by his Command
Were to Perfection brought.
For God, *&c.*

6. He spread the Ocean round
About the spacious Land;
And made the rising Ground
Above the Waters stand.
For God, *&c.*

7, 8, 9. Thro' Heav'n he did display
His num'rous Hosts of Light;
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night.
For God, *&c.*

10, 11, 12. He

10, 11, 12. He ſtruck the Firſt-born dead
Of Egypt's ſtubborn Land;
And thence his People led
With his reſiſtleſs Hand.
For God, &c.

13, 14. By him the raging Sea,
As if in Pieces rent,
Diſclos'd a middle Way,
Through which his People went.
For God, &c.

15. Where ſoon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his Hoſt,
Who daring to purſue,
Were in the Billows loſt.
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18. Thro' Deſarts vaſt and wild
He led the choſen Seed;
And famous Princes foil'd,
And made great Monarch's bleed,
For God, &c.

19. 20. Sihon, whoſe potent Hand
Great Ammon's Scepter ſway'd;
And Og, whoſe ſtern Command
Rich Baſhan's Land obey'd.
For God, &c.

21, 22. And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Lands, whom he deſtroy'd,

He gave to Isr'el's Race,
To be by them enjoy'd,
For God, &c.

23, 24. He, in our Depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought,
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought,
For God, &c.

25, 26. He does the Food supply,
On which all Creatures live:
To God who reigns on high
Eternal Praises give.
For God will prove
Our constant Friend,
His boundless Love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 WHEN we, our weary'd Limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates Stream,
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppress,
And Sion was our mournful Theme.
2. Our Harps, that when with Joy we sung
Were wont their tuneful Parts to bear,
With silent Strings neglected hung
On Willow-trees that wither'd there.

3. Mean while our Foes, who all conspir'd
To triumph in our slavish Wrongs,
Musick and Mirth of us requir'd,
"Come, sing us one of Sion's Songs."

4. How ſhall we tune our Voice to ſing?
Or touch our Harps with ſkilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King
Be ſung by Slaves in foreign Lands?

5. O Salem, our once happy Seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand forget
The ſpeaking Strings with Art to move!
6. If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal Silence ſeize my Tongue;
Or if I ſing one chearful Air,
'Till thy Deliv'rance is my Song!

7. Remember, Lord, how Edom's Race,
In thy own City's fatal Day,
Cry'd out, "Her ſtately Walls deface,
"And with the Ground quite level lay."
8. Proud Babel's Daughter, doom'd to be
Of Grief and Woe the wretched Prey,
Bleſs'd is the Man, who ſhall to thee
The Wrongs thou laid'ſt on us, repay.

9. Thrice bleſs'd, who with juſt Rage poſſeſt,
And deaf to all the Parents Moans,
Shall ſnatch thy Infants from the Breaſt,
And daſh their Heads againſt the Stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

WIth my whole Heart, my God and King,
thy Praiſe I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll ſing,
and bleſs thy holy Name.

2. I'll

2. I'll worſhip at thy ſacred Seat ;
and with thy Love inſpir'd,
The Praiſes of thy Truth repeat,
o'er all thy Works admir'd.

3. Thou graciouſly inclin'dſt thine Ear,
when I to thee did cry ;
And when my Soul was preſs'd with Fear,
didſt inward Strength ſupply.
4. Therefore ſhall ev'ry earthly Prince
thy Name with Praiſe purſue,
Whom theſe admir'd Events convince
that all thy Works are true.

5. They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
with chearful Songs ſhall bleſs ;
And all thy glorious Acts record,
thy awful Pow'r confeſs.
6. For God, altho' enthron'd on high,
does thence the Poor reſpect ;
The Proud far off, his ſcornful Eye
beholds with juſt Neglect.

7. Tho' I with Troubles am oppreſs'd,
he ſhall my Foes diſarm,
Relieve my Soul when moſt diſtreſs'd,
and keep me ſafe from Harm.
8. The Lord, whoſe Mercies ever laſt,
ſhall fix my happy State ;
And mindful of his Favours paſt,
ſhall his own Work compleat.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1, THOU Lord, by ſtricteſt Search haſt
2. My riſing up and lying down; [known
My ſecret Thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3. Thine Eye my Bed and Path ſurveys,
My publick Haunts and private Ways;
4. Thou know'ſt what 'tis my Lips would
My yet unutter'd Words intent. [vent,

5. Surrounded by thy Pow'r I ſtand,
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.
6. O Skill, for human Reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye!
7. O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence ſhun?
Or whither from thy Preſence run?

8. If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in Light;
Or ſink to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.
9. If I the Morning's Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Weſtern Main,
10. Thy ſwifter Hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.

11. Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight
Beneath the ſable Wings of Night;
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.

12. The

12. The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes:
Thro' Midnight Shades thou find'ſt thy Way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

13. Thou know'ſt the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins and ev'ry vital Part;
Each ſingle Thread, in Nature's Loom,
By thee was cover'd in the Womb.
14. I'll praiſe Thee from whoſe Hands I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
The Wonders thou in me haſt ſhown,
My Soul with grateful Joy muſt own.

15. Thine Eyes my Subſtance did ſurvey,
While yet a lifeleſs Maſs it lay,
In ſecret how exactly wrought,
E'er from its dark Incloſure brought.
16. Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs Embrio ſee,
Its Parts were regiſtred by Thee:
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

17. Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That ſince this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
18. Far ſooner could I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore:
Each Morn reviſing what I've done,
I find th' Account but new begun.

19. The Wicked thou ſhalt ſlay, O God:
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood,
20. Whoſe Tongues Heav'n's Majeſty profane,
And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.
21. Lord, hate not I their impious Crew,
Who thee with Enmity purſue?
And does not Grief my Heart oppreſs,
When Reprobates thy Law tranſgreſs?

22. Who practiſe Enmity to Thee,
Shall utmoſt Hatred have from me;
Such Men I utterly deteſt,
As if they were my Foes profeſt.
23, 24. Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and Heart,
If Miſchief lurks in any Part;
Correct me where I go aſtray,
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

PSALM CXL.

1 PReſerve me, Lord, from crafty Foes
of treacherous Intent;
2. And from the Sons of Violence,
on open Miſchief bent.
3. Their ſland'ring Tongues the Serpent's Sting
in Sharpneſs does exceed:
Between their Lips the Gall of Aſps
and Adders Venom breed.

4. Preſerve me, Lord, from wicked Hands,
nor leave my Soul forlorn,
A Prey to Sons of Violence,
who have my Ruin ſworn.

5. The

5. The Proud for me have laid their Snare,
and ſpread their wily Net;
With Traps and Gins where-e'er I move,
I find my Steps beſet.

6. But thus environ'd with Diſtreſs,
thou art my God I ſaid;
Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
that calls to thee for Aid.

7. O Lord, the God whoſe ſaving Strength
kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous Head
in Battle's doubtful Day;

8. Permit not their unjuſt Deſigns
to anſwer their Deſire;
Leſt they, encourag'd by Succeſs,
to bolder Crimes aſpire.

9. Let firſt their Chiefs the ſad Effects
of their Injuſtice mourn;
The Blaſt of their envenom'd Breath,
upon themſelves return.

10. Let them who kindled firſt the Flame,
its Sacrifice become;
The Pit they digg'd for me, be made
their own untimely Tomb.

11. Tho' Slander's Breath may raiſe a Storm,
it quickly will decay;
Their Rage does but the Torrent ſwell,
that bears themſelves away.

12. God will assert the poor Man's Cause,
and speedy Succour give;
The Just shall celebrate his Praise,
and in his Presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

1 TO thee, O Lord, my Cries ascend,
O haste to my Relief;
And with accustom'd Pity hear
the Accents of my Grief.
2. Instead of Off'rings, let my Pray'r
like Morning Incense rise;
My lifted Hands supply the Place
of Ev'ning Sacrifice.
3. From hasty Language curb my Tongue,
and let a constant Guard
Still keep the Portal of my Lips,
with wary Silence barr'd.
4. From wicked Mens Designs and Deeds
my Heart and Hands restrain;
Nor let me in the Booty share
of their unrighteous Gain.
5. Let upright Men reprove my Faults,
and I shall think them kind;
Like Balm that heals a wounded Head,
I their Reproof shall find;
And in return, my fervent Pray'r
I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to sore Distress.

6. When

6. When skulking in Engedi's Rock,
I to their Chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful Word I spoke,
when I had Pow'r to kill.
7. Yet us they persecute to Death,
our scatter'd Ruins lie,
As thick as from the Hewer's Axe
the sever'd Splinters fly.
8. But, Lord, to thee I still direct
my supplicating Eyes,
O leave not destitute my Soul,
whose Trust on thee relies.
9. Do thou preserve me from the Snares
that wicked Hands have laid;
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
while my Escape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

1 TO God with mournful Voice
in deep Distress I pray'd;
2. Made him the Umpire of my Cause,
my Wrongs before him laid.
3. Thou didst my Steps direct,
when my griev'd Soul despair'd;
For where I thought to walk secure,
they had their Traps prepar'd.
4. I look'd, but found no Friend
to own me in Distress;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchsaf'd
his Pity or Redress.

5. To God at last I pray'd,
thou, Lord, my Refuge art,
My Portion in the Land of Life,
'till Life itself depart.

6. Reduc'd to greatest Straits,
to Thee I make my Moan;
O save me from oppressive Foes,
for me too pow'rful grown,

7. That I may praise thy Name,
my Soul from Prison bring;
Whilst of thy kind Regard to me,
assembled Saints shall sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 LORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accustom'd Faith and Truth
a gracious Answer send.

2. Nor at thy strict Tribunal bring
thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy Sight no living Man
can e'er be justify'd.

3. The spiteful Foe pursues my Life,
whose Comforts all are fled;
He drives me into Caves as dark
as Mansions of the Dead.

4. My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and sinks within my Breast;
My mournful Heart grows desolate,
with heavy Woes oppress.

5. I

5. I call to mind the Days of old,
and Wonders thou haſt wrought:
My former Dangers and Eſcapes
employ my muſing Thought.
6. To thee my Hands in humble Prayer
I fervently ſtretch out;
My Soul for thy Refreſhment thirſts,
like Land oppreſt with Drought.

7. Hear me with Speed; my Spirit fails;
thy Face no longer hide,
Leſt I become forlorn, like them
that in the Grave reſide.
8. Thy Kindneſs early let me hear,
whoſe Truſt on thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I ſhould go:
my Soul to thee aſcends.

9. Do thou, O Lord, from all my Foes
preſerve, and ſet me free;
A ſafe Retreat againſt their Rage,
my Soul implores from Thee.
10. Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
inſtruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
my Soul in thy right Way.

11. O for the ſake of thy great Name
revive my drooping Heart:
For thy Truth's Sake to me diſtreſs'd,
thy promis'd Aid impart.

12. In

12. In Pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,
reduce my Foes to Shame;
Slay them that perſecute a Soul
devoted to thy Name.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 FOR ever bleſt be God the Lord,
Who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Srength and Skill afford
To wield my Arms with warlike Art.
2. His Goodneſs is my Fort and Tow'r,
My ſtrong Deliv'rance and my Shield;
In him I truſt, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
Makes to my Sway fierce Nations yield.

3. Lord, what's in Man, that thou ſhould'ſt [love
Such tender Care of him to take;
What in his Offspring could thee move
Such great Account of him to make?
4. The Life of Man does quickly fade,
His Thoughts but empty are and vain;
His Days are like a flying Shade,
Of whoſe ſhort Stay no Signs remain.

5. In ſolemn State, O God, deſcend,
Whilſt Heav'n its loſty Head inclines;
The ſmoaking Hills aſunder rend,
Of thy Approach the awful Signs.
6. Diſcharge thy dreadful Lightning round,
And make thy ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,
And their Deſtruction ſoon compleat.

7, 8. Do

7, 8. Do Thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
Thy boundleſs Pow'r my Foes to quell,
And ſnatch me from the ſtormy Rage
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell.
Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

9. So I to Thee, O King of Kings,
In joyful Hymns my Voice ſhall raiſe,
And Inſtruments of various Strings
Shall help me thus to ſing thy Praiſe.
10. "God does to Kings his Aid afford,
"To them his ſure Salvation ſends;
"'Tis He that from the murd'ring Sword,
"His Servant David ſtill defends."

11. Fight thou againſt my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.
12. Then our young Sons like Trees ſhall grow,
Well planted in ſome fruitful Place;
Our Daughters ſhall like Pillars ſhow,
Deſign'd ſome Royal Court to grace.

13. Our Garners fill'd with various Store,
Shall us and ours with Plenty feed,
Our Sheep increaſing more and more,
Shall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.

14. Strong

14. Strong shall our lab'ring Oxen grow,
Nor in their constant Labour faint;
Whilst we no War nor Slav'ry know,
And in our Streets hear no Complaint.

15. Thrice happy is that Peoples Case,
Whose various Blessings thus abound:
Who God's true Worship still embrace,
And are with his Protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

1. 2, THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
thy endless Praise proclaim;
This Tribute daily I will bring,
and ever bless thy Name.

3. Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,
above our Knowledge rais'd.

4. Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
to future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name
successively descends.

5, 6. Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,
and wond'rous Works express,
The World with me thy Might shall own,
and thy great Pow'r confess.

7. The Praise that to thy Love belongs,
they shall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs
shall be the constant Theme.

8. The

8. The Lord is good; fresh Acts of Grace
his Pity still supplies;
His Anger moves with slowest Pace,
his willing Mercy flies.

9, 10. Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
to all thy Works expreſt;
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name
is by thy Servants blest.

11. They, with the glorious Prospect fir'd,
shall of thy Kingdom speak;
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,
their lofty Subject make.

12. God's glorious Works of ancient Date,
shall thus to all be known;
And thus his Kingdom's Royal State,
with publick Splendor shown.

13. His stedfast Throne, from Changes free,
shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless Sway no End shall see,
but Time itself out-last.

PART II.

14, 15. The Lord does them support that fall,
and makes the Prostrate rise;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
who timely Food supplies.

16. Whate'er their various Wants require,
with open Hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just Desire
of ev'ry thing that lives.

17, 18. How

17, 18. How holy is the Lord, how juſt!
how righteous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Truſt
for his Aſſiſtance prays.
19. He grants the full Deſires of thoſe
who him with Fear adore;
And will their Troubles ſoon compoſe,
when they his Aid implore.
20. The Lord preſerves all thoſe with Care
whom grateful Love employs:
But Sinners who his Vengeance dare,
with furious Rage deſtroys.
21. My Time to come, in Praiſes ſpent,
ſhall ſtill advance his Fame,
And all Mankind with one Conſent
for ever bleſs his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2. O Praiſe the Lord, and thou, my Soul,
for ever bleſs his Name:
His wond'rous Love, while Life ſhall laſt,
my conſtant Praiſe ſhall claim.
3. On Kings, the greateſt Sons of Men,
let none for Aid rely;
They cannot ſave in dang'rous Times,
nor timely Help apply.
4. Depriv'd of Breath, to Duſt they turn,
and there neglected lie,
And all their Thoughts and vain Deſigns
together with them die.

5. Then

5. Then happy he, who Jacob's God
for his Protector takes;
Who ſtill, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord
his conſtant Refuge makes.

6. The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt Truth,
nor make his Promiſe vain.

7. The Poor oppreſt, from all their Wrongs
are eas'd by his Decree;
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
and ſets the Priſ'ners free.

8. By him the Blind receive their Sight,
the Weak and Fall'n he rears:
With kind Regard and tender Love
he for the Righteous cares.

9. The Strangers he preſerves from Harm,
the Orphan kindly treats,
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
of wicked Men defeats.

10. The God, that does in Sion dwell,
is our eternal King:
From Age to Age his Reign endures,
let all his Praiſes ſing.

PSALM CXLVII.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
and celebrate his Fame!
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis
to praiſe his holy Name.

2. His holy City God will build,
tho' levell'd with the Ground :
Bring back his People, tho' disper's'd
thro' all the Nations round.

3, 4. He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
and all their Wounds does close ;
He tells the Number of the Stars,
their sev'ral Names he knows.

5, 6. Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
his Wisdom has no Bound ;
The Meek he raises, and throws down
the Wicked to the Ground.

7. To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praise
with grateful Voices sing ;
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
and strike each warbling String.

8. He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
refreshing Rain bestows :
Thro' him, on Mountain-tops, the Grass
with wond'rous Plenty grows.

9. He, savage Beasts that loosely range,
with timely Food supplies ;
He feeds the Ravens tender Brood,
and stops their hungry Cries.

10. He values not the warlike Steed,
but does his Strength disdain ;
The nimble Foot that swiftly runs,
no Prize from him can gain.

11. But he, to him that fears his Name,
his tender Love extends;
To him that on his boundleſs Grace
with ſtedfaſt Hope depends.
12, 13. Let Sion and Jeruſalem
to God their Praiſe addreſs;
Who fenc'd their Gates with maſſy Bars,
and does their Children bleſs.

14, 15. Thro' all their Borders he gives Peace,
with fineſt Wheat they're fed;
He ſpeaks the Word, and what he wills
is done as ſoon as ſaid.
16. Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
deſcend at his Command;
And hoary Froſt, like Aſhes ſpread,
is ſcatter'd o'er the Land.

17. When join'd to theſe, he does his Hail
in little Morſels break,
Who can againſt his piercing Cold
ſecure Defences make?
18. He ſends his Word, which melts the Ice;
he makes his Wind to blow,
And ſoon the Streams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous Currents flow.

19. By him his Statutes and Decrees
to Jacob's Sons were ſhown;
And ſtill to Iſr'el's choſen Seed
his righteous Laws are known.

20. No other Nation this can boaſt,
nor did he e'er afford
To Heathen Lands his Oracles,
And Knowledge of his Word.
Hallelujah.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1, 2. YE boundleſs Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame:
His Praiſe your Song employ
Above the ſtarry Frame;
Your Voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To ſing his Praiſe.

3, 4. Thou Moon that rul'ſt the Night,
And Sun that guid'ſt the Day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay:
His Praiſe declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

5, 6. Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe Almighty Word
They all from Nothing came:
And all ſhall laſt,
From Changes free:
His firm Decree
Stands ever faſt.

7, 8. Let

7, 8. Let Earth her Tribute pay ;
Praiſe him, ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh that through the Sea
Glide ſwift with glitt'ring ſcales :
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And miſty Air,
And Winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10. By Hills and Mountains (all
In grateful Conſort join'd)
By Cedars ſtately tall,
And Trees for Fruit deſign'd ;
By ev'ry Beaſt,
And creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing,
His Name be bleſt.

11, 12. Let all of Royal Birth,
With thoſe of humbler Frame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchleſs Praiſe proclaim.
In this Deſign
Let Youths with Maids,
And hoary Heads
With Children join.

13. United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.

Earth's utmoſt Ends
His Pow'r obey:
His glorious Sway
The Sky tranſcends.

4. His choſen Saints to grace,
He ſets them up on high,
And favours Iſr'el's Race,
Who ſtill to him are nigh.
O therefore raiſe
Your grateful Voice,
And ſtill rejoice
The Lord to praiſe.

PSALM CXLIX.

1, 2. O Praiſe ye the Lord,
prepare your glad Voice,
His Praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing.
In our great Creator
let Iſr'el rejoice,
And Children of Sion
be glad in their King.

3. 4. Let them his great Name
extol in the Dance;
With Timbrel and Harp
his Praiſes expreſs,
Who always takes Pleaſure
his Saints to advance,
And with his Salvation
the Humble to bleſs.

5, 6. With

5, 6. With Glory adorn'd,
his People shall sing
To God, who their Beds
with Safety does shield;
Their Mouths fill'd with Praises
of him their great King;
Whilst a two-edged Sword
their right Hand shall weild.

7, 8. Just Vengeance to take
for Injuries past;
To punish those Lands
for Ruin design'd;
With Chains, as their Captives,
to tie their Kings fast,
With Fetters of Iron
their Nobles to bind.

9. Thus shall they make good,
when them they destroy,
The dreadful Decree
which God does proclaim
Such Honour and Triumph
his Saints shall enjoy,
O therefore for ever
exalt his great Name.

PSALM CL.

1. O Praise the Lord in that blest Place
From whence his Goodness largely flows:
Praise him in Heav'n, where he his Face
Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows,

2. Praiſe him for all the mighty Acts,
Which he in our Behalf has done;
His Kindneſs this Return exacts,
With which our Praiſe ſhould equal run.

3. Let the ſhrill Trumpet's warlike Voice
Make Rocks and Hills his Praiſe rebound;
Praiſe him with Harp's melodious Noiſe,
And gentle Pſalt'ry's ſilver Sound.
4. Let Virgin Troops ſoft Timbrels bring,
And ſome with graceful Motion dance;
Let Inſtruments of various Strings,
With Organs join'd, his Praiſe advance.

5. Let them who joyful Hymns compoſe,
To Cymbals ſet their Songs of Praiſe;
Cymbals of common Uſe, and thoſe
That loudly ſound on ſolemn Days.
6. Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath he does to them afford,
In juſt Returns of Praiſe employ;
Let ev'ry Creature praiſe the Lord.

THE END.

GLORIA

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm 25.

To God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, Glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo
to all Eternity.

As the 100*th Pſalm.*

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory as it was of Old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

As Pſalm 112, *and laſt Part of the* 113
Pſalm Tune.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom Heav'n's triumphant Hoſt,
And ſuff'ring Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory as in Ages paſt,
As now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt,
When Time it ſelf muſt be no more.

As Pſalm 148.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bleſs'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All Worſhip be addreſs'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo
For evermore.

As Pſalm 149.

By Angels in Heaven
of ev'ry Degree,
And Saints upon Earth,
all Praiſe be addreſs'd
To God in Three Perſons,
one God ever bleſs'd;
As it has been, now is,
and always ſhall be.

Benedictus, *the Song of* Zecharias.

Luke I. 68, &c.

NOW bleſt be *Iſr'el*'s Lord and God,
whoſe Mercy at our Need
Has viſited his People's Grief,
and them from Bondage freed:
And rais'd in faithful *David*'s Houſe
Salvation, which of old,
E'er ſince the World it ſelf began,
his Prophets had foretold.

To ſave us from our ſpiteful Foes,
and keep his Oath in mind,
Which he to *Abr'am* heretofore,
and to our Fathers ſign'd.
That we, from Fear and Danger freed,
his Temple may frequent;
And all our Days, as in his Sight,
In Holy Life be ſpent.

And thou, O Child, ſhalt then be call'd
God's Prophet, to declare
His Meſſage, and before his Face
his Paſſage to prepare.
To give them Light who now in Shades
of Night and Death abide;
And in the Way that leads to Peace
our Footſteps ſafely guide.

Mag-

Magnificat. *Song of the Bleſſed Virgin.*

Luke I. 46, &c.

MY Soul and Spirit fill'd with Joy,
my God and Saviour praiſe;
Whoſe Goodneſs did from poor Eſtate
his humble Hand-maid raiſe.
Me bleſt of God, the God of Pow'r,
all Ages ſhall confeſs,
Whoſe Name is Holy, and whoſe Love
his Saints ſhall ever bleſs.

The Proud, and all their vain Deſigns,
he quickly did confound:
He caſt the Mighty from their Seat,
the Meek and Humble crown'd.
The Hungry with good Things are fill'd,
the Rich with Hunger pin'd:
He ſent his Servant *Iſr'el* help,
and call'd his Love to mind;

Which to our Fathers heretofore,
by Oath he did enſure;
To *Abr'am* and his choſen Seed,
for ever to endure.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
Be Glory; as it was, and is,
and ſhall be evermore.

Nunc

Nunc Dimittis. *Song of St.* Simeon.

Luke I. 29.

LORD let thy Servant now depart
Into thy promis'd Reſt,
Since my expecting Eyes have been
With thy Salvation bleſt:
Which, till this Time, thy favour'd Saints,
And Prophets, only knew,
Long ſince prepar'd, but now ſet forth
In all the Peoples view.

A Light to ſhew the Heathen World
The Way to ſaving Grace:
But O! the Light and Glory both
Of *Iſr'el*'s choſen Race.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
Be Glory; as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

SONG of the Angels at the Nativity of our Bleſſed Saviour.

Luke II. *from v.* 8. *to v.* 15.

WHILE Shepherds watch'd their Flocks [by Night,
all ſeated on the Ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
and Glory ſhone around.

" Fear not, ſaid he, (for mighty Dread
had ſeiz'd their troubled Mind,)
" Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring
" to you and all Mankind.

" To you, in *David*'s Town, this Day
" is born of *David*'s Line
" The SAVIOUR, who is CHRIST the Lord;
" and this ſhall be the Sign.
" The heav'nly Babe you there ſhall find
" to human View diſplay'd,
" All meanly wrapt in ſwathing Bands,
" and in a Manger laid.

Thus ſpake the Seraph, and forthwith
appear'd a ſhining Throng
Of Angels praiſing GOD, and thus
addreſt their joyful Song;
" All Glory be to GOD on High;
" and to the Earth be Peace;
" Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to Men,
" begin and never ceaſe.

HYMNS
For the Chriſtian Communion.

HYMN I.

Out of the Revelation of St. John, *Chap.* 4.

THOU God, all Glory, Honour, Pow'r
art worthy to receive:
Since all Things by thy Pow'r were made,
and by thy Bounty live. And

And worthy is the Lamb all Pow'r
Honour and Wealth to gain,
Glory and Strength, who for our Sins
a Sacrifice was slain.

v. 8. All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
and ransom'd us to God,
From ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Coast
by thy most precious Blood.
Blessing and Honour, Glory, Pow'r
by all in Earth and Heav'n,
To him that sits upon the Throne,
and to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN II Rev. *Chap.* 19.

v. 5. ALL ye who faithful Servants are
of our Almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great,
his Praise devoutly sing!
Let us rejoice, and render Thanks
to his most Holy Name;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
the Marriage of the Lamb.

His Bride her self has ready made
how pure and white her Dress!
v. 8. Which is the Saints Integrity,
and spotless Holiness.
O therefore blest is ev'ry one
who to the Marriage Feast,
And holy Supper of the Lamb
is call'd a welcome Guest.

EASTER-

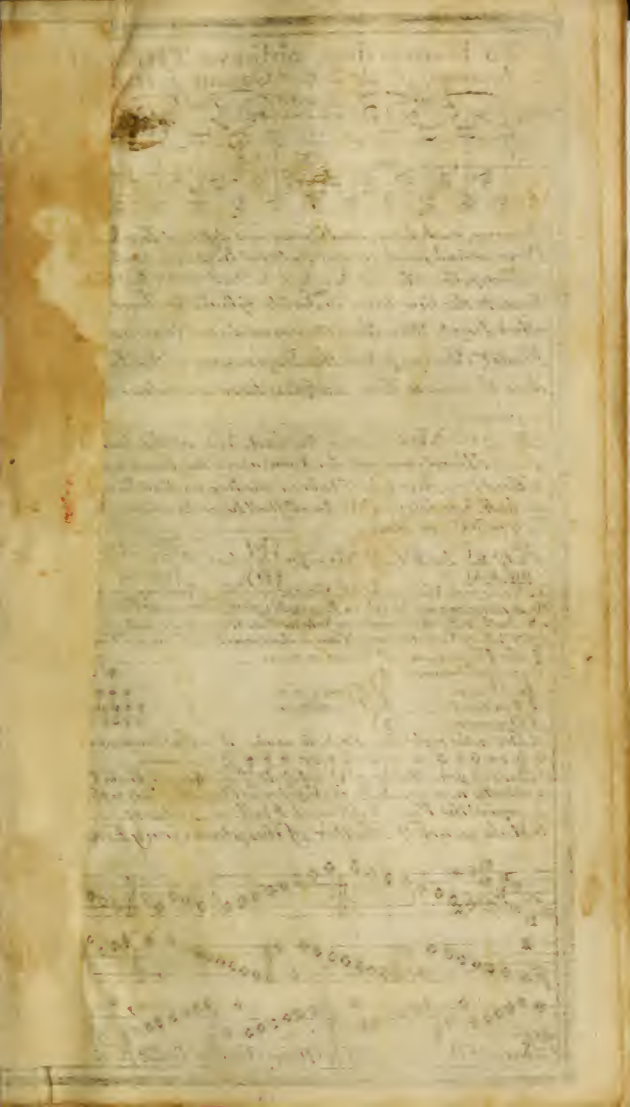
EASTER-DAY.

SINCE *Christ* our Paſſover is ſlain
a Sacrifice for all ;
Let all with thankful Hearts agree
to keep the Feſtival :
Not with the Leaven, as of old,
of Sin and Malice fed ;
But with unfeign'd Sincerity,
and Truth's unleaven'd Bread.

Chriſt being rais'd by Pow'r Divine,
and reſcu'd from the Grave,
Shall die no more, Death ſhall on Him
no more Dominion have ;
For that he dy'd, 'twas for our Sins
he once vouchſaf'd to die,
But that he lives, he lives to God,
for all Eternity.

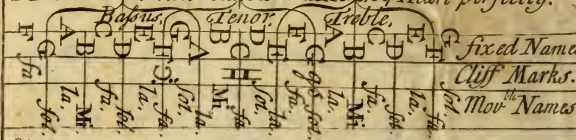
So count yourſelves as dead to Sin,
but graciouſly reſtor'd,
And made henceforth alive to God,
through *Jeſus Chriſt* our Lord.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
the God whom we adore,
Be Glory ; as it was, is now,
and ſhall be evermore.

F I N I S.



1 To learn to sing, observe THESE RULES.

1 *Learn this Scale called* Gamut. *by Heart perfectly.*



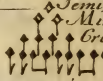
Observe, each Line, and Space, is a distinct Key. B. *is* Mi. *'s natural Place: which produces two natural Keys, one ending in* C. *which is Sharp, the other in* A *which is flatt: but to suit the various Tunes to the five lines, in Treble, & Bass, the Tune ends in some other Key, &* Mi. *is then Accommodated to it's natural Place by Flatts & Sharps sett at the Beginning of the Tune, which run thro' the whole Tune, unless where a contrary Flatt or sharp is placed*

2 *Find the* Mi. *Observe, the last Note of the Tune is the Key A greater Third (two whole Notes) above the Key, is a sharp Key: a lesser Third) one Note & half.) above the Key, is a flatt Key In all sharp Keys the half Note below is* Mi. *In all flatt Keys the whole Note above the Key is* Mi. *or thus*

if {B / B & E / BE & A} *be Flatt,* Mi *is in* {E / A / D} *but if* {F / F & C / FC & G} *be sharp* Mi. *is in* {F / C / G}

3. *Name your Notes right All Notes above* Mi. *ascending are* fa. sol. la *all below* Mi. *descending are* la. sol. fa *Every Eighth is the same From* Mi. *to* fa & la *to* fa *are half Notes A (✱) raises a Note half a Note higher; a (b) sinks it half a Note lower 4 Keep Time, Common Time is thus marked. ℭ. Triple Time thus 3. or slower* $\frac{3}{2}$. *the Propotion of Time is thus,*

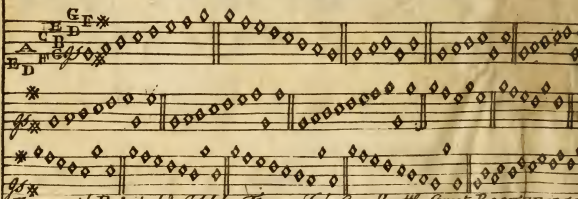
One Semibreive is 4
A Minim 2
A Crotchet 1
A Quaver 1/2
} *Beates of a Pendulum.*



A Dot on the right side of a Note make it half as long again, as ◇ *is* ◇ ◇. *or* ◇ ◇ ◇. *so* ◇. *is* ◇ ●. *or* ● ● ●. *&c*

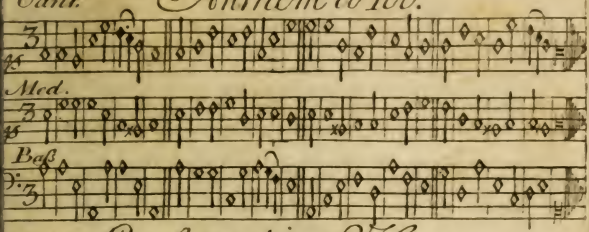
5 *Observe your Marks.* gs G *sol re ut.* ∥ *Medius.* ☽: *Bass Cliff. the Medius is usually now wrote on the* G *sol re ut Cliff.* √ *directs to the next Note.* 𝄋. *repeat the Part.* ✱ *Sharp.* b *Flatt.* ⌒ *Slurrs.*

6 *Make yourself Master of this plain Song First*

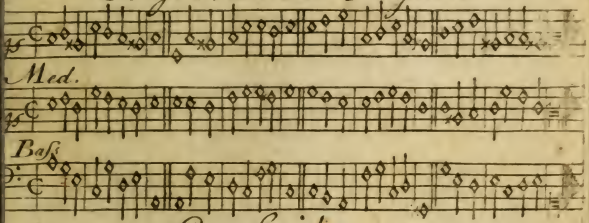


Engrav'd Printed & sold by Thomas Johnston Brattle street Boston 1755

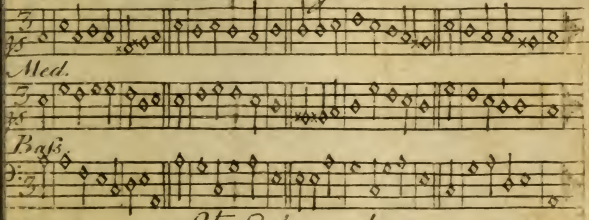
Cant. Anthem to 100.



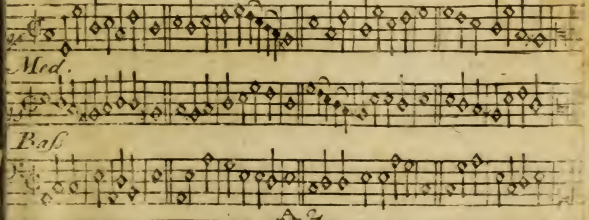
Cant. Consecration Hymn.

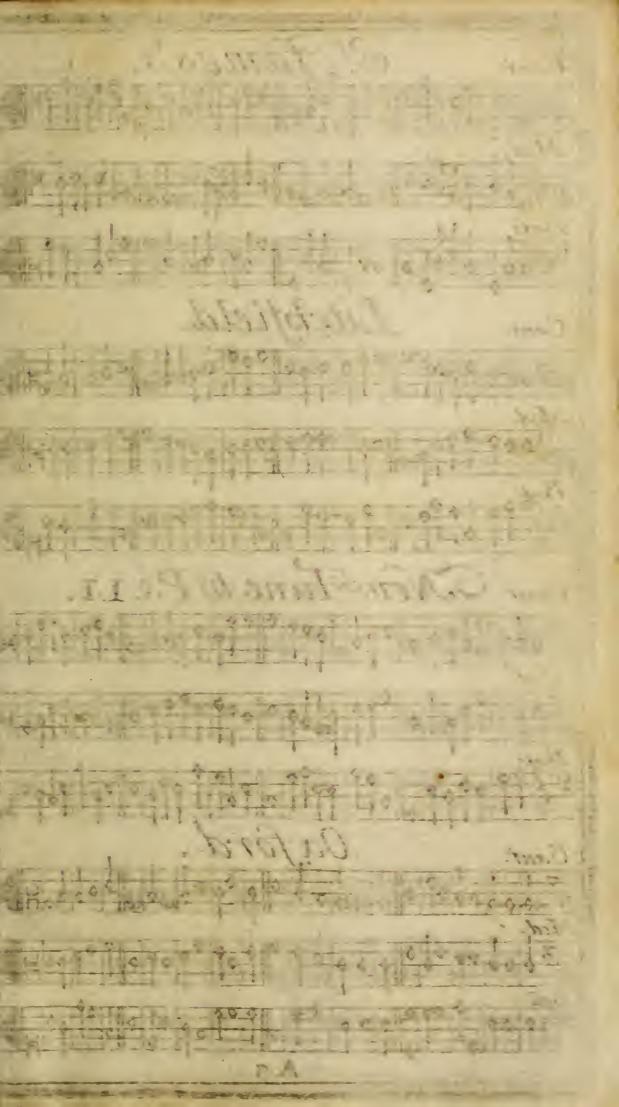


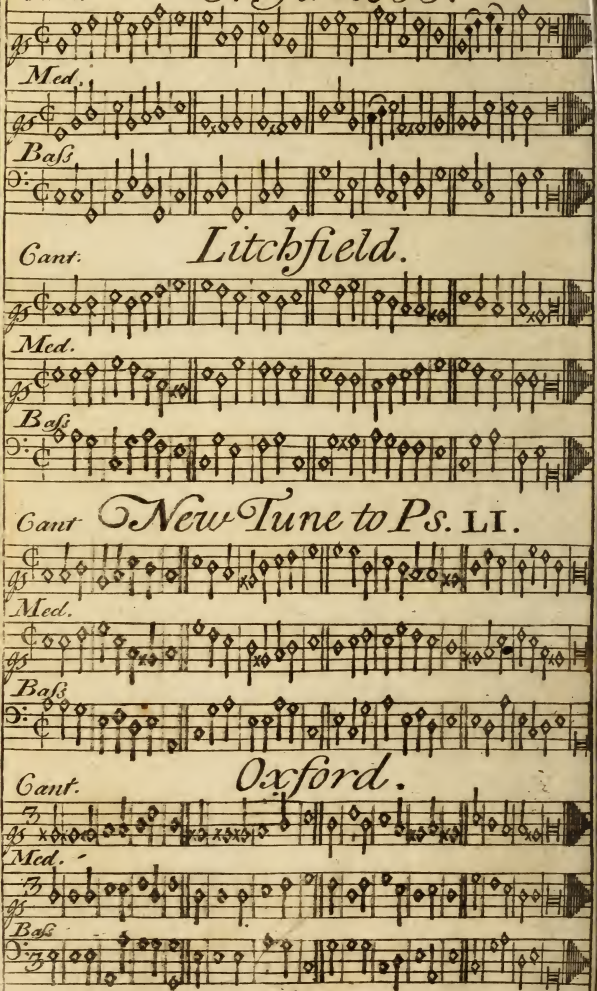
Cant. Cambridge.



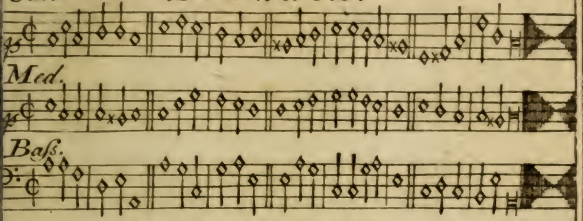
Cant. S.t Edmund's.



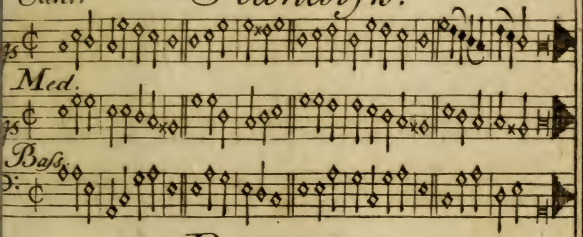



Cant.
St. James's.
Med.
Bass
Cant.
Litchfield.
Med.
Bass
Cant
New Tune to Ps. LI.
Med.
Bass
Cant.
Oxford.
Med.
Bass

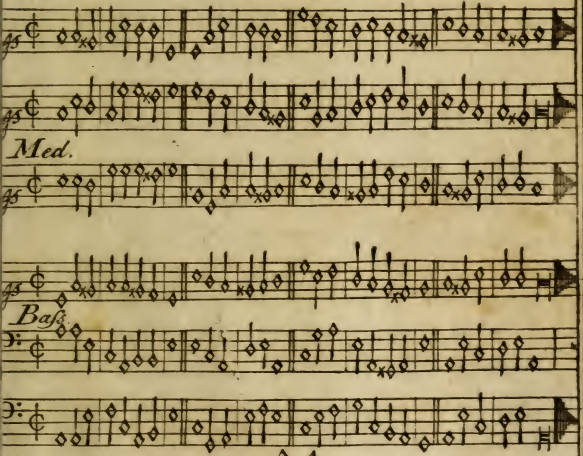
Cant *Southwell.*



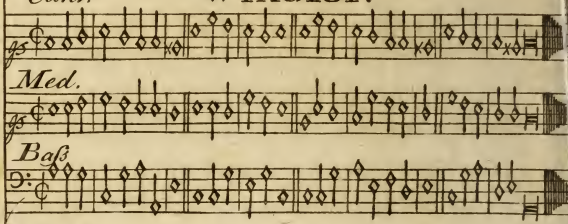
Cant. *Standiſh.*



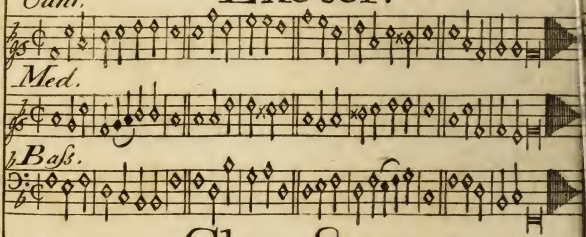
Cant. *PSALM* XVIII.



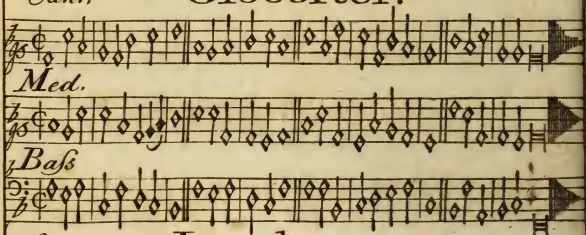
5 *Cant.* Windsor.



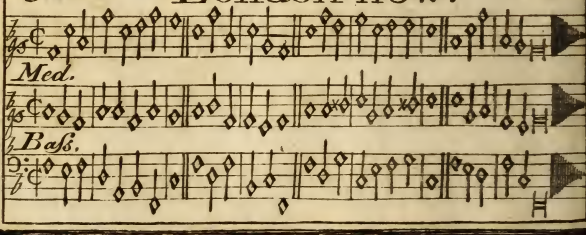
Cant. Exeter.



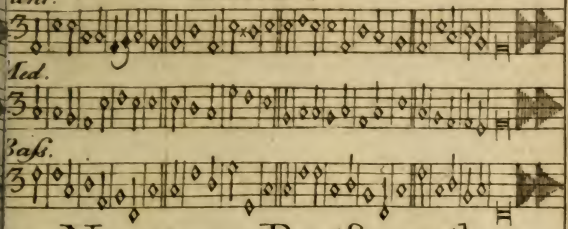
Cant. Glocester.



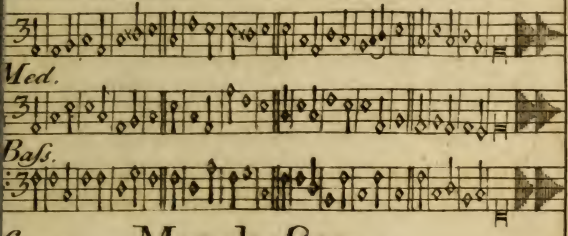
Cant. London new.



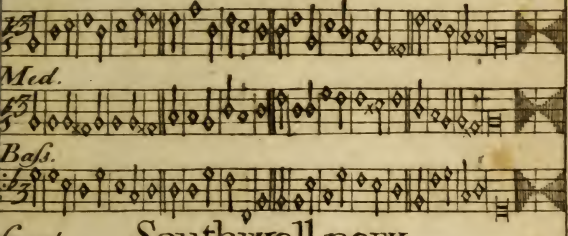
Mear.



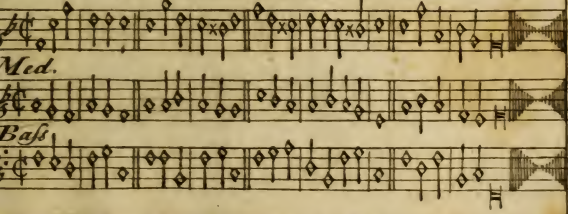
Namur *or* Portsmouth.



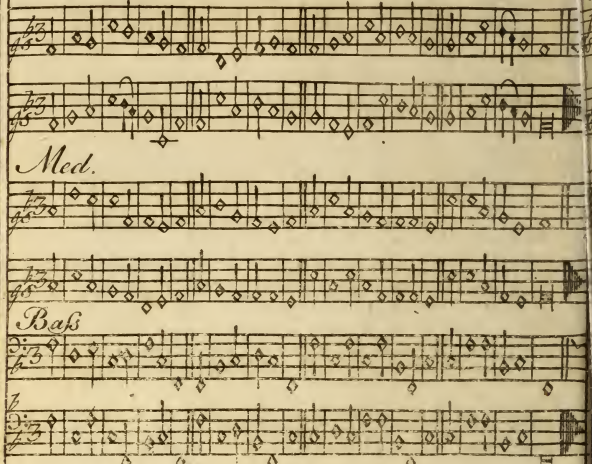
Manchester.



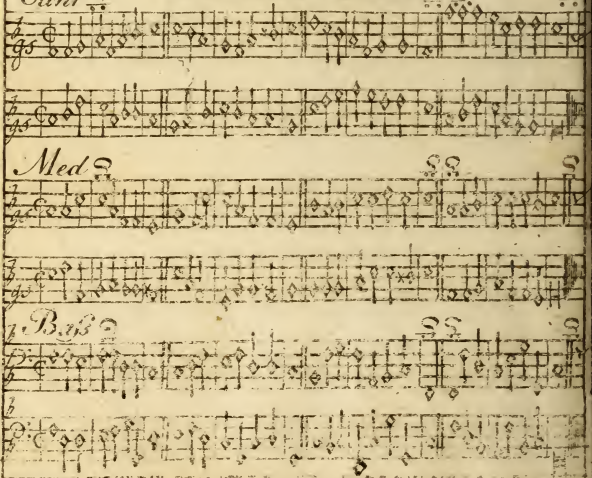
Southwell new.



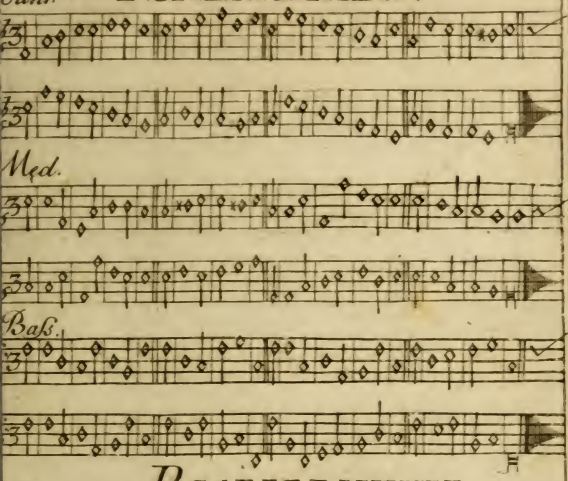
Cant. PSALM CVIII.



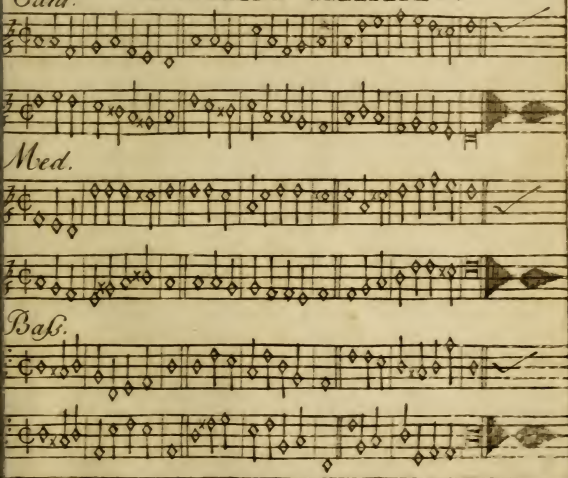
Cant. PSALM CXIII.

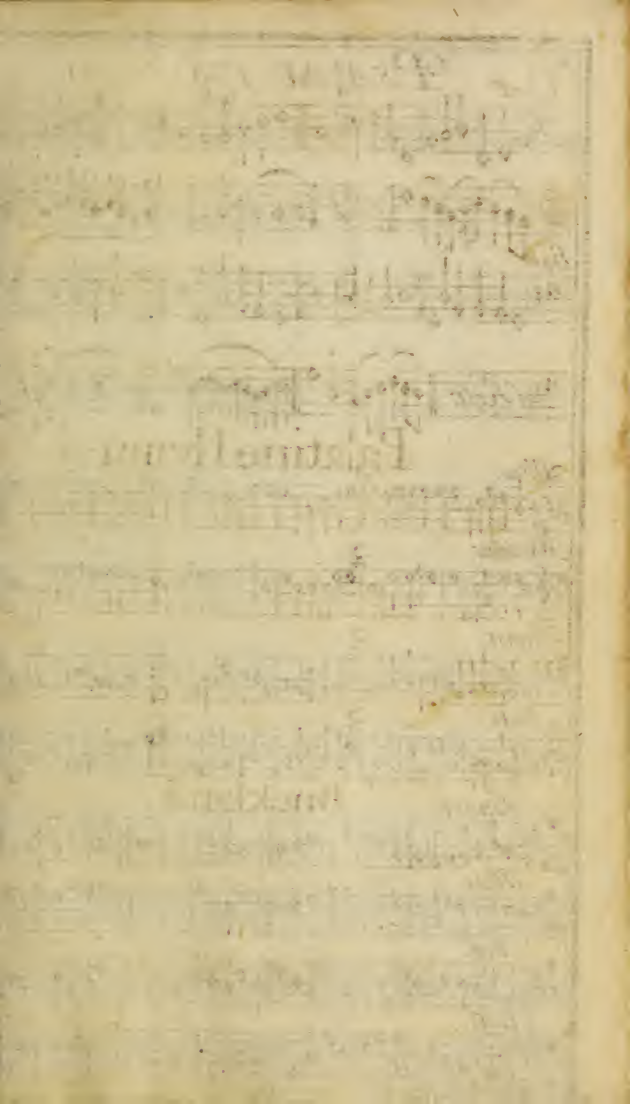


Cant. PSALM LXXXI.



Cant. PSALM LXXXV.





PSALM 136.

Cant

Rest

Bass

Rest

Palatine Hymn.

Altus.

Discantus.

Tennor.

Bass.

Buckland.

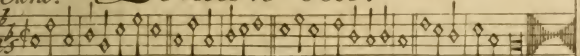
Tennor.

Altus.

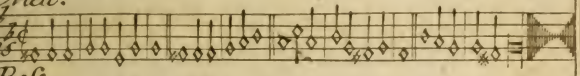
Med.

Bass.

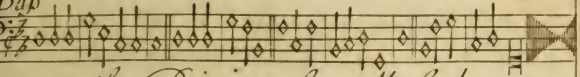
Cant. London old.



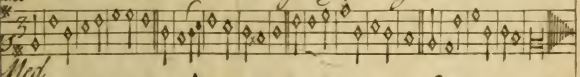
Med.



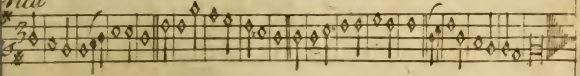
Bass

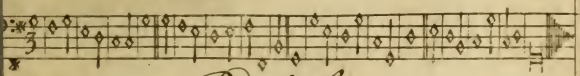


Cant. on the Divine use of Musick.

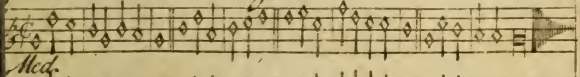


Med

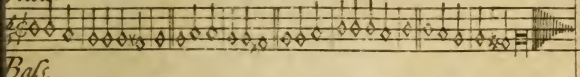




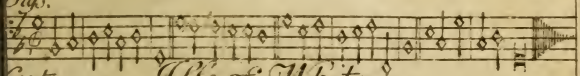
Cant. Bristol.



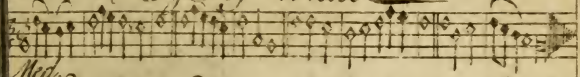
Med.



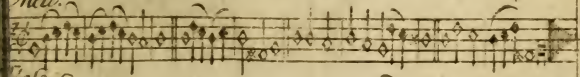
Bass.



Cant. Isle of White

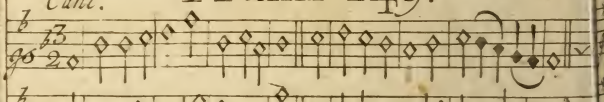


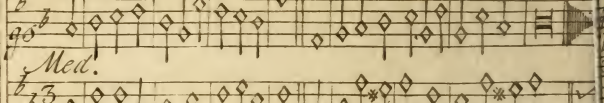
Med.

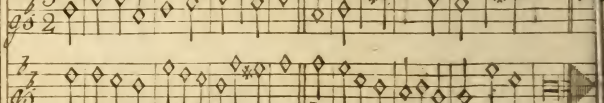


Bass

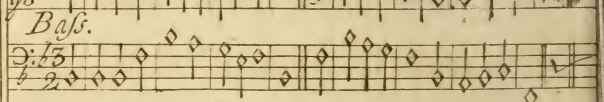
Pſalm 149.

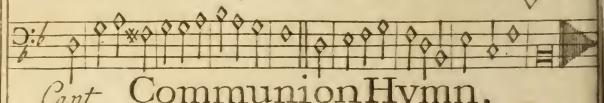


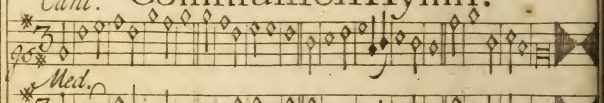




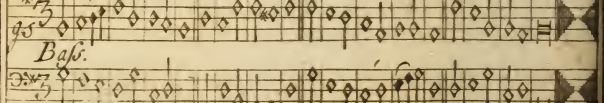
Communion Hymn.

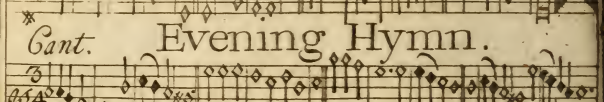


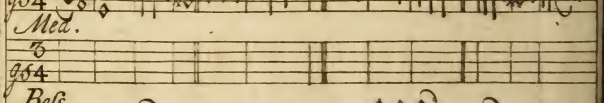




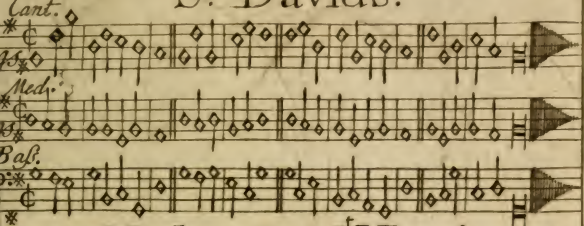
Evening Hymn.



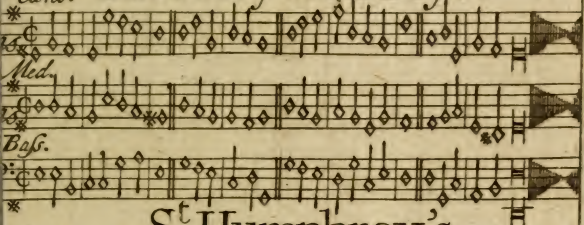




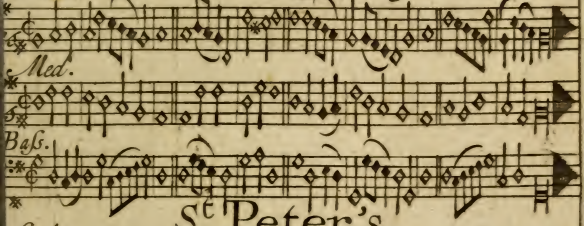
S^t. David's.



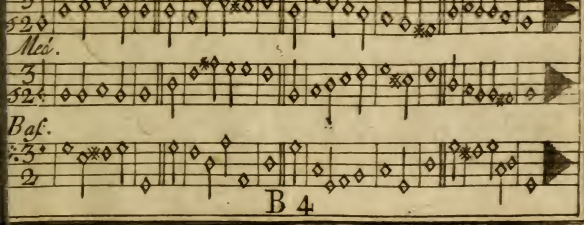
Hackney or S^t. Mary's.



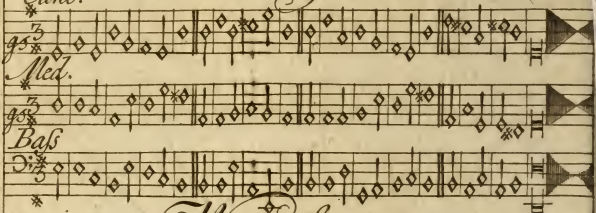
S^t. Humphrey's



S^t. Peter's.



Martyrs.



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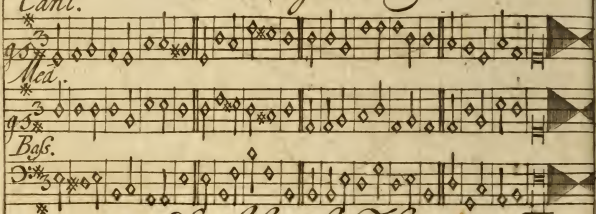

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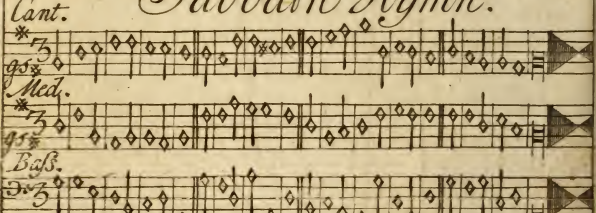

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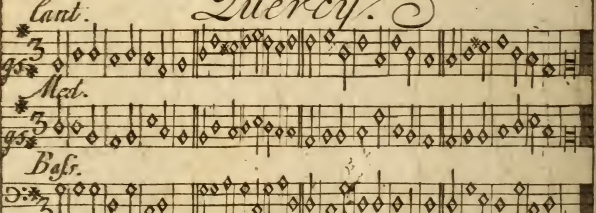

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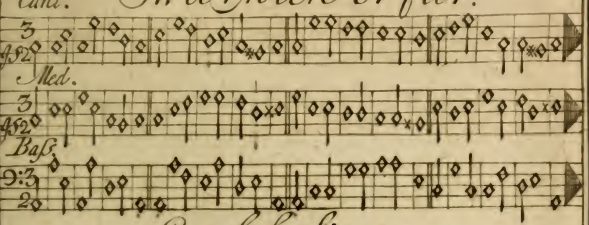

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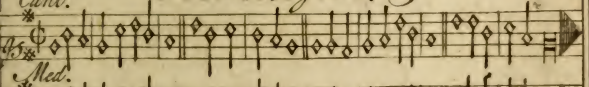

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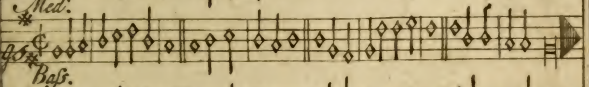

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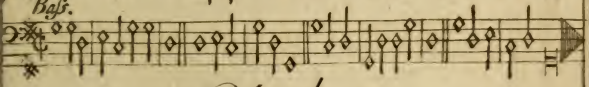

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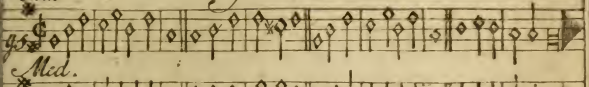

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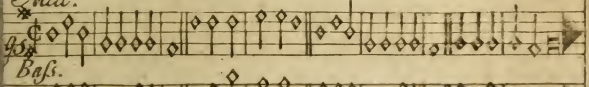

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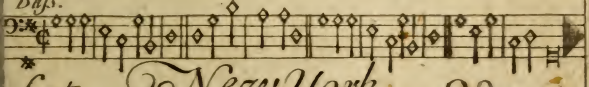

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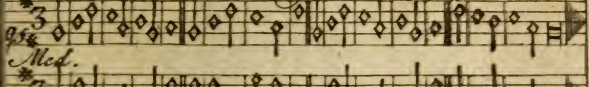

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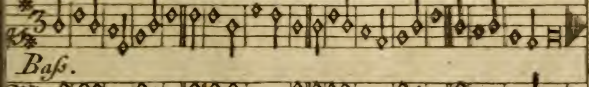

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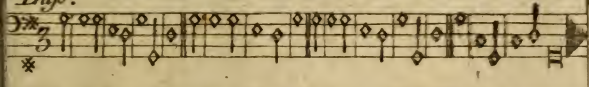

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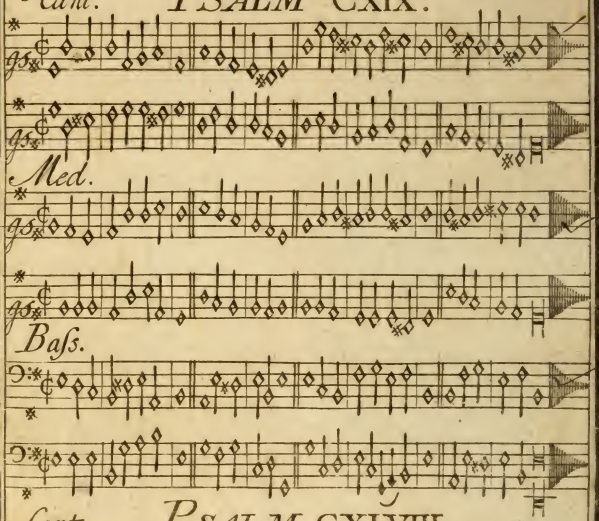

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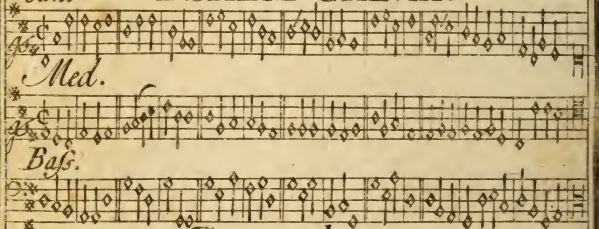

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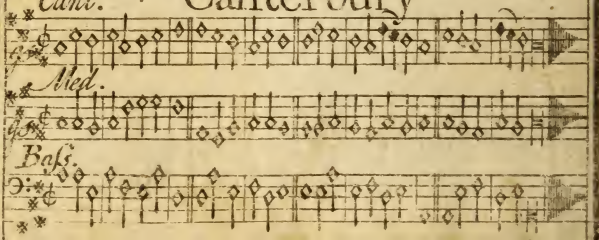

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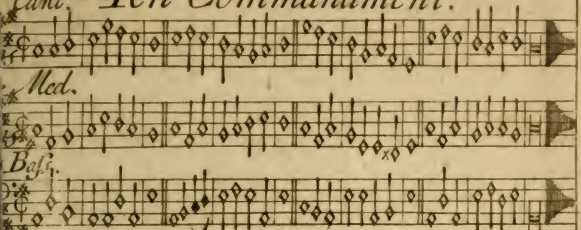

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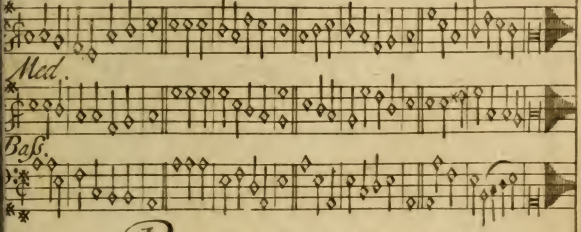
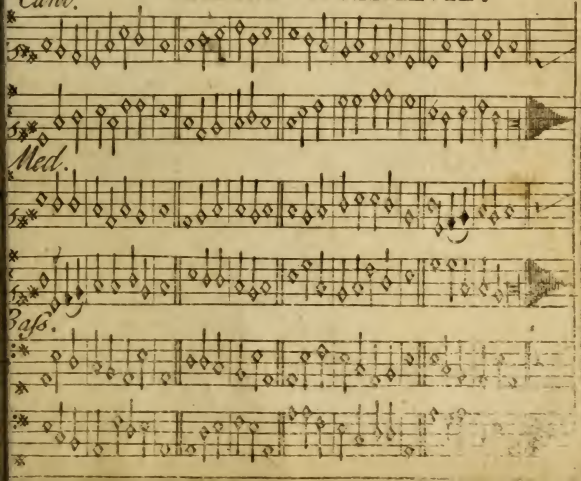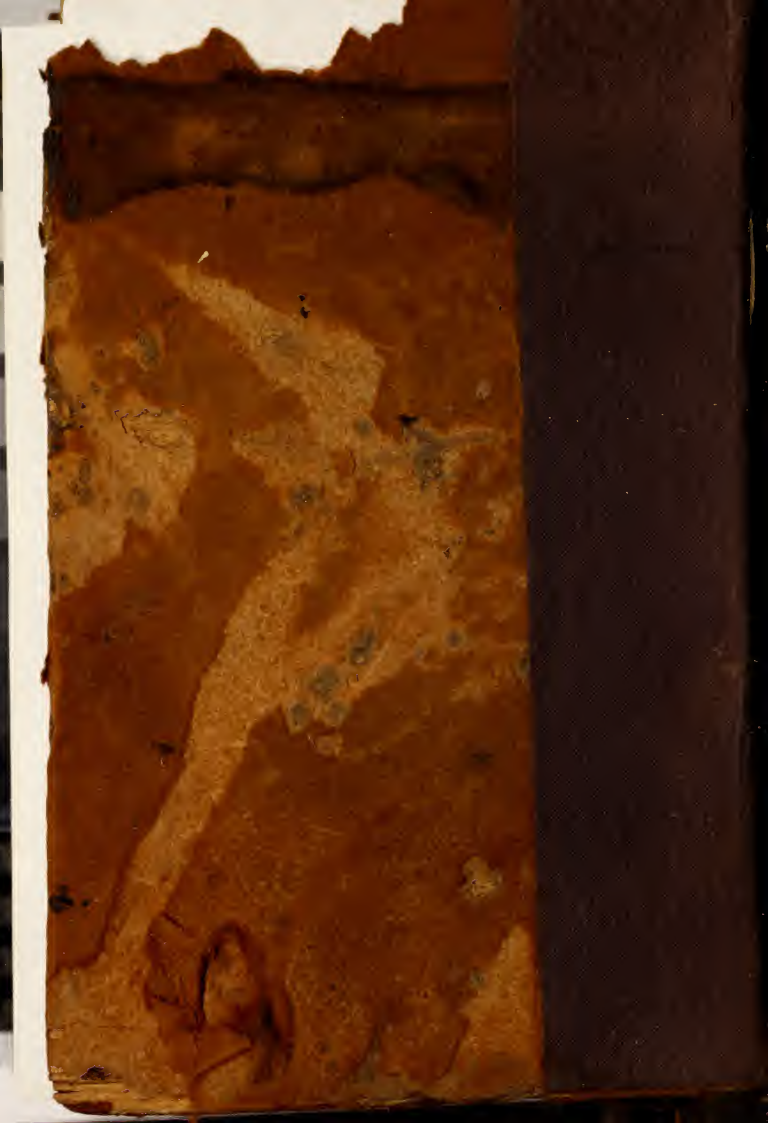
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